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# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

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## When Hounds Go By

NANCY MITCHELL, '28

THE deep slumber of youth was faintly but insistently stirred, for a sound that was not the creaking of ancient furniture broke upon my ear. Still less than half-conscious, I turned over, but the sounds—multiplied now—would be heard. The faint crowing of a rooster, the jangle of cowbells, the breathy early flutterings of birds, the groans of an old house—all were there, but there was another and more arresting sound. Faint, throaty, neither falsetto nor bass, it seemed composed of many notes making a deep and full music. Louder and louder it grew, until the varied pitches were more distinct, some shrill, others low and resonant. At last it swelled sharply, as though suddenly turning a corner, and, punctuated by sharp cracks and the sound of a human voice, seemed to be bearing down upon me. With a bound I was at the window and had flung open the shutters; the rush of dank frosty air and the forbidding light of autumn dawn did not drive me back to bed; the blankets of mist seemed a rosy cloud, and the cold gray fields held an arid charm—for this was a hunting morning, and hounds were going by the house, and moreover, this was to be a day of days—my first hunt!

Quickly they trotted along, a harlequin surge of black and white and bright brown, with muzzles scouring the ground or challenging the air, and a score of white sterns waving. There was the soft pad-pad of feet following closely the heels of a white-coated man, and a second man strode behind, cracking his whip and calling the hounds by name. Then they were gone, and I saw through the window only a gray landscape where so bright a picture had lately been, the whip's powerful cry trailing behind as the only token of its passing—"Ere there, Dandy!"

I turned away, shivering now, and went to the bureau. True, it was but six o'clock, and that was only the puppy pack out with the whips. Not for two hours would the household be astir, but there in a corner stood my boots, polished like mirrors, there lay my breeches and coat beckoning an

invitation. What matter that I was cold and bed was warm? What matter that downstairs I should find no one? Away with bed, for hounds had just gone by.

For two hours I paced the lower floor. The servants, building fires, beheld me studying the sporting prints. The dogs on the porch snuffed wildly under the door to know who was within. Martin in the stable allowed me to polish stirrups, amid the puffs of vapor from the horses' nostrils and the impatient stamping of many hoofs. My first hunt!

"So ye're goin' out to-day, Miss? Shure! Well, remimber, if ye fall off, the ground'll hold ye."

This, to one whose heart was pounding like thunder!

The fox-terrier who had accompanied me to the stable arose hastily and catapulted to the house, drawn by a sixth sense that said, "Breakfast!" I followed slowly, pondering Martin's words. In the living-room my uncle, or, rather, the husband of my aunt, stood before the fire, in his mellowed pink coat and impeccable boots.

"Morning, old lady. Feeling fit?"

I replied that I was.

"Ah, but sort of curled-up inside, what? Up frightfully early. Thought I heard sounds of restlessness in that stomping above my head about daybreak. What price some breakfast?"

In the sunny dining-room he heaped a big plate from the sideboard, stretched his six feet of length in a chair, and began to eat thoughtfully. Food choked me. How could he be so calm, when before the sun was set so many things might have happened to me? I might have a bad spill, and break some of my bones, or worse, some of the horse's. I might get ingloriously "hung up" in a trappy fence and be left far behind, or I might summarily be run away with and, crime unforgivable, press on hounds. I might acquit myself nobly, or, unable to keep behind where I, the novice, belonged, bring shame upon my family by mingling with the Master, huntsman, and whips. Finally, I might not be able to check the big gray the few seconds necessary to keep him from jumping upon the heels of another horse.

I wondered if my uncle guessed my feelings; he had long since forgotten his first hunt. Had his sons, on such an occasion, spoken their thoughts? What would my aunt say

if I made a fool of myself? What would my revered cousin Johnny do? Could any of them guess the delicious agony which shook me, half-fearful, half hopeful, as I was?

At nine my aunt came down, a masterful woman with the businesslike manner and terse speech, that I have often found among lovers of the horse. She was a woman of much cool cleverness which covered a thoroughly warm heart, a woman conscious of her abilities yet not apt to parade them, though she demanded unconditional obedience of those less wise or less experienced than she, a woman equal to any occasion.

Upon her heels followed Johnny, two years my senior, whose august seventeen addressed me as "Kid". Johnny had ridden since he could walk, and had hunted his ponies before he was big enough to handle a horse; but I think he understood my feelings, for he gave me a labored wink, and, glancing at my unfinished cereal, filled a plate and set it before me, saying briefly,

"Eat. Can't last the day on that birdseed."

"Let her alone," said my aunt. "The less she eats the lighter she'll fall."

"Oh, quit raggin' the kid," replied her son, and added flippantly, "Sort of keen for a funeral, Ma?"

I think, however, that I must have looked outwardly calm, or I should have been sent upstairs forthwith to remove my "horse clothes," as Johnny called them. He, eating silently and steadily, regarded me with round gray eyes. Uncle, having at length finished, took up a morning paper. Aunt Kit lit a cigarette and peered out of the window.

"Gorgeous day. Did you hear hounds go by, Bet? I see you were up early." And her eye rested on certain mud and polish stains on my boots. "Luckily there won't be many out today; none of that fighting for a panel. Ought to be a screaming scent."

I went upstairs to put on my derby and clean off my boots, and in a minute the sound of hoofs on the drive and the stamp of waiting horses called me down. There in the long, rough-beamed living-room stood my uncle before the fire. Aunt Kit, slim and strong, wearing her derby better than any woman I have ever seen, was drawing on her gloves by the ancient oak table, while Johnny waited impatiently

at the door, slapping his crop against his boots. For a minute everything stood still, the great room with its foxes' masks and brushes, the pink in the sporting prints repeating that of my uncle's coat, the flutter of the fire, and its light dancing on the bearskin rug and the legs of the table, youth impatient by the door,—all this was familiar enough, but I had never before felt myself a part of the picture. Now the press of boots against my calves, the firm presence of my derby, the casual way in which my aunt looked up and said, "Come along, Bet. We'll be late," said that I had entered the wonderful life upon which I had looked so longingly. Something swelled up inside me, like a balloon suddenly grown big, as I walked to the door.

Aunt Kit mounted first upon her pet road-hack; Uncle moved off slowly, and Johnny, giving me a leg up, said in his brusque, unexpected way,

"It's great to have you with us, kid. Now, just sit tight and take things easy."

It was a great thing for Johnny to say; I could have thrown my arms around his neck and kissed him.

He took the lead as usual, his wiry little gray eating up the road with a rapid jerky trot which only Johnny liked, and for an hour we trotted and cantered along the road. We went past little dells that glittered with frost, and past great encampments of corn-shocks peopled with fat pumpkins. Occasionally we skirted white farm-houses, or cut through fields where the hoofs rang upon hard earth. Swinging along in a leisurely canter we crossed at last a long hill and came out upon the rolling miles of the hunting country. At the horizon all was lost in the misty blue of autumn; nearer, the mist faded into the faint green and sere brown of fields, fenced in squares and tufted with clumps of all but leafless trees. Little dots went here and there; far away a flash of scarlet betokened another horseman riding to the meet. A country road sauntered through the scene, and along it, we hurried, my heart beating to the quick *clop-clop* of hoofs, along the road I had ridden so often, but never before to a meet.

Suddenly the ancient stone walls of the White Horse Inn rose before us, a pleasant scuffle coming from the courtyard, people running in and out of the doors and chatting in groups

in the road. Dismounting, we entered the yard, to find there scarcely safe walking room for a pedestrian. Aunt gave an exclamation; there were fully sixty horses, when she had expected a mere handful suitable for my début. The yard rang with the clink of curb-chains, the rattle of bridles, the snuffles and nickerings of most of the best horses in our country. There was the *Reveller*, veteran of a score of steeplechases; there was the black pair which always hunted together. Over in the corner Mr. Stewart's *Swordplay* was dragging his groom all but off his feet, while *Indian Serenade* (by *Song of Songs* out of *Indian Princess*) looked on in contempt of a horse that would so waste his strength. By the old well stood *Pipsqueak*, and a coal-black filly in her first season. Over in a welter of nondescript horses, Mr. Hambleton's *The Briton* stamped on the cobbles, a stunning-looking animal, but a treacherous hunter. These and many others, where but twenty or so had been expected, spoke unmistakably of a special meet.

"Yes'm" explained a groom in answer to Aunt Kit's question, "'tis a legal holiday."

Aunt turned to, or rather upon me. "You will stick close by me, but not in my lap. There's a beastly crowd, and your're a greenhorn. In fact, I think you had better go home."

"No!" cried Johnny. "Half of these suckers won't last ten minutes if they draw the Long Covert. Please, Ma!"

"Well, I wash my hands of any accidents, John. You may come if you choose."

Of course I chose, and we walked over to where Martin and the boys stood with our horses, with Uncle's high-headed *Pharisee* (Johnny called him a "bloomin' star-gazer"), Aunt's big bay mare *Follow Me*, who was gazing with placid eyes upon the adjacent hounds, as though she were not the best side-saddle mare in the country, and were wondering the use of hounds. Johnny bestowed an affectionate smack upon *Willy Nilly*, a close-coupled, agile little black, all spring and bounce—a type of which he was fond—and then we stood beside *Father Time*, seventeen hands of powerful and saturnine greyness, a sporty-looking horse with a great heart and a keen brain.

By horse measurements I am fifteen hands one inch—five feet one—and *Father Time*, then, stood at the wither some

eight inches higher than myself. Johnny appeared to notice the difference.

"You'll look like Gargantua," he said with one of his rare bursts of scholarship. "Why don't you grow a little? Wait. I'll give you a leg up. Hold the other stirrup, Sam; now, all ready? Hup!"

And with a spring I was in the saddle, staring down at my tall cousin, whose tanned upturned face wore a delighted expression.

"Now, listen," he said. I bent over. "Just don't fly off your trolley. The old slug will be good if you leave him alone; remember, he's excited, too. For crap's sake don't bucket into Ma, or jump on her heels. Better stay near us, though. Those stirrups all right? Cheerio!"

Hounds were moving out of the yard, followed at a circumspect distance by a press of horsemen. Johnny swung into his saddle, and following Uncle and Aunt, we, too, departed. Now for the fun! My confidence in myself and the world was restored tenfold, and when Mr. Stewart at the gate, called out, "Don't be run away with, Bet!" I saucily replied "Same to you, sir!"

After a few minutes walking, we paused on a hillside, a little to the left of where the huntsman's voice snapped out of a covert. *Father Time*, jerking his head and moving a little in a pent-up way, caught Johnny's critical eye.

"Feelin' good to-day. Loose the reins; he'll stand quieter." His glance travelled up the hill to the crowd of horsemen near the covert. "Silly asses. As soon as fox breaks there'll be an almighty scramble. They'll have to go round or come down here."

The wait seemed frightfully long. My horse grew more impatient every five minutes. Johnny was being whirled in circles by the fretful *Willy*, who seemed anxious to get away 'cross country, hounds or no hounds. *Pharisee* stood like a golden statue, cocking an attentive ear to the covert, but gazing loftily into space, and the mare appeared drowsy and bored, playing absently with her bit, as though debating some deep personal question, edging away from the restless dancing of *Father Time*.

This was my introduction to *Father Time* in a hunting capacity. For long years I had served an apprenticeship on somnolent brood-mares, and latterly on the various hunter-hacks. I knew by heart all the roads, the gaps in fences, and the wood trails; in vain I had longed for *real* rides. At length, when I had acquired years of discretion and the knack of keeping my hands down and of never moving unduly from the saddle, I had, in my aunt's esteem, become worthy of riding the favorite of the stables. I learned that he played with his head to show me the sensitive mouth behind the bit. I learned the pleasures of his rangy walk, of the long springy trot which tossed you in unchanging rhythm, and of the slow canter which covered yards in every powerful bound. I learned that he had been named for the song,

"Father Time is a crafty man, and he's set in his ways." I learned that he liked to be left alone at fences to gallop on or go carefully as he knew best, that he could judge a fence and a ditch beyond that were all but invisible to me, and that he danced not to unseat me, but from sheer joy of life. I came to realize that there was no wiser, keener horse in our country, this big gray with the lean look of experience, who went carefully and quickly and brooked no interference.

And today here was he, nostrils wide with excitement, snuffing the frosty air and fidgeting in impatience.

There was a sudden stir in the covert. Mr. West came toward us on his flirtatious black mare, and Mrs. Lind on a magnificent bay, and her husband struggling with arrogant *Golden Spear*. *Pharisee* ceased his star-gazing; *Follow Me* came out of her lethargy and whirled to face the covert. There was a pause, broken only by the sibilant whisper of the wind in a bush; you would not have thought that men and hounds could be so silent. *Father Time* drew his powerful quarters under him like a rabbit about to spring. A single note came from the covert. Uncertainly it wavered and died, but the huntsman took up the cry.

"Hi, Spark! Wind 'im, girl!"

The note began again, halted, then the hound spoke exultingly. There were cries of "Spark owns it!" then hound after hound joined. The huntsman's handy gray burst from

the covert, followed by the whips, and our gallant old Master broke after them. A note of the horn, "Go-o-one away!" and the field started behind the pack that streamed down the hill with every hound speaking.

Johnny was off in a flash, the little black picking up its feet as lightly as a cat on the downward slope. Aunt Kit was close behind him, and *Father Time*, finding that I was not going to be timid about the hill, went warily girth to girth with the astute *Pharisee*, who had his eye on hounds a field away. I saw the agile *Willy* lift himself over the stone wall, and the mare beside him, her lifted heels neatly tucked together. To my right arrogant *Golden Spear* had stopped, and was being whirled about for a second try. Was the wall so huge as that? *Pharisee* swept ahead, but *Father Time* checked to within twenty-five feet of the wall, and then in three strides and a mighty spring that seemed to put the earth miles below me, we were over and into the long level field. I looked back upon the mêlée which had so disgusted Johnny, and beheld them, even as he had prophesied, scrambling down the slope and hustling for likely places in the wall.

Hounds were running great guns, so close that a blanket would have covered them all, two fields ahead by now, the music of their going blown back to us. Fields and fields, a great level run punctuated by the gather and spring and landing at fences, by the measured swing of a powerful body. The sway of the gallop, the press of wind on my face, the sudden apparition of fences—I felt nothing else. Johnny was a field ahead, now, and rapidly disappearing. Aunt Kit, also disappearing, was gathering the mare for a prodigious jump that would take her through a short cut, for hounds were circling. A man on a leggy chestnut gave her a lead and over she went. Uncle was following her, but to my intense rage, *Father Time* shortened his stride and would answer neither my heels nor my crop. Subtly I felt him asking me a question; I gave him his head, and he turned sharply to the left, galloping madly. My heart leaped to my mouth, but I knew there was no stopping him then. He ran almost into a big thorny hedge, then, with a great arching jump we dropped into a brook some three feet below, crossed it in one splashing stride, and heaved up the opposite bank. Another jump—a little one, this time—and lo! we were racing directly in the trail of



Johnny, who five minutes before had been away out of sight. He was only lounging along, now, and *Father Time* fell casually in beside him.

"Hullo!" quoth the astounded Johnny. "What are *you* doing here?"

"I don't quite know," I panted.

"Ah!" said my wise cousin. Then—"Hounds will have checked over there"—he pointed. "Where are Ma and Pa?"

In a moment they came up, followed by some twenty others, all more or less badly blown, including one woman whose hair was flying, and who cried, "Look out! I can't stop!"

They swept by, except Aunt Kit. "I see you came the shortest way. Being run away with?"

"No," I said rudely. "I could have stopped if I'd wanted to."

Johnny surveyed the flying mob ahead. "Idiots! Where do they think they're going to? Hounds have checked over there." He pointed again, and added to me, "Hold him down," for the gray was gathering speed.

Leisurely we walked up the hill, and came to the thick patch of trees and brush whence emerged the fitful baffled sounds of the pack, and the encouraging shouts of the huntsman. The covert was well-nigh impenetrable in its thickest part, and, running along the top of a slight rise, it was a barrier to broad open fields beyond, for upon two sides was a stiff fence, and on the third a steep bank dropping away to the rolling country. It had long been a thorn in the side of the hunt, as the farmer who owned the land refused to have the place cleared at all. Hounds were now weaving about the brambly jungle, and the Master, stationed at the entrance, was keeping the only path clear of horsemen. Close by him were most of the field, some dismounted, chatting and smoking as they walked the sweating horses up and down, others loosing feet from stirrups for a stretch of the leg, looking to bridles and leathers, and mopping their faces. Johnny and Aunt Kit moved uphill, after chatting a bit with a man who seemed to be having trouble with a young mare.

Without any success at all, hounds worked the covert. Then we walked to another and another. It was getting on

in the afternoon before we found again. This covert had been practically our last hope, and it had seemed that we must all go home. Johnny and I were fidgeting some distance away, and ragging a whip who was stationed near when a movement caught my eye. A reddish blotch was crouching by an old fence rail twenty yards off, and was edging slowly along. Two stealthy paws, a sharp mask, a red body slipping through the brown grass. In a moment it had slid away, and was off to the fields in a quick gliding trot.

"Johnny! I saw the Fox!"

"You viewed," he said dryly, "Where?" And his "Tally ho-o-o!" split the air.

The Master started as though shot, and came galloping over, flinging back a torrent of commands.

"Where away?"

"Throw hounds over there." Johnny pointed.

"Hounds please! Hounds please! Clear for hounds!"

Hounds burst out of the covert and came racing to us, hotly pursued by the field, and harried by the whips. Scarcely had the first one reached the old rail, when the deep bell voice spoke exultingly, the others joined, and the bright motley flung itself on the line and was gone.

"Hold hard! Don't press on hounds. Damn it, *Back!*"

The Master, apoplectic with rage at the near-death of a hound, checked his field until the huntsman and whips had fairly got away, then the flood-gates burst and the hillside was alive with horses, gray and black, bay and chestnut, all galloping headling, with necks outstretched and hoofs beating a mad tattoo, racing shoulder to shoulder for the end of the meadow and the pick of a panel in the big white fence. We had gotten away as one; there had been no stringing out at the covert as before, and though some had been left behind and others come to grief, we bore down upon the fence in a nasty bunch.

The Master was over first, closely followed by his wife, by *Pharisee*, who with Uncle had appeared from nowhere, and by *Prophet*, who was carrying his little mistress as a gallant gentleman should. Because *Cocatoo* jumped with visible effort, I knew the fence was large, and by *Pipe Dream's* awful heave and desperate lift of his hind quarters, I knew

that it was stiff. To the right, as the panels swooped daz-  
zlingly toward me, horses were galloping boldly on, but on my  
left one called *Old Coin* battled wildly with his pig-headed,  
inexperienced rider, who sawed with full strength upon the  
reins. Why couldn't he keep to himself? I pulled away, but  
the other followed, shouldering my leg. Four more strides  
to this huge fence—three more, galloping on—*Old Coin*,  
fighting and furious, bucketed into us, pushing the gray out of  
his stride, took off sidewise with his head strained back like a  
deer, and came down in a terrifying scatter on the other side.  
*Father Time*, all off his balance, as he was, made a vain effort  
to stop, but the momentum of our going was too great, and  
he would have splintered the fence against his own magnificent  
chest. At the last possible second the great body gathered,  
swollen with effort; the gray column of his neck rose before  
me; a mighty spring seemed to shoot me upward, over the  
flashing whitewashed fence. A twist, ground coming up to  
meet me, and he landed, splintering the top rail. A sideward  
turn that all but had me from the saddle, a hurried stride or  
two, and we were out of reach of the rolling horse upon the  
ground and those jumping behind us.

And now that the moment was past, I was strangely  
frightened, bouncing wildly up and down in the saddle,  
though I knew I had just sat a truly phenomenal jump. A  
voice from Heaven steadied me.

“Good *Kid*! Now sit down and ride.” Johnny soared  
past me, with an encouraging and (I believe) awe-struck,  
smile. I gave *Father Time* a grateful slap on the shoulder.  
In answer, for a brief moment he cocked back one ear, and  
lengthened his stride in the wake of the horses ahead.

It was now that the pace grew really terrific; the long,  
long check at the last covert had given new wind to horse and  
hound. Before us lay a long stretch of country, scattered  
here and there with dots of scarlet, with flying specks of grey  
or black. On all sides the hard ground thudded dully from  
flying hoofs, and shreds of sound—“Hup, hover!”—“Steady,  
son,”—“Give me a lead,” came faintly to my ear, a steady  
obligato to the swinging motion of the horse that was bearing  
me like a winged thing.

Field after field seemed to rush toward me. By ones and twos the horses thinned out. Had they fallen? Gone home? For me there was no looking back, just on and on in great strides that ate up the land. Post-and-rail, snake fence, hedge—we stopped for none. Brambles scratched my cheek. I stood in my stirrups to see gallant old *Chancellor* carry our gallant old Master over “Homicide Brook” in one magnificent bound. On and on after the four scarlet coats ahead. There was *Pipe Dream*, galloping fresh as ever. Close by old *Reveller* and *Pipsqueak* ran steadily, but even as I looked a grand old mare fell in a welter of waving legs. No stopping for me; on and on. . . .

The fox made a seven-mile point that day, straight across the country, but in vain. Hounds gained on him field by field, running to view, muzzles no longer low. The killing pace told upon the horses, until at most not more than twelve were left out. *Father Time’s* great heart proved itself; the fine open stride and the dauntless courage that had won him steeple-chases never faltered once. Hounds were frantic now, the fox only yards away, horses straining at their last strides. As a touch of finesse *Father Time* ticked the last fence lightly with his forefeet just to prove he knew where it was, and we soared into the field as hounds rolled their fox.

The sun had just set, and day given way to the biting dusk of Autumn, with little clouds stealing over the dim blue hills. Loosened girths, lengthened stirrups, and home! I laid the reins on *Father Time’s* withers, and he sauntered along, a little apart from the others, still game, with ears up. Every muscle in me ached and throbbed; my feet were cold and nose tingling, though my face was a hot mask of windburn. Various people came along and tried to be conversational. Uncle rode and said something, and Aunt, and Johnny, grinning proudly, did the same. Somebody or other spoke at length—I don’t know who. Half-heard words beat upon my ear, but I really heard **nothing**; I was too happy.

# Black Magic

WINIFRED TRASK, '29

When I was small  
I went to see  
All the black ladies  
Taking their tea.  
They hadn't any cat,  
And they hadn't any broom,  
But their quick words scuttled  
Like mice across the room.

"Hss—ss—ss  
Fancy this!  
Tut—tut—tut—  
Fancy that!"

They stopped their chatter  
As I stood there,  
And looked me up and down  
With a quick, bright stare;—  
"Well, well!  
*Dear* little girl!  
Do sit down, dear!  
How you've grown, dear!"

They set me on a chair  
Against the wall,  
And then they forgot  
I was there at all.

"Hss—ss—ss—  
Fancy this!  
Tut—tut—tut—  
Fancy that—"  
With never a word  
For dear little me,—  
All the black ladies  
Taking their tea.

## Failure

MARGARET HALEY, '28

The roof was made of cobwebs,  
And the starlight sank through  
Where the dust yawned dryly,  
And the dusk walls grew.

I thought I had escaped life  
For rest, but still the same. . . .  
A few moths dozed there,  
And stirred when I came.

# Six Days

JEAN FESLER, '28

“WE’VE got him!” shouted the foremost miner, dropping his pick. “They’ve got him!” traveled in a tumultuous murmur through the crowd. “He’s dead.” “He’s blind,” muttered those on the outskirts. But he appeared almost immediately to contradict them, a stocky little man, begrimed, and trembling on the arms of his wife Anna, and the company doctor.

“Good for Salusky!” they shouted. “All right, John?” He peered at them with the bewildered gaze of a stranger, and shrank into himself with a little moan.

“He’s gone crazy,” whispered a Salvation-Army girl, and was generally believed.

“What would you expect,” said a reporter, as Salusky passed up the hill and out of hearing, “underground for six days.”

They looked after him, investing his uncertain movements with the dignity of that “Underground six days.” Everything, the hills, the dust heaps, the explosion, the unrescued dead, seemed to be embodied in that one miner crawling into his grimy shack.

## II

“This is a wonderful adventure of yours, Mr. Salusky. I’ve come to ask you to tell me the whole story. What were you thinking about during those six days?”

“I don’t know,” John Salusky murmured uneasily, setting down his cup of broth.

“Well, we’ll let you tell it your own way, won’t we, Father Nicholas?” The reporter, lean and avid, nodded affably in the priest’s direction. “Where were you when the explosion occurred?”

“You know, down by the north shaft.”

“Were there men working with you when it all happened?”

“Kronek and Joe Demba.”

"Both of them were killed, poor fellows. Did you see them die?"

"No, I hardly knew what happened."

"Did you remain unconscious long? What did it feel like to be inside a dark cave? How soon did you hear us working above? Were you afraid to die?"

"Yes," interposed the priest, his resonant voice filling the tiny room, "did you think of God in this trial?"

"I—" Salusky was embarrassed.

"Did you feel as though you were starving? Could you breathe?"

"Well, I had a lunch pail, and I guess there was a hole somewhere."

The reporter rose. "I think I'll come back when you are stronger," he said, "and get a real account from you." He left, cheated of his headlines—"Entombed man tells subterranean sufferings," "Death-spectre haunts intrepid victim of mining disaster."

Father Nicholas paused in the doorway.

"You have been spared when many were taken," he said. "You are coming to Mass to give thanks for deliverance?"

Embarrassed and respectful, Salusky nodded. "Yes, Father, I and Anna."

### III

Into the tiny frame church, filled with harsh secular light from plain glass windows, streamed a quiet line of people. They made way for Salusky with a certain awe, regarding him as one risen from the dead. Kronek's wife, Joe Demba's mother, a man with a face red and crumpled from a ten years' burn—these especially looked, and wondered why Salusky should have been saved. He wondered himself, as he acknowledged their greetings, and thought of the long tradition of death and deformity in the church and in the graveyard.

During the service he fell into unaccustomed musing. Little sensations of touch and hearing returned, the casual



words of Kronek, the explosion, the slow rising from oblivion. He felt the roughness of his sheltering cave again, and his eyes burned with the effort of creating light in darkness. He shuddered with the helpless desolation of cold, and the craving pain of intense hunger. His thoughts, too, returned; ordinary speculations about life, happiness, God, he had never experienced, till alone in a cave, he had been obliged to think. He groped for what had been significant in his past life, as a breaker-boy, a miner, a soldier, a miner again, the husband of Anna, the father of three children. What of these meant anything to him, confronted with the fact of death? What ought to mean something, under that severest of tests? His mind was troubled with these ideas, unshaped and vague. Two things he remembered, even starving in an underground cave. The first was an evening mass in the big church fifty miles away. He and Anna had just been married; they were on a little trip, very happy and frightened. The church was of stone, with stained glass windows; the choir sang in Latin, yet with more meaning in it than his own tongue. He seemed for the first time to feel the meaning of God—though it was really not God at all, but music. The second time was in the War, when he had been ordered from one trench to another to tell the Captain something trivial. But he imagined it was important; he had the happiest feeling of all things being dissolved in one, of strong purpose, and of death being less than courage. That would make one happy—one thing, the understanding of all life in terms of something simple and intense. These words he did not know; but he knew the feelings, knew them with the concentration of discovery in six days. Now he could never stop thinking about them; and because he was inarticulate, they troubled him. The one thing—some people found it in God, and were happy; but he felt so old, and these thoughts were not old, but terrifyingly new.

Father Nicholas was speaking of the new graves, the old injuries, the air-holes engulfing houses and trees. "Then God in His infinite mercy—" they were talking about him, John Salusky; it made one famous to be buried six days. "—Has restored this life from the jaws of Death—" But Death was good; it was real and simple. Pieces of Life were harder to master than simple Death.

#### IV

"Has your husband gone back to work yet, Mrs. Salusky?"

"Not yet; his wrist isn't just strong enough."

"He's losing quite a little time, isn't he?"

"Two weeks already, and I don't know how much longer."

"Had you thought of getting compensation from the company?"

"Oh, they won't give you nothing, unless you're dead."

"Yes, but what about the shock? A wrist isn't much, but your husband isn't like himself in other ways, is he? I've heard people say he was pretty badly shook up."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he's kind of queer lately, isn't he? I mean, he mopes around a lot, and don't say much, and don't act quite natural. Isn't that so?"

"He has been kind of funny, but—"

"Well, then tell it to the judge. If he's had a shock, and maybe won't ever be quite right, you ought to get something for it. He might not be trusted to work any more."

"I guess he's as good a workman—"

"Sure, he *was*. But you never can tell. Remember Swede Thorwaldsen that was never the same after the big blow-up. Maybe he holds himself in with you around, but folks have seen him monkeying around the shafts, walking unsteady, and talking to himself."

"How much could we get?"

"I don't see why it's not good for ten thousand."

"Ten thousand dollars, you mean?"

"Sure, why not? If you're going to have a crazy man on your hands for—"

"You better look out what you're saying."

"Well, I don't mean crazy, but if you'll let me handle the case, I'll get eight or ten thousand for you."

"What'd we have to do?"

"Not a blamed thing, except you'd get your husband to tell his story in court like he told it to the reporter, and then you get up and say how John has been queer ever since. You can make it pretty strong, how he talks wild, and threatens people—"

"But he—"

"Maybe he's more the quiet kind, lies around and won't speak to you, and talks with people that aren't there—eh?"

"Maybe he won't like it."

"Oh, well, you can work him around. He'll get the use of the ten thousand."

## V

Salusky found it increasingly difficult to observe externals; his thoughts preoccupied him to the point of blindness. Even on the witness stand, now that he had told his story, he sat in a sort of stupor. The probate judge, a bored elderly man imported from another district, the jury, mostly miners, a few observers, the reporters—they had no connection with him, nothing to do with the problems of his own mind. For these much better to have darkness and cold.

His wife was speaking now, halting and embarrassed, prodded by the prosecution, confused by the defense. The company lawyer asked her sharply,

"What proof have you that your husband's mind has been affected by his accident and confinement?"

"Tell them about—" began her lawyer encouragingly.

"I want the witness to answer, please. What makes you think your husband is queer?"

Salusky sat up, trembling. What were they saying about him, telling him he was crazy? He was a lot crazier before he was ever shut up in that shaft. In bewilderment and growing rage he listened to his wife. He would stop this!

"Damn you, I'm not crazy! You're crazy, yourselves, the whole bunch of you, to listen to such a lie! I'm no more cracked than anybody in this here room. You can go to hell, you lawyer, for putting it all into my wife's head—"

There was a complete silence. "Why?" he wondered, until he realized that he himself had stopped speaking, and that he didn't know what he had said. It was the first time in his life he had talked so, right in front of people, so that they all kept still when he finished.

"If the witness were responsible, this would be contempt of court," said the judge coldly. "Under the circumstances, you may consider it as evidence."

Salusky again subsided into silence. There was more time, more evidence, speeches from the lawyers. Several men left—they were the jury. When they returned, an elderly miner read nervously from a paper,

"While we consider the demand of the prosecution for seven thousand dollars out of proportion to the injuries of the plaintiff, on account of his temporary incapacity for hand-work, and his temporary derangement, we award the plaintiff, John Salusky, eight hundred dollars."

No one looked surprised, or disgruntled, except their lawyer. The judge declared court adjourned, the spectators left. Salusky found himself in the midst of the jury, being congratulated.

"Eight hundred, just like that! Pretty good, John!"

"We knew you weren't crazy, but you sure deserved some money for them six days!"

"Don't you think that document was drawn up swell? It was the school-teacher from Cambria that told us the words."

"Whew, but you got excited, didn't you? You might of made the judge mad, and lost your thousand."

"Don't be sore at your wife, John. She helped you get your money. You might stand your friends some refreshments."

The twelve, the lawyer, and the reporter, gave their order with winks and countersigns. As he gulped his bitter whiskey, he felt the undercurrent of ridicule, of suspicion. Maybe he was crazy, after all!

"Pretty lucky six days for you, John!"

"Yeh," he said, and thought, "I'll never get to the end of this business, or find any answers, or live it down. I'd better have died."

## Promenade

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '27

A gray lover walks in this lucid night,  
And his heels that are spurred with moonlight, scratch  
At the frost-rind as he goes with bright  
Arced strides lacing a hilltop to the sky.

And no man truly knows why he should care  
To taunt the couched dead with his comet feet,  
Despatch young stars before his breath, or tear  
The trees' dream with his lunging wrist. I think  
Perhaps he meant below the hill to meet  
Some other vagrant demon, and to share

His tall crowned cup of arrogance. I fear  
Though, in his lightness that he ran too long,  
Hurdling the burnished heights, this cavalier,  
Who stumbled lonely from the rim of dawn.

## Protest To The Moon

ELIZABETH NELSON, '27

Ah, Moon, I would refrain—  
Too much already has been said. Although,  
Seductress pale, across my floor you creep,  
And lure me to the window, where below,  
Myriad-roofed, the city lies asleep,  
While, you, serene, this cloudless vigil keep—  
Ah, no!

Pity me—come, betray me not again!  
Yours is eternal triumph, Moon, and I,  
Brief-lived immortal, only would maintain  
This hour—one little hour—not to defy,  
Or rail, or rhapsodize . . . but quietly  
To mark, and yet refrain.

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## Rain

JEAN FESLER, '28

The moist road sucked his feet, not heavily,  
But gentle as the cloud about his head,  
The mist unstirring, full of sodden red,  
All quieted to russet harmony.

The road, the mist, lay round his cherished pain,  
His pain, with strong unreason soothed away.  
"Your heart, because you walked abroad this day,  
Shall be as calm as autumn in the rain."

## Three On The Campus

BETTINA LINN, '26

*Dedicated to the Unknown Alumna Who Never Came back*

THE Japanese cherry trees were in bloom; so anything was likely to happen. The campus was strewn with women, lying beneath falling blossoms; under every tree was presented a scene from a city park on a hot night or the final curtain of *Hamlet*. Sunset was the cue for the entrance of wanderers in the Midsummer Night's Dream Hollow, and more prostrations on the hill above. An excellent stage-setting for dialogue on garden-party dresses and Jacobean Drama! A little wind carried the fragrance of lilacs from the Deanery Wall, murmurs of the history and appreciation of Nature, and girlish confidences on the embryology of the chick. At any hour of the day Wordsworthians were finding a violet on the hill-slope something more than a violet and intimations in every blade of grass. In the long twilight they fled Senior Singing and lay under the bushes in a conversational ecstasy of Romanticism. They cut their classes to steal away to Gulph Road and the joys of Dionysic contemplation. The campus dogs roamed with even more wary glances than before, scenting Pan behind every tree. The rest of the college went to the Lib. as in the dead of winter, except the night walkers—who are always anonymous.

But contemplation, however intense, is not enough; for the spring is the season of alarms and excursions, "bats, binges and benders." The girl who does not go on a bender, even in a quiet way, defies convention, denies her executive ability, and faces the prospect of endless picnics in the hollow where the sewer runs by. You must leave the campus, preferably in a car hired, or borrowed from your mother, but if necessary on a bicycle; and you must not return until you have sown your spring oats from Conshohocken to Atlantic City. And you must bring back a narrative of adventure, hour by hour, to be told at meals and in smoking-rooms, both in unexpurgated and revised versions. The epic of the tripper

always finds a listener; eager Penelopes await the return of Ulysses.

Even the relapse in routine of a Monday morning paused for the finale of the week-end. The curb-market of sandwich-buyers under Taylor Tower asked for Mimi the Dodge.

"The most consumptive little car I've ever seen—and Snooks *will* drive with the choke out all the time. Mimi coughed all the way from Ardmore. Did you say tomato or ham? Ham for Radnor." The saleswoman bent over her note-book.

At the top of the steps the door banged. A little person, who had tried to hold it open with courteous intent, extricated herself from the folds of a professor's gown and dropped on the ledge.

"Where's Mimi?" she panted. "Maria and Snooks have match games to play this afternoon. Eleven 'clock and they're not back—damn their hides!"

"Going down the Rancocas is all right, but why go in Mimi. If Mimi were a horse, she would have been shot long ago."

"I was promised a water-lily for my gold-fish."

"Here comes a car! Anassa kata—oh it's Roy Johnson."

The taxi swept up to Taylor and stopped. Three women got out: Lizzie, Helen and Susan, Bryn Mawr, 1907, presented fares in perfect yellow gloves.

"Leave the luggage in Pembroke Arch," ordered Helen. "We'll ask in the Alumnae Office where we are to stay."

"I wish I could have my old room," murmured Lizzie, smoothing the bumps of a costume that was a little too faithful to 1907.

"Pem is the best place to watch the college," said Susan emphatically, "but you'll have to sleep in the Alumnae Room. You know Wallace, my oldest boy, is entering Harvard next fall. I wish I knew which is the nicest dormitory. (Aside to Helen) Lizzie is going to get sentimental, you shouldn't have brought her." With firm step of exquisite lizard-skin shoes Helen led the way.

"Mimi!" Down went the sandwich record-book.

Around the corner appeared the trembling nose of Mimi, the Dodge. With a husky roar she leaped down the drive, swerved away from two professors and a hovering reporter,



bucked the cold drinks cart, quivered, buried her nose in bottles of pop. A moment of silence—"Dear God," said the driver.

Three undergraduates with heads bound ritualistically in red bandanas, climbed from the corpse of Mimi.

"She died happily," murmured Miranda, draping limp water-lilies on a mud-guard.

"Do you know you almost killed Dr——?"

"What did I tell you, Snooks? Why didn't you come home in a canoe?"

"No, you didn't miss a quiz, and you didn't have those cuts. I suppose you tried to come home through Princeton."

Snooks stood admiring her sunburn in Mimi's mirror.

"Well," she said defiantly, "Some people come home from Norristown through Villa Nova. Do you think I'd go in these clothes? Mimi, my dear, has been wonderful."

"She swooned in Camden, just once," said Miranda; "so we left her in a garage and went to Walt Whitman's house. Have a *Pleazall*. Are there any egg sandwiches left?"

"Look at this ornament for the study," cried Maria, diving into Mimi's carcass, "the most beautiful antique whiskey-bottle. It has a guarantee that it was used in the White House."

The doors of Taylor were stormed. Mimi hissed in the cold waters of Pop. Lizzie, Helen, and Susan, Bryn Mawr, 1907, leaned against the steps.

"Here we are. We won't miss anything. This is what we came to see," stated Helen.

"They evidently enjoy themselves nowadays," said Susan, mother of three sons.

"Where do you suppose they've been?" asked Lizzie, who constantly sought guidance.

"This visit of ours is going to be even more exciting than my bond business," said Helen, collecting the minds of the party; "we are going to find out what the campus is really like nowadays, as you can't at reunion time. And that is what we want to do."

"Isn't it thrilling to be back?" asked Lizzie.

"It is," said Helen, looking at Mimi. Solemnly, for the first time in ten years, the three entered Taylor.

"Was it Mantegna? Oh tell me it was Mantegna."

After luncheon the dogs of the smoking room leaped upon the bone of contention.

"Correggio, my dear, Correggio! How could you make such a mistake? You can always tell him by his babies."

"Yes, but the slide was like that Madonna by the seashore, Mantegna's, you know the one I mean, The drapery, for instance—"

"Oh, the 'Virgin on the Rocks,' you fool."

"Pardon me, here I am"—a debutante crawled into the room—inevitably battered, honorably free,' as Henry James said.

"Well, were you expecting a quiz? Don't you know Mary Cassatt was influenced by Correggio? Now her babies—"

"I wasn't expecting a quiz. I don't care about babies," said the debutante; "I know I spent the week-end studying tactile values according to the latest modern methods; but a lot of good it did me at twelve o'clock!"

"I spent the week-end reading *Le Tombeau Sous L'Arc de Triomphe*. It's marvellous, but how can they call it 'Classic' when it has neither a nurse nor a messenger?"

Lizzie, blowing smoke through her nose and hoping she was inhaling, whispered to Helen beside her on the sofa, "It reminds me of the talks we used to have about Pater."

"I wish my youngest, Whipple, could take a good art course in his school," said Susan, "he has a good deal of artistic feeling, sensitive and mystic. I don't know where he gets it. Now Wallace, my oldest boy, who is entering Harvard next fall, is like me, only worse. I'm afraid he'll make the football team. That reminds me, we must go down to the gym this afternoon and see some classes and games."

"There are so many people I want to see in Low Buildings," said Helen. "And then we must get up for chapel tomorrow morning. Susan, are you sure you don't mind sleeping in the Alumnae Room and giving Lizzie and me that empty suite?"

"Not at all," said Susan, "I hope to make up a little lost sleep. You two will be gossiping till all hours. That reminds me—do you remember Mary Booley, president of the Christian Union our Senior year, who went immediately to China as a missionary? Well, my dear, I've just heard that she was

going to marry a Chinaman, one of her converts. Think of the racial problem! I do hope the newspapers won't say that she was a Bryn Mawr woman!"

"Oral Reports—tomorrow is my third in a week. Is this the lecture system?" Snooks cried from the table; "No, I'm not playing Patience; I'm trying to separate the cards for Poor Relief from the cards for Defective Children. I shall get an opera-singer's chest from reporting."

"Oral Reports." The smoking-room shook.

"I know the solution," said Miranda, "the Floral Report, 'Say it with Flowers.' A corsage to the professor and everyone gets a cut!"

"Perfect but expensive!"

"Nonsense, the cards alone cost as much as a chicken-pattie and fudge cake. Special arrangements could be made at wholesale prices for Post-Major students. And if the class votes on the person who is to report, the class pays. Now for fifteen-minute reports, a little nosegay, a mere boutonnière would suffice; for an hour's report a corsage or a May-basket. Think," said Miranda, "of the appropriate choice of flowers, the beautiful symbolism. For Romantic Poets what professor could refuse a host of daffodils, or a single primrose? For history, red and white roses; for modern French Literature exotic orchids or the cheaper gardenia, something from the 'Jardin de Berénice'."

"History of Art?" cried the debutante.

"Figs," said Miranda, "figs from thistles. And for individual subjects, certain flowers could be chosen: For Blake, white violets and tiger-lilies; for Ruskin, a few old mosses and lichens; for Pater, the hawthorn; for Pope, the dog-tooth violet."

"And for several courses," said Snooks, "just a sheaf of calla lilies."

"Oh! Snooks," a red bandana appeared in the doorway, "the Sub Rosa Club will meet tonight instead of Thursday."

"What?"

"Yes, tonight is the crucial night. Don't forget your match game. Have you got a referee?"

"I can't find one. I asked everybody—"

"Could I help you," Susan smiled benevolently, "I'd love

to referee. I used to be president of the Athletic Association."

"Thanks, but I think I must have an undergraduate."

"I hope I may come and watch you. What is the Sub Rosa Club?"

"Oh it isn't organized really," said Snooks quickly.

"Do the members wear red bandanas?" asked Helen on the trail of information.

"No," said Miranda, "red bandanas are nice for touring."

"Touring? Do you go touring much? It's so lovely here in the spring, I should think you would never want to leave."

"Oh no, never!" said Maria, who suffered intensely from the first crocus to the last peony."

"We used to take our luncheon out in the meadows," said Lizzie, "and read aloud."

"How nice," said Snooks, wondering if she would write her sonnet about the sea or the twilight or that affair of last summer, and if she had a nickel to telephone Ramsay's.

"You may not keep cars, of course," said Susan, "my oldest boy, Wallace, who is entering Harvard next year, wants to have a car."

"Of course, no cars," Snooks declared, "we only hire them—and pay. Poor Mimi!"

"Never mind, Snooks," said Maria, "it is better to go and pay than to stay and be kept by someone. These kept women—excuse me, I have a rehearsal now." Miranda and Snooks ran after her.

Lizzie, Helen and Susan looked at one another.

They were still looking, on Thursday, sitting now in the first-floor suite (of Helen and Lizzie), from which two startled undergraduates had been flunked in February. Helen, leader of women in 1907, successful business woman since, sat in the swivel chair; Susan opposite; Lizzie lay on the window-sill as comfortably as the confinements of 1907 permitted her. It was after midnight. If you have not felt intensely about something after midnight, you never will.

"I'm glad we came," Helen declared, "I had no idea what was going on. Now we must tell those who are in charge."

"It's lucky we have a sense of humor," said Susan, "or we should feel very badly about the college. We know what a good time is, we had our own fun. But this complete

lack of community responsibility, of care for the good name of the college, is very dangerous."

"There is no sense of honor, even about little things," Helen went on, "I saw a girl this morning opening a telegram that was on another girl's door. And by listening very carefully in the bath-room, I've found that people have no conscience about details like exchange slips at meals and cut cards. And as for the big important rules—"

"That dog—what do they call him, the 'Hound of Spring'—that is kept in the hall, no one would consider seriously if it weren't another sign of this terrible free and easy way of living with no regard for law. Intellectually it exists too; the Agnostic Club, for instance. I do want Wallace, my older boy, to be confirmed before he enters Harvard next fall."

"The secrecy," "and deceit said Helen, are awful. This Sub Rosa Club and the talk about 'kept women' in the upper classes—well, we have humor enough to know they aren't what they sound; but I'm sure they're not healthy."

"And this leaving campus is very demoralizing, the way it is all organized by that girl (she's really charming and such a good athlete!). She manages a regular travel bureau, gets cars and reservations for people, plans trips to New Jersey and New York, 'Snooks' Tours.' Now clearly it's up to us to find out as much more as we can and tell about it. We owe it to the college. After all it gave us—"

"Everything," said Lizzie, looking at Helen. "Good-night," said Susan, "I'm going up to my bed. Last night you were kept awake by an artichoke party next door, you must want sleep. Well, at any rate, I love being back here."

She planted two kisses and strode out. Lizzie looked out of the window and thought how wonderful to be on campus again with Helen. She was glad Helen had never married: she would have resented a husband. Helen remembered a difficult deal in copper going on in her office and decided her highest duty was here.

Down the hall Snooks and Maria dropped their notebooks and said flunking a quiz was better than living under observation. Action must be taken.

"Stop studying," said Maria, "you know the names of the painters and that's enough. We've got to do something about these inquiring reporters from 1907. Life isn't safe

any more; meals are hideous. They keep turning up and pumping you. Miranda had a nice time telling them stories for a while; but she found them all too eager. She says 'Not a sparrow falleth but they would know the reason.' Even taking a tub is spoiled; the athletic one sings to the teams of yore in her tub and the fat one, Lizzie, gargles in public."

"And she wants to learn the Charleston."

"Where's Miranda?"

"Wandering. There's a full moon."

"They almost sleuthed the Sub Rosa Club the other night on the way to the village. You can't explain to them any more than you can to your patriotic, musical friends that the Sub Rosas merely dine out on the night there is singing in the hall. It would be too unkind. And they had the nerve to ask me why I didn't go to chapel!"

"We could blackmail them, Snooks. Elsie said she knows 'my oldest boy, Wallace, who is entering Harvard next fall.' She said she doesn't know what he looks like entering Harvard, but she gives an accurate description of him entering a country-club garage after midnight. But she won't give the details. I think she had herself a whirl with him. So don't ask."

"No use. That woman thinks she knows her Wallace just as well as she knows us. Thank God her children aren't girls entering here! Do you think they will interfere with my tours?"

"Snooks, send them on a tour. They plan to go on Monday. Persuade them to take a trip over the week-end. They don't see why we leave campus, though they left home to come here. The same insidious influence of the spring!"

"Would they go? They like me. The athletic one says I play basketball the way she did. Flatter them. We've got to organize this."

"For once, executive ability saves the day!"

"Hell! the fire alarm—we had a drill last week, what kind of a ring is that?"

Miranda threw open the door, "Lend me a coat and a towel," she panted.

"Take the leaves out of your hair. Anybody could see

you've been lying on the ground. Don't forget to shut the windows."

"Windows," panted Miranda, "damn windows."

At the foot of the stair Lizzie stood with ostrich feathers in agitation about the neck of her negligée.

"An intruder!" she cried to the warden, "an intruder came into my room."

She had rung the fire-bell.

They went. Crowds stood on the steps under Pembroke Arch as at Senior Singing. In fact: there was singing, "Come Cheer for Our College" (strong emphasis on "Our College"). "Here's to the Alumnae, Long May They Live and Thrive," and a Varsity song, Susan's favorite one. Cheers were exchanged, farewells, and even several kisses, so well had Snooks managed. The step-sister of Mimi the Dodge bore away the three wise women going down the Rancocas.

Half an hour later Maria, Snooks and Miranda strolled to the Lib.

"Snooks, you are marvellous," said Maria, "I've never seen such stage-managing! when you started Snooks' Tours nobody thought they would turn out to be a philanthropic venture."

"You know," said Snooks, "I shall almost miss them. I'd like them anywhere else, even Lizzie."

"Today is Saturday. We can enjoy our week-end. Of course, they intend privately to draw up a report about the college and come to their horrible conclusions in the quiet of Mt. Holly. May the waters of the Rancocas prove lethal!"

"No use—they came to find out and they think they have. They will begin an official agitation. Not even our affectionate farewell could make them forget what they think they know!"

"Forget?" said Miranda looking at the Japanese Cherry trees, "they forgot years ago."

## Sonnet

ELIZABETH BIGELOW, '30

Now ember-red the cloistered ivy glows,  
And field-mice scabble in the shrivelled leaves  
That in the buttress' shelter seek repose  
From swooping winds that whirl them to the eaves.  
The grackles, swarming past the naked thorn  
That delicately rattles on the pane,  
Tug like a magnet at the mind outworn  
By stubborn books and habit's dull refrain.  
Oh, knock an apple from the campus tree  
And call the terrier dog that sniffs the dew;  
Make for a stubbled hill whose boulders see  
The spinning world melt into rippled blue.  
Here can the shouting winds that seaward roll  
Dissolve the rust and grime that clog the soul.

---

## Bell In The Night

HORTENSE FLEXNER KING

Into the blue bowl of night  
Drips the slow sound  
Of the bell;  
Rippling in thin circles  
To the starry edge  
Of the horizon.



## Book Reviews

YOUNG PEGASUS; Prose and Verse, *edited by the*  
Intercollegiate Literary Magazine Conference

(The Dial Press, 1926)

WHERE does the classic stop and the modern begin? Is the *Jungle Book* in the same class with the *Spectator*? Is Rupert Brooke any nearer or warmer than John Keats? Is *The Way of All Flesh* any less out of date than *Don Quixote*, or Bernard Shaw's play on *Mrs. Warren's Profession* than Ford's that is called *'Tis Pity*—? Often the Elder Statesmen are stupid and tyrannous, as youth is often—conceivably with less excuse—tyrannous and stupid, but rarely any more do they try to impose on their juniors the topics, the forms, the sensations, which for themselves were sudden, new and immediate. "Tomorrow," says the Danish proverb, "will be another day"; the undergraduates writing in *Young Pegasus*, having waked up in their tomorrow, are at liberty to enjoy the day.

Contemporary, then, is this anthology of Prose and Verse; if anything, too contemporary, like the Sunday paper, and no more representative. Ten Universities (or Colleges) are represented, but all lie near the north Atlantic or in the North-West; and Harvard takes, in the prose, pretty nearly the lion's share (110 pages out of 256); Amherst has only one poem to show and Bryn Mawr only two. Wisconsin sends no verse, but on the other hand Dartmouth enters at the last with a whole school of poetry.

The prose, on the whole, comes out better than the poetry; it is more interesting, better written, on the level, nearer to actuality. Among the stories from Minnesota and Wisconsin, one has the very smell of the ground, another a convinced realism: these things are tell-tale. The technique of the short story is not perfectly mastered anywhere; in *The Line Fence*, from Middlebury, the plot is too good to be dragged through fifteen years; in the Oriental tale from Harvard the invention is too diverting to be spread over sixteen pages. This is surprising and hardly excusable, for the genre was no novelty

in the days of the Elder Statesmen. To be explained, also, whether or not to be excused, is the restriction of "Prose" to the short story.

At Middlebury, it seems, they understand what makes literature. Walter Edmonds and Katherine Henry, of Harvard, with Madge Turner of Columbia (among others) go about their business with a kind of professional seriousness, coats off; possibly they write no better for that now, but in the end they will, unless they drop out. Yes, the book is satisfactory; it forecasts good harvests.

In New York they have clear notions about the technique of verse. Yet on the whole, evoking in recollection the first reading of *Creative Youth* to compare with the impression this makes, it seems the college poetry is not so choice as that of the Lincoln School. There the students were specially taught, with hard teaching, as the results show; but also, there was more passion and less self-consciousness. Out of the five poems here from the Vassar *Grist*, the one which faces an event and an emotion is signed by a Russian. Helen Deutsch of Barnard puts something which is unmistakably wit, essential and intellectual, into a piece too long for this place.

Bryn Mawr got hardly fair play. Good poet y are these selections, especially Miss Ling's, well sustained in a very difficult genre. Miss Leonard's sonnet was praised and prized last winter, but how about her other sonnets, or her *Epitaph*? How about five lines by Eleanor Follansbee, The *Autumn* of Jean Fesler, some of the pieces by Frances Haley, the *Vanity* of Mary Adams?

At this point the writer turns back for a while to the files of THE LANTERN, recommending the reader to angle there, likewise, for as good fish as ever were caught. In the consequent absorption, the Young Pegasus and the critic, unremarked, may pass from the scene.

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING.

PHILOSOPHY of life in a novel is always dangerous; in Walpole's *Harmer John* it is destructive. The book is ruined, not by modern cynicism, so nearly ancient now, but by muddled self-consciousness and woolly timidity. Walpole is afraid of his hero, though his hero is only a phantom; he realizes Johanson's sacrificial search for beauty, universal beauty, is a stale, trying, melodramatic theme. Unembarrassed vigor of ideas combined with simplicity and poetic starkness of outline might have saved it; instead, Walpole patches his tale together from the words of half a dozen bystanders, crowds it with people painstakingly and wastefully conceived, apologizes for his own melodrama, dodges, even at crises, the direct and powerful. So *Harmer John*, intended to symbolize so much, is neither a successful myth, a sort of primitive and saintly scholar-gypsy, nor is he a genuine man. Stupidly he lives, absurdly he dies, and most unconvincingly he is deified. His death, a painful scene at best—for what hero murdered for a noble cause does not stir unfortunate memories of Sydney Carton—is made worse by Mr. Walpole's hasty retrogressions and retrospects, his small ineffective details. Like a grandiose painting, Johanson is huge without substance. His formulas of work and brotherhood, called trite and childish by the author himself, remain trite and childish; no force or reality of character is there to transmute them.

Untroubled by action, a few minor people approach individuality. Maude, Johanson's shallow and inconsistent sweetheart, Hogg, Longstaffe, can scarcely boast of two dimensions; but Judith and Miss Midgely, left to themselves, grow more substantial than their carefully tended neighbors. To the little boy Tom, and to the Glebeshire countryside, Mr. Walpole gives loving spontaneity and understanding both fresh and mellow. Here and there, as in the old-fashioned scene of a stormy night, a warm hearth, and a stranger, he finds his own firm, leisurely style, thoughtful, yet unblurred by theories of life and the three forms of beauty. Only when he is holding to something more definite than theory and question, to the Russia of "Secret City," or to stolid, lovable Peter of "Fortitude," is Walpole firm, unsentimental, and discerning.

A ROSE-COLORED waistcoat—worn by Gautier at the first performance of *Hernani*—ushered in Romanticism. It was followed by a Company whose names are surrounded by tradition. Baudelaire, Balzac, Flaubert, and a score less great. In his book Mr. Palache gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of their lives. Each chapter consists of a string of anecdotes well chosen and wittily narrated. A paragraph that begins with the popularity of *Hernani* describes the eccentricities of Borel and Gérard and ends with an account of Gautier's taste in clothes. A certain amount of criticism is interspersed in and among the anecdotes, as if to give weight to a volume which seems a little too much concerned with gossip.

The style is vigorous and restless. It leaps logically from point to point, dwelling on each long enough to make it perfectly clear, but not long enough to penetrate below the surface. This indeed, is the quality most evident in the book. It is clever, original, well composed and well written, but it is not profound. The criticism is sometimes brilliant, but is most often a good summing up of fairly obvious ideas. It seldom shows careful study or consideration of a poet's work.

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## Ballad of Four Elders

VAUNG TSIEN BANG, '30

An old fisherman with a fishing rod,  
Beyond the mountains rugged, along the broad bay.  
His boat glides freely.  
The sea gulls stain the pure billows;  
The solemn reeds make the daylight drear.  
He, singing—the sun has set.  
In a moment the golden shadows mirror the lake,  
He lifts his eyes, the moon has risen in the east.

He who splits the wood himself is an old, old wood cutter;  
Where there are pines and locusts, there is his bed chamber,  
Lonely among the mountains and wide streams.  
Gravestones and tombs are in all directions;  
Memorials standing high in solitude;  
Stone horses have been worn with knife grinding.  
Oh! let me rather waste a little money in drinking,  
And be a drunkard returning home.

Here is an old peasant carrying his hoe,  
With a yellow smoking pipe and a white wine jug.  
Before his house are willows.  
The sun shines on the bean sheds and pumpkin stands,  
Furnishing him a wholesome, sweet diet.  
When at the end of a favorite song, he turns homeward,  
He sends invitations east and west.  
They drink at intervals and relate the things of old.

He is an old, old scholar in a simple dwelling.  
His business is to tell the ceremonies and customs of old,  
He has many followers in high ranks.  
Their tiger-like servants are at the door,  
As quick as dragons the guests come and go.  
But, alas! Do they ever dream that they one day may become  
powerless?  
So, it is sweeter to be in a country cottage with a door<sup>14</sup> made  
of rushes  
Teaching innocent little children.

## Career

WINIFRED TRASK, '29

MOTHER was artistic,—everyone knew that. That was why she wore those long embroidered dresses, and heavy ear-rings, and little jackets of red and gold. That, too, was why Mimi was allowed to wear boys' trousers, cut off very short, and a green jumper, though she knew that Mrs. Taylor, who headed committees and lived in a stuffy house, hinted openly that Mimi was too big for such things. Mother's house, too, was by far the most beautiful house at Willow Bay. The other houses seemed like cramped gestures compared with its perfect casual grace. Whether you came through the high gate and up the flagged path to the front door, or wandered up from the woods in back and made your way between the studio, the grape-vine, and the laundry, or, climbing the steps of the sunken garden, you watched it grow down before your eyes from a chimney, a roof, a row of windows, to a whole building with porch and terrace complete, you never could catch the house at any angle but that of perfection. Mother, indeed, was always finding new little views of the house, of the garden; she would call Mimi or Father to come and see.

"Isn't that *quite*, quite precious?"

And she would clench her hands and breathe deeply.

True, it was Father who had rebuilt it from an old farmhouse in the middle of a meadow. Father was an architect, and he knew where a house should spread out and where it should stop short under vines; he knew, too, where a garden must be placed, and just how much of the distant hills should be allowed to show through the willows. But it was Mother who had added all those little touches which gave the place its real charm, so the Willow Bay people said. Those baskets of flowers painted on the dining-room walls; those shiny chintz window-shades like stained glass when the light came through; that little stone Buddha under the wistaria—who but Mother could ever make a Buddha look quite at home at Willow Bay?

But beyond—oh way beyond—this talent for clothes and

houses, Mother had real talent for painting. She painted lovely things for the Willow Bay fair: trays, and lampshades, and scrap-baskets that were much too good for scraps, Mimi felt. She could paint screens, too, and whirligigs with willow patterns on them for the centre of the table. Sometimes she did water-colors of trees or a pond,—she walked off very early in the morning, the days she did these, and only returned in time for tea; and once she even had done a sketch of Mimi, a faint green and gold affair with a charming neckline.

Mimi could paint, too. Only very small things, now, like flowers on boxes. But not many children could paint flowers on boxes so easily and neatly. She loved doing them; she spent hours making up designs which Mother said were very good. So she didn't much care that the other children at Willow Bay thought her excitable and silly. She got back at them by dashing up to Mother when there were visitors and fretting, "Oh, dear, I can't make these daisies look *lying down* in the basket!" This sounded humble and at the same time more knowing than anything those other boys and girls ever said. Besides, she had noticed those over-heated, sensible children growing up to be the most affected sillies. Those two Taylor girls, for instance, who, two years ago, had been the hottest and most contemptuously awkward of all the crowd, had quite suddenly turned into silk-clad and conservative "nice" girls who "got into" dances and talked sincerely, absorbedly, to men about nothing at all.

None of this absurd society for Mimi—that was made clear to Father who laughed, and to Mother who was sympathetic, and to all who ventured kindly questions into Mimi's affairs. For Mimi, grown up, was going to devote her life to painting. She would have a studio like Mother's; she would go striding alone across the fields in the mornings and never come home till tea-time. . . .

\* \* \*

Mother and Father were at Sunday breakfast when Mimi brought the letter from Aunt Camilla. Mother, leaning forward, her honey-colored negligée caught in a slant of sunlight, raised her eyebrows as she read it. Her face lost its sleepy Sunday-morning tranquillity.

"She's coming, Fred," she said.

Father looked judicious.

"Tell her not to," he advised.

"I'm sorry, my dearest, I can't. She—she says that Willow Bay positively needs painting! She *will* come—I hope you don't mind awfully?"

"*I* mind?" said Father. "Why on earth should I mind? It's you that mind."

Mother gave him that quick, intimate smile which she reserved for Father's taunts, and turned to Mimi.

"Darling, didn't you forget something last night?"

Mimi knew what that meant. The brushes—she had left them all sticky with paint. Mother was very strict about brushes; she always said that a real artist respected his tools. So, though Mimi whined, "I can't *always* be remembering!" and scuffled her shoes all the way to the studio, she was not displeased. It was reassuring to have Mother become business-like over matters of brushes.

## II

Nothing more was said about Aunt Camilla. Mimi had quite forgotten her, when one afternoon a strange bulky figure with a green paint box came ploughing, with bent head, through the gate and up the walk.

She stopped as she reached Mimi, and without speaking stared at her and then at the house for a long time.

"Lovely," she said at last quite softly, "*really*, really lovely. . . . And I suppose you go to a good school and everything, too."

As this last seemed to be a reflection rather than a question, Mimi did not answer. Aunt Camilla started through the door.

"Is your mother here?" she called back.

Mimi thought she was working.

"Working? Well, will you tell her that I left my bag at the station, please?"

It was strange that Aunt Camilla, an artist herself, did not know that Mother was not to be interrupted at work. But it was stranger still that Mother, interrupted, casually got into the car and herself drove to the station for Aunt Camilla's bag.

And as the days passed, Mother and Father and the whole household accepted interruptions from Aunt Camilla. Mimi was puzzled. Aunt Camilla was not in the least attractive. She was bumpily stout; her face was soft and brownish and

irregular. Moreover she wore clothes that were worse than Mrs. Taylor's,—much worse, for while Mrs. Taylor dressed like a starched ladylike person, Aunt Camilla's shapeless jumpers of shot silk, sleazy irrelevant scarves, and sagging petticoat could represent nothing but sheer untidiness. Her manner, too, was awkward; and she knew it. She scarcely spoke to Mimi, though she watched her intently at odd moments. When she spoke to the servants she did it consciously, as one might speak to strangers on a train. They, in their turn, were almost disrespectful in the way they warned her five minutes before dinner that it was time to wash, in the way they brought her food at odd times,—a cup of broth or a fresh cake. And she always ate these offerings, though she couldn't have been hungry all those times.

Aunt Camilla's whole day was clumsy and detached, a thing apart from the casual succession of work, beach-club, chance visitors, and conversation, that made up the waking hours of the Lee family. She got up early in the morning and had breakfast with Father. Mimi thought that Father didn't like this very well, though he always talked easily to Aunt Camilla as though they had a joke in common. Then she proceeded to a spot at the lower end of the terrace where she set up her stool and easel, and there she stayed till the sunlight grew dim from behind the trees. What she painted was not very good,—it was all crude and splotchy, not at all like Mother's clear, easy water-colors. So why was it that Aunt Camilla felt privileged to help herself to supplies from the studio without ever asking whether Mother needed them or not?

"It's quite all right," said Mother. "You see—she's older than I am."

And Mother gave up working in the studio as long as Aunt Camilla stayed.

But when Mimi noticed that the end of the terrace where her Aunt worked was all chopped up with the weight of her stool, that the fine grass was mashed and splattered where Aunt Camilla spilled things—Mother's prize lawn that she was so proud of!—that she herself watered after a dry day, dragging the hose like a great wet snake from the porch to the bottom of the slope!—Mimi thought things had gone too far.

She burst out at dinner, "Oh, Mummy, don't you think she ought to move?—it's all ruined where she sits!" and then stared innocently at her aunt.

Mother started to rebuke, but Father leaned and patted Camilla's arm.

"Don't you worry, my dear," he said. "Sheila wouldn't touch your traps for the world—she thinks it looks very, very smart to have a little real art in the offing!"

"Fortunate," said Aunt Camilla, smiling at Mother, "I should murder the soul who touched my 'traps'."

Mother didn't even smile, but turned a childish red.

Ten minutes later Mimi slipped from her chair and sped out of the room and down the lawn to where the stool and easel stood forth from the twilight like mystic symbols. She lifted a cloth flung over the picture, reached for a brushful of scarlet paint, and swept it in a clean stroke diagonally across the canvas. The effect was so hideously like blood that she tore up the lawn without even replacing the cloth.

\* \* \*

When Mimi saw Aunt Camilla at her usual post the next morning, her curiosity overcame her sick fear. She tiptoed in a wide circuit around the lawn until she could see over her aunt's shoulder. The canvas showed not the faintest scar of last night's outrage. Mimi stared.

And quite suddenly before her eyes the picture turned beautiful. That which, only yesterday, had seemed so crude and meaningless had become a painting not of willows and a hill, but of the whole glorious, singing significance of those willows, of that hill. Those things which Mimi, alone of all the world, had discovered about the morning light upon that slope of green and brown, all that intimate bliss which sometimes caught her as she stared upon familiar trees and hills with self-less eyes, caught her like a pain and made her turn quickly and race up the lawn, shouting as she did so,—all these things were there, *there* in the lights and shades of Aunt Camilla's paint.

Her face hot, she tip-toed away.

\* \* \*

But from that morning she became friendly with Aunt Camilla. True, Aunt Camilla didn't notice her any more

than she had before; but when she spoke, Mimi found that Aunt Camilla listened as seriously as she listened to anyone else. And Mimi spoke much more often. She came while Aunt Camilla was working, and shyly admired her picture. That seemed to please Aunt Camilla. In the evening she cleaned Aunt Camilla's brushes, and repeated her little lesson about the real artist and his tools. Why was Aunt Camilla so amused at that? Well, it appeared that Mimi's mother had always been fond of that rule. Did Mimi ever do any drawings or sketches herself?

Mimi brought them all out. They were mostly designs which didn't interest Aunt Camilla much; but there were several grimy drawings of Willow Bay people.

"Not bad," said Aunt Camilla to a sketch of Mr. Taylor's shoulders. "I shouldn't wonder if you could do a good deal, my dear." But she warned of years of hard work to come.

Work! Mother never had said much about work. Art, Mimi had thought, was a calling to which you were born with open eyes; to which, if you chose, you dedicated your life and in return became an artist. So few were born with open eyes; it didn't seem fair that beside devoting their lives they should have to labor more than those whose eyes saw only "nice weather" or a "pretty girl." Still, after due consideration Mimi decided, in a new ecstasy of dedication, that if one must work to be an artist, work she would. And she started right in, sitting beside Aunt Camilla and neglecting the lampshades and boxes to struggle with matters of height and depth, till Aunt Camilla sent her down on the wharves to draw the fishermen.

Whether Mother quite approved of this new method Mimi couldn't make out. Mother, driven from the studio, was preoccupied, these days, and went for many long walks with Father. She told Aunt Camilla that she didn't dare go to the club, any more, because everyone she met accused her of keeping her famous sister in hiding. Aunt Camilla said, stiffly, that she had no time for clubs. They almost had a quarrel over that.

"What'll I do, Fred?"

Mother, kneeling before the fire, looked very young and helpless. Father lit her a cigarette and took her hand.

"Why don't you ask them all here, old girl? Sort of beard the lion, as it were?"

Mother looked at him. "Shall I?" Then—"Camilla! Camilla!" she called, "I'm giving a tea for you, my love!"

This time it was Aunt Camilla who looked red and childish.

\* \* \*

Aunt Camilla went down to the wharves with Mimi the afternoon of the tea-party. They both got tar on their clothes, and had an utterly delightful time. Mimi was finishing a sketch of old Captain Hallet caulking a dory. Aunt Camilla helped her a little, and was particularly pleased with her lines of the old man's hands.

"*Very* good!" she said. "You can see *him* in those hands—don't you see—"

Mimi chattered happily of the time when she would do complete portraits as well as, and better than, those hands. Even when the light grew faint and liquid over the water they sat on and on, till Mimi remembered Mother and the tea-party at home.

"We must go," she said, and gathered up her things.

Aunt Camilla supposed they must; she rubbed at the tar on her skirt as if suddenly it annoyed her. She kept on rubbing, and straightening her blouse as they climbed the hill.

"And your petticoat shows just a little," ventured Mimi.

Aunt Camilla gave a quick laugh, and held her head higher as they neared the house . . .

But in the drawing-room Aunt Camilla's petticoat didn't matter at all. The whole of Willow Bay, it seemed, in nice-smelling clothes and jangling bracelets moved forward to meet them as they came in the door. They had literally to jostle their way to where Mother sat, sleek and gracious, before the tea-table, her black and gold dress melting into the brocade of the sofa, her loose sleeves like drooping wings as she reached for cups and spoons.

"*May* we have some tea, Sheila?" Aunt Camilla clutched the cup in both hands.

"Miss Noble, excuse me—I've heard so much about you—" "Excuse me, but I'm Mrs. Taylor, and I wondered if you could—"

Shrinking from Mrs. Taylor, Aunt Camilla was followed by the crowd to a window seat at the end of the room. The



few mannerly souls who remained about the tea-table turned one ear to her direction.

Mimi could see her sitting there, very straight, rubbing her palms with her handkerchief as she answered, "How do you do?" and "Yes," and "O, yes, indeed," to the bubbling questions. Even Mother from the sofa was watching her with a funny defiant smile. Once she called out, "O, Camilla, don't be modest! You know—" turning to her nearest neighbor—"she's the shyest woman—"

And now Aunt Camilla had an inspiration.

"Yes, we've been painting all afternoon," she said. "Mimi, let them see Captain Hallet." She took the picture and held it up for all to admire.

"Those hands"—she smiled appreciatively at Mimi, who became the object of dutiful "Ah's" and "Splendid's".

"She's a clever little gel," said a small prancing woman.

"She is indeed," gloated Aunt Camilla.

"Why she must inherit it—from her mother. Does your mother teach you to paint, dear?"

"Oh, Sheila can't *paint!*" cried Aunt Camilla; and shut her mouth quickly, as if she would snap the remark back in again.

\* \* \*

*Sheila can't paint.* Rigid with hurt loyalty, Mimi turned to the sofa. Had Mother heard?

But Mother, slightly red, was talking quite loudly to Mrs. Taylor.

"My dear, could you give me any help about the patronesses of the Junior Christmas Dances? I think they're so nice for girls to get used to before they come out—and I feel it's time my young savage grew up a little. . . . Come sit by Mother, dearest!"

And Mimi, standing there, saw with sudden fearful clarity a new vision of her future self, smooth-haired, in a long embroidered dress and heavy earrings, sitting endlessly gracious behind a tea-table—

# Hunting Song

NANCY MITCHELL, '28

The huntsman is calling his hounds  
Out of the woods, away  
Over the meadows and downs;  
Now for a galloping day!  
The Horn! And the heart beats high  
As the waiting hunters dance,  
To ride on the heels of that cry,  
And girth to girth with Chance.

This is the day for us,—  
We of the hunting red;  
Gather him! Lift him, thus!  
Now for the luck ahead!  
Chorus of baying throats,  
Crack as a timber yields;  
Scatter of scarlet coats  
Dotting the distant fields.

Now for the line and the pace!  
Chestnut and roan and grey,—  
Swinging in stride they race,  
Flinging the miles away.  
Rising, superb, they spurn  
Timber and thorn and beck;  
Feeling the heel, they turn;  
Feeling the rein, they check.

Hark to the "View halloo!"  
Over the distant rise!  
The huntsman, pressing anew,  
To his flying couples cries.  
Far is the field where we found,  
Unknown is the place of the kill,  
But the courage of horse and hound  
Shall conquer the last long hill.

This is the life for us all!  
Who cares what the issue be?  
Shall fear of a final fall  
Be threatening such as we?  
Good comrades, side by side,  
A health to the men in red,  
Who straight in the saddle ride  
For the Kill, and the Luck ahead!

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## The Banker

JULIA KEASBY, '30

She rides at anchor with her trysail set,  
Her jib half hanging off her graceful bow.  
So calm she is, I pause and wonder how  
She came unscathed through fog and wind and wet.  
Her dories gently nose each other, yet  
A short while since near perished in the slough  
Of seas stupendous. Beautifully now  
She lies in sheltered harbor free from threat  
Of heartless hurricane. Along the shore  
They pile the hard-gained harvest of the sea.  
On white-washed fences weathered nets are spread  
To dry in Autumn's sunlight while the free  
And glistening gulls wheel 'round—white souls of dead  
Forgotten fishermen who toil no more.

## It's a Long Way to Sukkertoppen

M. H. S.

ON THE 29th of July this entry was made in the log of the Schooner *Sachem*: "Lady Bight, Labrador, to Sukkertoppen, Greenland. Day comes in clear and partly cloudy 6:00 A. M. Hove up and left Lady Bight."

Green stars were disappearing in the twilight when we headed through the ice pans northward to the open ocean. There was a windless chill in the air as the ship made her way in the leads.

"Hard to starboard! Easy! Easy! Port!"

Orders snapped from the masthead as fast as the lunging man at the wheel could take them. Day was coming in "clear and partly cloudy." Red streaks at the horizon, and patches of red in the sky—and then the sun rose and the sea of thick white ice glowed in the yellow light.

"Proceeded through outer tickle bucking ice," the log continues. By afternoon the coast of Labrador was a mirage on the horizon and the *Sachem* was sailing gently among the glistening icebergs that seemed at a distance to be great white ships and even city blocks.

Then for four days she plunged northward through fog and salt water. The breezes were light and gentle, and the sea followed the winds, and the fog would lift occasionally for half a mile around to close in thicker again. That was all there was. Not a fish or a gull or an iceberg even to interrupt the vague of fog and salt water. But by midnight of the third day there was no night at all at sea—just a blue dimness in which the members of the Captain's watch were quite distinguishable.

The next morning gull and sea duck came flying around us; soundings showed we were probably near shore on the Hellefiske bank, and at noon an island rose dead ahead out of the fog.

Two hours later we dropped anchor in the harbor of Sukkertoppen. A Danish flag flew over the heavy-built red and yellow houses, and there were jagged blue mountains, their tops mouldy in glacial ice, nearly surrounding the village

and the harbor. A whale's carcass was hauled up on shore near us, smelling foully in the damp air. Smiling Esquimos paddled their tipsy one-man craft in the green water around us, and the official launch brought the Danish Governor and the Lieutenant Governor aboard. It was like being bewitched, to sail from the grim Labrador cliffs through four days of fog and ice into all that life and color.

The Danes guard Greenland carefully from the world outside and they did not allow us to go ashore for some time after we anchored. But a great cod arrived at six with the compliments of the Governor and the next day they let the Esquimos come aboard. The whole town came, babies and halfbreeds in kyaks, women and old men, and booted belles in their fathers' row boats. They were dressed in bright leather boots to the knee, fur trousers, and calico blouses with deep bead collars. One by one they came smiling over the side, handsome reflections of the days when there was no embargo, and whalers came up the Greenland coast from Portugal and Spain and Scandinavia.

We were in Greenland a month, and every morning we stayed in port the decks looked like a public market. The Greenlanders came with blankets made of eider duck feathers, with kyak models, and with bone and soapstone carvings of birds and walrus and seals. They traded with us days on end for scented soap and calico and kronen.

Their towns, or rather villages, have an oddly European air. There is always a bright church and a bakery and the Governor's house. But the slums are all Esquimo; turf-covered entrances lead right into the ground; dogs and children lie out on the roof; and fish and skins are drying everywhere, for the winter.

There is the same contrast in the life of the towns. We used to dance with the Greenlanders to accordion music in the village square. The sun never set then, and the dances—they were more like our games—began at nine in the evening. After the dances we went to the Governor's house to drink black coffee and Schnapps and to hear about Denmark and Paris and about their own work in Greenland. There were perhaps ten of them to a town, marooned for five years in a wild and beautiful country, and they admitted they were lonely. But they all urged us to stay through the winter,

when they hunted narwhal and musk-ox, and drove their dog teams down the frozen fiords, with the moon and the northern lights shining at high noon.

We did go down the fiords, sailing for days and days between black cliff walls, jagged and scooped by the sliding glacial ice. The water was cloudy blue and green from the waterfalls, and flocks of white gulls and duck were swimming in the fiord or nesting in the cliff sides. Once we passed the tent of Esquimo caribou-hunters, but that was the only sign of life till we came into an open harbor again. They say that in one fiord which stretches seventy miles to Jakobshavn, an old Danish woman lives all alone. She smokes cigars and plays a phonograph incessantly, and she always welcomes such strangers as come her way. Anyway it is a typical Greenland story. There is that mixture of gaiety and solitude there, a mysterious wildness in the near-European régime that the Danes established. Perhaps it has grown more mysterious because they have kept it locked from the world for two generations. And if dying is to pass from one world into another, then it feels a little like dying to sail away from Greenland and toward free and calmer countries of the south, knowing you will never go back again.

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## Cold

JEAN FESLER, '28

Between firm ground and sky,  
The crystal air and still,  
Not since the stars were high  
Has stirred, nor ever will.

From earth to heaven, so far,  
Replete with quiet cold;  
So far from frost to star  
For one not brave nor old.

## An Experience

ELIZABETH NELSON, '27

THE silence in the room could hardly have indicated boredom; both of them appeared too content for that. In a pleasant after-tea reverie, they followed their own thoughts until with little apparent relevance she broke out:

"Talk about the brotherhood of man! That may make good politics, or good religion, but it takes the sisterhood of woman to create drama—the really throbbing drama the True Story magazines deal with. . . . Not a very faithful sisterhood, perhaps, but Lord, how it does understand itself. . . . I often wonder if men are half so homogeneous—if one of you can see something, hear something, and understand it, simply because of your common manhood."

They had discussed, over long periods, masculine and feminine qualities, so that he showed no surprise at the question, and answered, after musing: "I doubt it, somehow. Women are uncanny about each other. And yet . . ."

"And yet—you doubt our pretensions?"

"Well, I don't know. . . . Men who generalize about women always get into trouble."

"What a generalization! Well, particularize, then. Or would you prefer some more tea?"

"No, I'd rather tell you about Julian Lewisohn. I never have, have I? . . . He's marvellous—a professional dilettante, collecting experiences, particularly experiences with women."

"A Jew?"

"Yes. He has all the pride and culture of generations in his face—beautiful, thin nose, mouth really too fine for a man's, and wonderful dark eyes. Tall, and frightfully lean—he lives on peacock's tongues, and wears the most perfect clothes in the most careless manner imaginable."

"What does he do?"

"Well, he went to college for three years; that's where I knew him. God, what a mind! He took the steepest courses—fine arts I D, for example, a course simply choked with facts that you've *got* to remember—and raked an A without

turning a hand. But he's most marvellous about women, dedicated to Experience, as much as he could ever dedicate himself to anything. Did I tell you about the girl he picked up at the Symphony?

"... He saw her there time after time—a girl with thick, matted, awful-looking dark hair—so homely that she was frightful. She fascinated him. He decided several times to follow her, but she always got away before he reached the door. Then, one day when she came, he saw she'd bobbed her hair. It made her almost good-looking—and nearly killed him. He'd adored her, for being the ugliest girl God ever let live..."

"Did you see her? This vivid description..."

"No, but I've heard Julian. Well, that day of all days, he did catch sight of her outside Symphony Hall. She was walking with a middle-aged, shabby little man. Julian followed them about a block, and then stepped up to her. 'I'm so sorry,' he said (and you'd have to hear his voice to know how beautifully he could say it), 'I'm so sorry... that you've cut your hair. It was the most beautiful hair...' And he turned away, before she could say a word.

"After that, he didn't see her for a long time, though he says he thought about her a great deal, still enchanted by her appearance, despite the improvement. She seems to have looked rather like a monkey, a mournful, pathetic monkey, with deep wrinkles around its eyes. Julian had a taste for exotic pets; he'd owned a monkey when he was a child, and never quite got over its death. He said this girl reminded him of Pietro.

"Well, one day he did see her again, in a bookshop in Cornhill. He said she was poring over a 'Life of Beethoven,' avidly, as if trying to read as much as she could, before the bookseller chucked her out. Julian spoke to her; she seemed a bit startled at first, then took it calmly enough, and answered. He says her voice was heavenly, exquisite tone with a charming foreign touch. They chatted awhile about the Symphony; she seemed to know a lot of music, and to be interestingly intelligent, but he insists it was her face, and her mournful monkey-eyes, that held him. When they'd talked a bit, she made a move to go. He said, 'I'm taking you home.' 'Of course', she answered—J. hadn't dreamed it was in her.



"So he took her home—found she lived in Cambridge, in a huge old barn of a house, with practically no furniture. Her father was a composer—had about one thing played by the Orchestra every year, and sometimes took a few pupils (though it tortured him), to keep the family from starving. Her mother seemed to paint, in an erratic way, and when she thought about her family at all, was the most amiable of mothers, but usually forgot their existence. The girl conveyed some of this to Julian on the way; the rest he discovered later. There were several children, all of them rather artistic. One sister played the violin—you could hear it wailing through the house at all hours. Another taught dancing—she was the most successful, and had practically nothing to do with the rest. Julian's girl seems to have represented the exhaustion of family talents—had countless artistic urges, but no coherent expression, and probably for that reason, was the unhappiest of all. She inherited her father's Slavic melancholy, he says; once she played the piano for him so heartbreakingly that he 'nearly died' (our cynic, Julian!). But the other times she played, it was fairly mediocre.

"He came back to call, you see, rather often, always received in a huge room that contained one battered sofa, one grand piano, and one kitchen chair. Occasionally he met a new member of the family; one day, the mother came trotting in, with a plateful of scrambled eggs it'd just occurred to her to cook (at four o'clock in the afternoon). The girl seemed perfectly unsurprised—(I believe they never ate regular meals)—offered Julian some of the eggs, and made him tea, while her mother entertained him charmingly. She had a voice like her daughter's, except for the accent (she being American, J. says, if one could give her nationality). Once he saw the dancing-daughter; she burst into the room in a temper and a red kimono, and seemed so amazed at the sight of a man with her sister, that the temper disappeared. She was rather a beauty, dark and wild, but J.'s interest in a person she obviously despised appeared to discredit him for her, so she vanished presently with a shrug.

"But the girl did have one other caller, an Italian of about thirty, who couldn't speak good English, but evidently had money—evidently new money. He used to come and sit on the kitchen chair, and never take his eyes off the girl. Some-

times she'd throw him a word of Italian, but all her attention belonged to Julian.

"J. was sorry afterwards that he'd never taken her anywhere. He'd just go and sit in her extraordinary house, and be so absorbed that it never occurred to him how much she might have liked to get away. She did go out, however—the Italian took her to theaters and restaurants, and one evening, when she'd promised to be at home, her father said she was out, but invited Julian in to wait. J. wandered into the accustomed room, and sat down on the rickety sofa, smoking by himself, while the younger sister's violin moaned from the attic. In a few minutes she came in with a new dress on (or one of her sister's), looking flushed and excited and almost pretty, the usually dank hair all soft and curled. He saw at once that she'd been upset by something, then she lapsed into the profoundest melancholy, and sat with her deep eyes fixed on him, until even old Julian could hardly bear it. It was as if she were feeling depths of hopelessness and sorrow utterly beyond expression. As she sat there on the ragged old sofa, looking at him so yearningly through some strange misery he couldn't fathom, he says he'd never been so sorry for anyone in his life. But what could he do? . . .

"She tried presently to play the piano, but her fingers wouldn't work. He thought for one awful moment she was going to weep over the keyboard, but the trouble lay deeper than tears. Then she seemed to make a tremendous effort to pull herself together, and coming back to the sofa, smiled at him, a funny little monkey-smile, and said suddenly: 'You know, I like you.' Somehow, it found Julian so off-guard that he only stared. She looked at her fingers, long thin ones, and began to talk as if she were trying to express something inexpressible, which she simply had to utter. 'I like you,' she repeated, in that lovely voice, with its trace of foreignness; 'I haven't liked many people'. . . 'And then she stammered out the strangest idea, that she'd wanted to have something, 'some little thing, oh, anything', to remember him by. She kept looking at her fingers as she talked, and at first he couldn't make out if she were asking for his watch and chain, or merely a photograph. Then she murmured, 'It sounds silly, I guess, but we can't tell what may happen. . . And all the nice things people have left, sometimes, are recollections.' So, still with-

out quite knowing what she meant, he—kissed her. He says she relaxed utterly in his arms; it was a long kiss, and when he saw her again, with her eyes still closed, he says she looked—poor girl—like a '*transfigured monkey*', a sort of apotheosis of Pietro.

"But then she opened her eyes, and got up, and crossing the room, stood a long time by a window, her back to J. He was a little nonplussed by it all; her beatific expression in his arms certainly hadn't prepared him for what followed.

"For she moved, at last, from the window, and not looking at him, went and opened the door. Then she did turn to him and he saw, from her gesture, that she was *showing him out*. He felt pretty astonished. There was no rancor in her face, only a kind of calm rapture, he said, and resolution. She didn't utter a word—just pointed to the door, and he got up and left.

"Several days later, he saw her father on the street, and was told, with a kind of melancholy pleasure, that the daughter was going to be married—to the Italian . . . J. hasn't understood it yet."

"Poor Julian . . . I thought you said he's clever."

"Well—in a way . . . But do *you* understand it? . . . J. said he started to go back to see her, but it suddenly struck him as too much trouble. After all, the experience was finished, for him."

## Ballad of the Pond-Shore

MARGARET HALEY, '28

The moon was deep  
In the black pond,  
With its faint horns curled  
Like a thin bright frond.

They met on the shore,  
And one said, "I  
Drop from weariness  
Of the sky."

And the other said,  
"Then hide indoors."  
"But there would be moonlight  
On the floors."

"True enough,  
But the moon is worth  
Twice and over  
The weary earth."

"Then hide in branches  
The moon-dews wet."  
"But the heavy earth  
Would be under me yet."

## Apres-Midi D'un Faune

WINIFRED TRASK, '29.

IN A SUDDEN shady corner of that maze, the *Jardins du Luxembourg*, is a sandpile caged in on three sides by a wire fence. If you happen to pass by about four o'clock of a Sunday afternoon—if you happen to pass by, I say, because you will never find this spot by looking for it—you will see a strange sight,—a man kneeling in the sand, with a group of ten or twelve tiny bright-haired children digging and piling and basting under his command. A strange sight indeed!—for the fellow is not an old man, dreamy and dispossessed, nor yet a very young man, expanding in humorous authority, nor yet such a brusque and earnest man as might be the conscientious Sunday-afternoon guardian of his own small children and their host of small friends. No, he is quite an ordinary unidentified man, vaguely shabby and casually fierce-looking with his long black mustaches and curved fingers; he might be a taxi-driver or a vendor of Eskimo Pies—but one never can tell, in Paris; he doesn't even know the children's names.

"Come, little pink one—hurry with the water," he calls, and a round-eyed baby staggers to the fountain, stares at it, then at his empty hands, and returns gravely for a pail.

They are building a castle, or a fort, or a town—one of those splendid structures of towers and tunnels and plains that rise so gratifyingly from sand and water under small patting hands. The man has a flair for applied decoration; he presses pebbles and twigs into every available surface. And when the little mauve one who has been watching silently for so long relinquishes a minute flag to plant it bravely in the peak of a turret, and looks up shyly for his approval, he claps his hands and rouses the others to acclamation of this new departure.

"Look, my little ones, look what the nice little mauve has done for us! But, *mon Dieu*, it is beautiful!"— and he gazes at it in satisfaction.

But this sudden publicity is too much for the little girl. Completely flustered she hangs her head, turns around twice

for a place to hide, and sits down carefully on the castle. Her face puckering with horror, she remains there in the ruins, while the others glare, noble in their resentment.

"Look—look what she's done, the little imbecile! Mélanie is a clumsy cow!"

The man, now shouting with exuberance, has picked up the shaking Mélanie and is martialling his forces.

"Come, my friends, this is marvellous—marvellous! Don't you know that castles are made to be knocked down by lovely ladies?—And now we'll build another."

\* \* \*

It is six o'clock, now; and quite suddenly a group of chattering young women has appeared to carry off the architects.

"Jean, your pail"—"Alphonse, your hat"—"But it is late, my little friend,—late, late, late, and we'll come back again tomorrow."

So with an adept push here and tug there, an occasional nod to the man, and a final twitch to a tiny arm, the children are manoeuvred down the walk. The man stands silent till the last child has gone; he glances about him, stiffly smiling, like one who has been left behind; then he kicks through the sandpile, gives a hitch to one shoulder, and swings off through the trees.

## Translations of Catullus

### XXXIV

YILDIZ PHILLIPS, '28

To thee, O chaste Diana,  
We youths and maidens sing,  
Imploring thy protection  
For the sorrows the years shall bring,  
Thee, greatest of great Jove's daughters,  
There, by the high gods brought us,  
Where now the Delian waters  
From sweeter sources spring.

Thou hast become the mistress  
Of hills where the new sun gleams,  
Green glens, and far-off places,  
And the mother of sounding streams.  
Lucina, from far implore thee  
Young mothers bowed before thee,  
In pain and travail adore thee,  
Trivia of borrowed beams.

Through thy month's course, Diana,  
Measuring the path of years,  
Filling the farmer's storerooms  
With the grain of goodly ears,  
Whatever the name thou prizest,  
Loved of men thou despisest,  
We pray thee, purest and wisest,  
Free Ancus' sons from fears.

XCIII

BARBARA HUMPHREYS, '29

Not a rap for you, Caesar, give I;  
To please you I won't even try.  
I can't say I care  
If you're dark or you're fair—  
Though really I cannot tell why.

---

LXX

EDITH GRANT, '30

My Lesbia says she  
Would wed none but me,  
Although great Jove himself  
The suitor be.  
But what a woman says should be consigned  
To the wild wanderings of the waves and wind.



## Book Reviews

THE SUN ALSO RISES, by Ernest Hemmingway  
Charles Scribner's Sons

IN *The Sun Also Rises* Mr. Hemmingway sets out to tell us the story of a lost generation, that generation, in fact, which is so very nearly our own. And he succeeds in giving us the real stuff of tragedy, the frustration of beings of potential greatness. He must, moreover, be a very arid reader, who does not feel the classic emotions of pity and terror as he reads the story of that very gallant lady, Brett Ashley and Jake, whose life has been distorted by that accident which is supposed to be funny.

Mr. Hemmingway has told their tale in a way that makes its application to life inevitable. Perhaps it is that both story and characters are seen, as it were, in the round. No side has been neglected, neither emotion, nor adventure, pathos, nor compelling humour; the conception seems complete. He tosses, too, an unavoidable challenge to such as consider his people not worth bothering about:

"You know what's the trouble with you?" says one character to another. "You're an expatriate. You've lost touch with the soil. You get precious. Fake European standards have ruined you. You drink yourself to death. You become obsessed with sex. You spend all your time talking, not working. You are an expatriate, see?" It is all perfectly true, but they have such a clear, hard realization of it—they know what they are like, and if they do not struggle against it, at least they do not lie about it, either to themselves or anybody else. They have life and they have it more abundantly and with greater gallantry than most; not only Brett and Jake, but Michael, who stuck to Brett so gallantly, Bill who was fonder of Jake than of anyone else on earth, and Robert Cohen the Jew, who came back to be whipped again and again after the manner of his kind.

The style of the book bears signs of that agonized difficulty of composition which is often the mark of a great work. It is rather heavy, and Mr. Hemmingway's trick of ending a chapter with an itemized list of concrete details will either

delight or infuriate you, according to your feelings about such matters. But it in no way handicaps his ability to transmit emotion, whether humour, pity, contagious vitality. The book should not be read by anyone who objects to being made to flinch. And in the conversation between Jake and Bill on their fishing trip, I give you about the best of the kind since Jane Austen, incongruous as the comparison may seem.

The novel seems as good as anything that has been written within recent years. If it is not great, it has undoubted elements of greatness. Perhaps the most exciting thing about reading it is that it makes one feel like stout Cortez. After two unimportant novels and some rather inconsiderable articles and pamphlets Mr. Hemmingway has given us this book. Just for the moment there seems no limit to the glory he can bring to our generation.

---

## "JESTING PILATE"

ALDOUS HUXLEY

"What is truth?" said Jestling Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Mr. Huxley's haste may be equal to the procurator's, yet he seems to ask the question in sober earnest. It is not entirely his fault if the answers given provoke his ironic laughter.

As a book of travel, *Jesting Pilate* is delightful. From a mass of impression and incident, Mr. Huxley chooses his material and moulds it with skillful and seeming-casual touch!! He has a keen sense of pageantry, and the art of lightly combining the incongruous. Tartar caravans, France, the mirror rooms in the palace of Amber, beggars, ports, Spenser, the Taj Mahal—he mingles them in a careless fashion, and manages to make a kind of pattern, varied and restless as an oriental rug.

But he aspires to go deeper than a book of travel; to solve in a strange environment the problems which have become blurred at home. From the shock of alien contact, the novelty

of seeing Oriental Philosophy applied, he genuinely hopes for an answer to the unanswerable. So from a description of the Indian lutanist, "a middle-aged man with a walrus moustache and an explosion of most musical long hair," he slips into a discussion of the family likeness of all music, the conventions of artistic expression. Elephants provide him with rather bitter "consolations of philosophy." He compares Indians and South Italians to

"An old man of Thermopylae,  
Who never did anything properly,"

ascribing "Thermopylism" in one case to profound realism coupled with love of the grandiose, in the other to excess of "spirituality". This spirituality, a distant haven in the minds of many weary Western people is in Mr. Huxley's opinion the curse of India.

"If Western civilization is unsatisfactory, that is not because we are interested in the actual world; it is because the majority of us are interested in such an absurdly small part of it. If I were an Indian millionaire, I would leave all my money for the endowment of an Atheist Mission."

The jungle he finds as hostile to artists as to explorers. In spite of its obvious picturesqueness, it has never been painted well. Its garishness and ready-made dramatic effect impose themselves upon the painter, preventing him from himself making "the creative gesture which moulds the chaos of the world into an ordered and human cosmos—which turns nature into art."

It is a pity the book does not end with Japan and China. His *America* is a cheap rhapsody of jazz, Babbitt, bootleggers, money, dancing. In other parts of the book he derides Indian scholars and their pride of country, expends trite sarcasm on movies, estimates Oriental education by magazine advertisements; but nowhere else does he become hysterical. Perhaps he is making game of us throughout, reverting to the smart cynicism of his former books. If so, the first part is a satire of seriousness, the second a satire of satire. Yet his close has a ring of sincerity.

"Here, too much is made of work and energy for their own sakes; there too much of mere being. In certain parts of the world he will find spirituality run wild; in others a

stupid materialism that would deny the very existence of values. The traveler will observe these various distortions, and will create for himself a standard that shall be as far as possible free from them—a standard of values that shall be as timeless, as uncontingent on circumstances, as nearly absolute as he can make them.”

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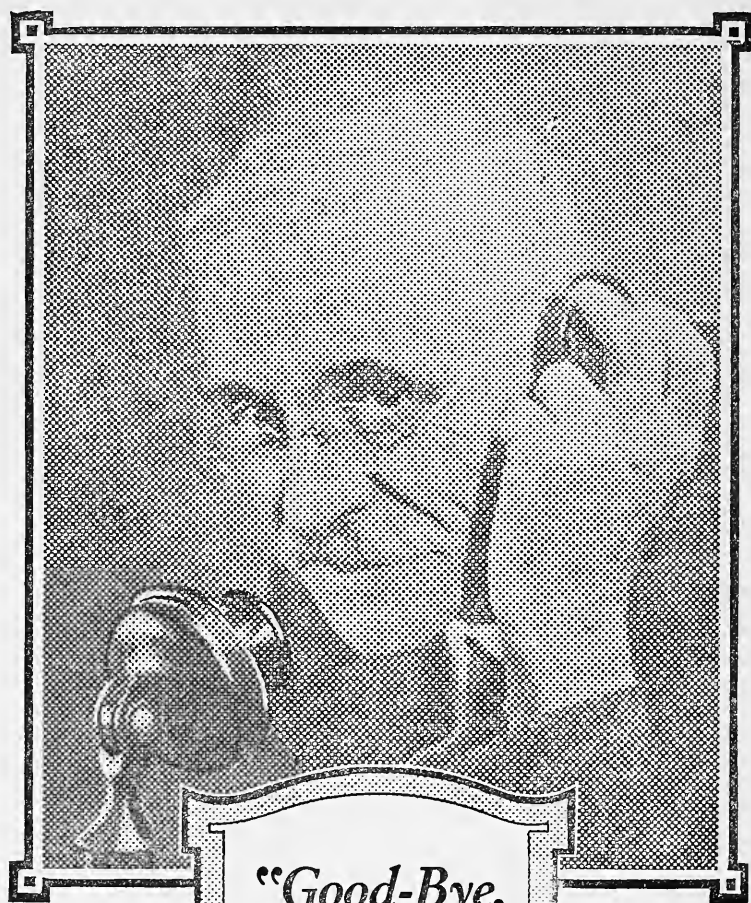
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THE LANTERN is very glad to announce that Elizabeth Bigelow and Frances Frenaye of the Class of 1930 will be the new members of the editorial board.



## Pagan Song

MARY ADAMS, '28

The larkspur, brown and lifeless,  
Falls to the gardener's shears;  
The west wind whirls the red leaves  
Down to the buried years.  
Autumn is death,  
Autumn is King;  
Build him an altar,  
Your praises sing—  
Praises and prayers,  
Hopes and fears,  
The west wind whirls  
To the buried years.

The larkspur blossoms newly,  
Touched by the west wind's breath;  
The trees, their leaves unfurling,  
Now have forgotten death.  
Springtime is life,  
Spring time is King;  
Build him an altar,  
Sweet blossoms bring—  
Blossoms that cry  
With fragrant breath.  
Spring comes always,  
There is no death.

# The Other Hill

WINIFRED TRASK, '29

“THEY'RE very happy,” said Sister Veronica. “And really very good. Some of the older ones, the St. Anne girls, you know, sometimes get a bit restless, but that passes. In fact, there's only one girl here now—a little girl, a St. Elizabeth girl—who hasn't quite found herself. She's just a bit troublesome, at times; but for the rest, the girls are all very happy.”

And indeed they seemed happy enough, in spite of thin, clean, ugly gingham, in spite of their polished faces, in spite of their braided hair—twisted into Vienna rolls on the heads of the St. Anne girls, hanging in tapering ropes down the spines of the girls of St. Elizabeth. In fact, as was pointed out to me by Sister Mary Angela, who came from Boston and was keen at feeling criticism, the girls at the House of Refuge were treated to far more luxury than they had ever known before. Where, for instance, had they enjoyed three such honest meals a day, such carefully balanced schedules of work and play, such friendships between themselves and with the good Sisters? And then the spiritual care! Every girl had her own particular Sister with whom to talk things over—her friend, said Sister Mary Angela, to whom she knows she and her little affairs are of the utmost importance, to whom she could come with any problem at all.

“And they come!” confided Sister Mary Angela. She raised her eyebrows in gratified appraisal of the group of bulky little figures in the sewing-room, laughing and talking as they compared stitches or held up their work for the approval of the slim, calm Sister who moved so quietly from chair to chair. “Indeed they come!”

Indeed they came. I could see that from the look of peace in each of those pasty, polished faces; indeed they came, and indeed some quiet-eyed nun, so far removed from the world of lighted streets and moving-picture shows, knew, miraculously, just where to touch and heal. Nor in any of those faces could I detect a resentment of barred windows, of the long bleak hills which lay between the Home and its grimy shed of a railway station, of the absence of any pretty thing within the walls of the Home itself.

"They're very happy," repeated Sister Veronica. "And very good."

"The state," said Sister Mary Angela, "doesn't send them, you see, unless they show intelligence. Shall we visit the laundry?" In the laundry, however, there was commotion. Through that steaming jungle of moving figures with its whirr of machines, its ring of iron on iron, its thud of iron on wood, I could hear a child's voice raised in anger. Sister Mary Angela heard it at once.

"These are the St. Anne girls," she said mechanically, "the older ones, you know,—the ones who have 'crossed the line'. We have to keep them separately, of course. Monday they have their two hours in the laundry—Tuesday, it's the St. Elizabeth girls—and so it goes, alternately—"

But the rest of her discourse was lost as the angry voice came nearer and a little girl, hot and trembling, burst out of the jungle, caught sight of us, and turned to plunge in again.

Sister Mary Angela was very cool. She seized the child's arm and drew her closer.

"This is Barbara," she said.

"This is the one," nodded Sister Veronica.

Barbara stared at the white hand on her arm, then at the ground. She shook her thick chestnut curls, too short to braid, over her eyes, and bent her head intently lower and lower, as if she must surely dart through our legs.

"What's the matter, Barbara?"

Again she shook her head. A wilted Sister appeared from the jungle.

"I can't manage her,"—she said wearily. "She's having one of her bad days. They had to throw cold water on her to make her get up at all, this morning. Then she went into Sister Flavia's room and stole the Bedtime Book out of Sister Flavia's bureau drawer and finished all the stories, and as soon as she said she was sorry, she went into the sewing-room and roused them all to naughtiness, and Sister Sophia sent her down here to work with the Annes, she always *wants* to work with the Annes—but now I can't do a thing with her—I had to send her out—she excites them all so."

"All right, Sister."

Sister Veronica laid her hand upon the child's head, lifting it, smoothing back the curls.

"What would you like to do now, Barbara?" she asked.

Barbara looked helplessly about her. Where another child would have blushed, she accepted this leniency as a matter of course.

"I think I'd like to go coasting," she said finally. Her voice, as she spoke eagerly, had the surprising hoarseness of certain chestnut-haired women who never were quite children, who never are quite grown up.

"But there's no one to go with you—"

"But there's *nothing* else I want to do—"

"Perhaps you would care to go out with her."

I nodded to Sister Mary Angela's command.

"Get your hat and coat on, Barbara."

The child raised her head, shut her eyes tightly and marched straight to the stairway, swung round the banister-post and climbed the stair without ever opening them.

"The most extraordinary little girl," said Sister Veronica. "She really has great musical talent."

But Sister Mary Angela accounted for her briefly.

"She's a nervous, impulsive child." The white wings of her headdress flapped emphasis. "She almost had St. Vitus's dance a year ago. She lived with her mother who plays the piano somewhere—an excellent woman but she had her work, of course. Barbara used to run away from school and play about the streets."

Sister Mary Angela gave a final toss to the wings.

"Here she comes. Hurry up, my child. You will keep an eye on her, won't you? If she tries to run away,—well, don't let her out of your sight." Really Sister Mary Angela should have stayed in Boston and managed a committee. "And remember, Barbara—you only may coast on the St. Elizabeth hill—the other's too dangerous—You *won't* let her, will you? Remember, Barbara; I have your promise."

We climbed the hill in silence. Barbara, her head still hanging, kicked the snow into little drifts before her feet. Once, uncovering a stone, she kneeled down and carefully covered it again, patting the snow about it with deft mittened hands.

"They must all stay covered up until it's time," she murmured.

At the top of the hill she stopped, drew a deep breath, and surveyed the countryside.

"Our hill," she said.

She walked to the middle of the little plateau. The hill went down more steeply on the other side, and was cut off at the bottom by an asphalt road. The tracks of sleds showed that the coasters had to skirt a clump of trees near the bottom and then swerve quickly to avoid the road. Not that there was a sign of traffic, or, indeed any object in sight which might make such a coast hazardous. There was only this hill, and then the little valley, and then another hill, and presumably another little valley, and so on and on to the ends of the earth. With her toe, Barbara drew a line directly across the top of the hill.

"Their hill," she proclaimed.

I asked "whose hill?"

"The St. Annes' hill. They're older, y'know—the ones who've crossed the line. They have to keep us separate, y'know. I wonder what they mean, 'crossed the line'? I dunno—they're silly girls, and they giggle something awful. So, you see, I always make a line, and I don't let them cross over here. They're silly girls—but it's a peachy hill—

"You see that tree down there at the bottom?" she went on. "Well, there's a little kinda cave underneath on the other side; that's mine. It's just a little cave, but they don't know about it, and I don't tell them, you bet. They're silly; they think they know everything, but they don't know that. And I don't ever let them come back here, back of my line. Sorta funny, though, that they own this hill when it's my cave at the bottom. They're not so old; it's not so dangerous. I often do coast down there—" she watched me carefully—"I do whenever I feel like it—"

"Let me see you coast down your own hill," I suggested. Barbara laughed in my face.

*"Remember Barbara! Your own hill, Barbara! I have your promise, Barbara—"*

She mimicked to perfection Sister Mary Angela's flat *a*, rendering her own name in a kind of bleat. "Rimimber, Baahbra"—Then she hung her head. "I mustn't," she said, "really I mustn't, because they're awful kind to me, and I'm awful bad. Are you bad?"

"Rather," I admitted.

"Ho long are you in for?"

"In for?"

"Oh!" She drew back. "You just *visiting*? Oh, jeees!"

She coasted obediently, after that, hurling herself on the sled, waving her legs as she gained momentum, trudging jauntily up again, twitching the rope as if it led an animal. Her cheeks took on a crimson that mocked alike at the sleek finery of lamplit streets and the clean ugly gingham of repentance; her eyes were stung to tears by the wind.

By and by she came and sat beside me on the hilltop.

"You live in the city?"

As I admitted "the city", she leaned closer, her hands clenched, her lower lip quivering with excitement.

"You ever go skating in Iceland? You *do*? You know that woman that plays the piano at Iceland? Well, *that's* my mother!" She whispered it; she conveyed that she was a fairy princess in disguise. I professed admiration, and she went on more calmly: "She ain't an awful good mother, but she's a good woman. That's what she tells Harry. You know Harry—that man that cleans the place up at six o'clock. Well, Harry—he's a great friend of ours. I guess he's missing me a lot, don't you?"

"Harry's awful good to me. He takes me to hear music in the evenings, sometimes, and once he took me to the opera. Mamma and me are awful fond of music. I can play the piano, too, real good. They think they teach me to play here, but they don't really; I mean I have to play so soft here, and all the tunes are kinda—kinda purple, you know."

"You like them red?"

"Oh, red, and gold, and green,—and then blue and purple and red again—you know. All them colors was in the opera—but they needn't have worn such silly clo'es, and all sorta yelling around so. Harry and I like it better just to sit where it's all quiet, and just one man waving a little stick. It's funny the way he kinda pulls them all with that little stick, all those men in black suits sitting so quiet, and then all of a sudden—Harry says it's magic, and I pretend to believe him, but I guess he knows I don't. He misses me a lot, I bet. He used to laugh when I ran away from school, but he was real sorry when I came away. He sends me things,—books

and things, but I ain't allowed to read 'em mostly. Sister Mary Angela told Mamma to tell him they was too old. They have real good books, here, but they only read us a little bit when we're good, and you never know till the next night what happened next. I steal the books, though, and read 'em myself—I guess I got a right to know what happened next. . . . So he sent me a doll, and Mamma made all little clo'es for it. It was real pretty . . . even the St. Annes said it was cute. I smashed it, though—"

Her eyes looked suddenly hurt at the memory.

"I smashed it because it made me awful mad. It had prettier clo'es than me. It made me awful mad, so I smashed it. The Sisters said I was wicked, and the St. Annes said I was silly. I don't care, though."

She got up, walked to her "line", and stared down the hillside.

"They're all kinda silly, themselves," she said. "Harry'd say they was silly. And you needn't think *I* want to coast down their old hill,—I wouldn't if you paid me. I bet it ain't so good."

And she stood, a sturdy little figure on a white hilltop, and kicked the snow into little mounds about her feet. . . .

It was April when I again rolled up the long hill to the House of Refuge, an April whose belated snows gave quiet welcome to the persistent softening of the air. It had been a melting, restive day in the city; here, I noticed from my cab window, the hills were still covered with thick white. Those endless, curving hills—surely, standing on their peaks, one must sprout wings and fly very far away.

Sister Mary Angela met me at the door.

"It was very good of you," she said, "to come and see Barbara. We told her you were coming,—she's waiting in the receiving room with Sister Veronica—Ah, here is Sister, now. Has she been quiet, Sister?"

They spoke in low, bedside tones, as at the passing of a crisis.

"Beautifully so," said Sister Veronica. "You know"—turning to me—"I think you will find Barbara changed in some ways."

"Of course," explained Sister Mary Angela, "she's tired

now. Such a scene as we had getting her back! But she seems quite resigned now, don't you think so, Sister?"

"Yes," sighed Sister Veronica, "but she won't stay tired. However, she has her music. I sometimes think it was a mistake to forbid her practising after that first attempt."

"Shall we go and see her?" warned Sister Mary Angela.

Barbara was standing by the window of the bare "receiving room." The window was open, and through the bars came a breeze fresh with the cool scent of melting snow. She was dressed in a clean, ugly gingham bound tight at the waist with a ribbon; her hair, held back with combs in an effort at a coiffure, achieved only a roguish aura of chestnut curls.

"Hello," she said, and then got very red, and turned away. Sister Mary Angela smiled efficiently, flapped the white wings in a few nods of secrecy, and tiptoed from the room.

As soon as they had gone, Barbara seized my hand.

"Do you know," she whispered, "if you look out here—it's awful funny—where the shadows of these bars are on the ground it don't melt, and where they aren't, it does and it makes a sorta criss-cross—d'you see?"

"Awful funny," I admitted.

Her composure recovered, she took me into her confidence at once.

"Awful long time since I seen you," she said, graciously. "D'you know I ran away? Yes, I did. Once I ran away and found the station, and once I really got away. I pretended to the man I'd lost my ticket. I lived in the city with Harry for three weeks, and we went to lots of concerts. They caught me, though. One day my mother seen me and told me, and they brought me back here. I screamed an awful lot. But I didn't so much care, though. These hills—" she drew deep breaths of the breeze blowing down from out over those white curves. "They're kinda homelike—and I was getting kinda sick of Harry. He's always wanting to buy me things. . . . Still, it was gorgeous while it lasted."

She sighed. "It's stupid here, but it would 'a' been stupid there; I guess it's stupid everywhere. I'll stay here a while, now that I'm here. I'll run away again, sometime, when I feel like it. And anyway—" the hoarse little voice took on its old defiance—"anyway, I guess now I can coast on that other hill!"



## Poem

ELIZABETH LINN, '29

The bells that ring in the afternoon  
Over the lake  
From the cliff-face hiding the white young moon  
Lean and shake  
Out notes that fall without a stir  
Into the deep  
Calm green of her.  
I saw each change as it touched her hands  
To a silver fish  
That slipped and shone on golden sands  
Where the sun struck through  
And I heard the tune  
Still break the quiet afternoon.

The fishermen, sitting there by the shore  
In the hard white dust  
With their sun-baked shoulders, are hopeless, for  
Their rods will rust,  
Before they can catch the fish that were kissed  
By the lake, the clear-eyed alchemist.

## Home After College

ELIZABETH NELSON, '27

IN *HARPER'S* for March, President Henry Noble MacCracken, conducting a "clinic for parents", outlines the problems of families with college-bred daughters. He mentions "standards and habits bred in isolation, and then brought into sharp conflict in the family circle," but his interest belongs to the "standards" rather than the "habits." "A half-million youths, living in close association for four most formative years, will come to conclusions of some import," and it is the clash of these conclusions with the traditions of parents which he illustrates. Disaster, the disruption of families, often follow upon conflict, as Dr. Dr. MacCracken, with striking documents from his office, points out. These unhappy scenes, however, of "rebellious youth on one side, and unreasoned domination on the other," have left him "not a pessimist." Many homes "in which there is much to recall of fineness and understanding in meeting this situation," leave him believing in the family as "an institution of extraordinary vitality."

Naturally, the experience of a college president leads him to consider in its broadest aspects the discord of parents and daughters. The more intimate question which he suggests, the conflict of "habits bred in isolation" with the habits of family-life, would never be referred to a president's office, though his private life may remind him of it, as he himself, crying "Peccavi!" gives evidence. A daughter's viewpoint, besides confirming Dr. MacCracken's conclusions, may continue and elaborate the aspect he only mentions, the smaller difficulties of change from institutional to family-life with its inescapable readjustment of habits.

In families where daughters return home after four years of college, this I think, is a common problem, less spectacular than a conflict of beliefs, though no easier to solve. Whether or not the family be destined to survive as a unit of civilization, it remains, at least for this generation of college-graduates, a working hypothesis, to which usually both sides bring

affection and good-will, both "rebellious youth" and "un-reasoned domination" being happily exceptions. None the less, daughters returning home are sometimes hard-pressed to reconcile their four-year-old habits of personal independence, with the family-habit of government.

In citing "personal" independence, one means to define the sphere of daily life, where we dispose of our leisure, with countless small issues decided for ourselves, or through the influence of friends—an influence sometimes more welcome than the family's. College makes few requirements here. Different institutions, of course, impose their restrictions; at some, we may smoke; at some, we must be in by ten; at practically none is nocturnal automobiling condoned. But whether the key is turned at ten, or ten-thirty, whether as a whole we keep our rules faithfully or casually, certain results are the same. We do enjoy a more generous share of autonomy than at home. This, though the effect of college, is not its fault; one hardly expects of it both pedagogy and nursery-government, creating for a large group the intimate restraints of a small one. It is obviously neither the institution's interest nor its business, whether we go to tea with So-and-So, or to the movies with someone else, to the opera, or the zoo. A certain level of class-work, and sufficient physical well-being are demanded; if we fail flagrantly by these standards, we go. This, the sole penalty, describes a broad area for the indulgence of idiosyncrasies. At home, however, the inherited ideas of our relatives exercise continual supervision. If we fail to conform to their standards of conduct, or irritate them by our trivial amusements, they can—and do—make life multifariously unpleasant. The restrictions of college apply equally to all; its one serious criticism, expulsion, remains usually too remote to trouble us. After college, parental discriminations seem frequent and arbitrary, and criticism may harass us a hundred times a day. The average family, also, besides its closer scrutiny of the daughter's behavior, invades her most innocent occupations with demands of its own. When she plans a complete day, her relatives may suddenly require her presence, for social occasions, for transportation (if daughter be chauffeur), for errands. Whatever may be said of the overcrowdedness of college life, it certainly surpasses home in *uninterrupted*

leisure. Though a score of activities claim our time, we, at least knowing them in advance, can make arrangements with no consideration save ourselves. Obviously, a community so intimate as the family will never furnish this freedom. In rational moments, no daughter expects it, but four years implant deeply their habits, and often betray her into irritation.

When she comes home, her parents see the deplorable outcome, in her carelessness of them, her selfish clamor for "liberty." But I doubt whether they realize her disadvantage. It takes a fairly long sojourn in the family to show the prodigal how differently the two existences function, and to reveal to her family, alas, a changeling from the far country. In holidays and week-ends, she speeds the moments so gaily that the intimate crises of home-life have less time to intrude. A parent quotes Abe Martin: "I useter dread th' children's comin' home from school, but now they sleep mornin's, an' stay out nights, so they don't bother me none." If a daughter happens to have spent the summers away, on a "job", her disadvantage is doubled, both by the absence from discipline, and the "independence" of a wage-earner. If an "only child," she meets greater difficulties, as a college-president knows, from the beginning. Her family demands more of her presence, greater submission. A girl who has steered her own course, certainly in everyday channels, for four years, naturally dreads the return to playing "only child", and with whatever good intentions, does it very awkwardly. When the parents completely dominate their children and force an unhappy one through four years of "education", the victim, returning, yields less readily to their tyranny. The laughter of the gods rings then against the parents.

Thus, whether daughters have been indulged or dominated, adored, or treated like glorified housemaids, after graduation they come home "spoiled", by the natural habits of a life to which they are sent often with high hopes. Parents look forward to replacing their offspring by the fireside without even faintly comprehending these changes, and in their disillusionment sometimes reproach the college. College certainly gives a girl new ideas (one wonders, after all, why she is sent there, if not for this), but in the average home, the discord between parents and college-bred daughters usually rises not from the daughter's changed convictions so

much as from her insubordination to discipline. Though on the side of convictions, education, as Dr. MacCracken admits, is a risk, its dangers may be ludicrous, as well as tragic. I know a girl not allowed to receive her best college friend, because her mother accuses the girl of making the daughter a socialist. Yet neither of these girls *is* a socialist! Mrs. N., though not a college-graduate, might be expected to hold clearer ideas of socialism than she does; the misfortune, that she doesn't, repeats itself in homes all over the country. I have heard a father, bellowing *Bolshevist!* at anyone who didn't vote for Coolidge, tell lurid tales of the anarchy rife among professors. What an education that daughter might give her parent! Another girl declares life with her mother intolerable, because they disagree about the League of Nations, and the Divinity of Christ. Though these differences certainly contribute to their discord, I am inclined to lay more blame on their opposite notions of daily life. Mrs. W.'s interest lies in the world of society, while R. exhausts herself in athletics, "activities," and occasional deep dives into political economy.

There are parents and daughters, of course, who disagree about the League of Nations, and yet remain friends. They regret each other's wrongmindedness, but grant one another independent judgment. This requires, of course, a certain liberality in parents, and statistics cannot be summoned to justify my belief that the average family resents political, or even religious divergence less than defiant conduct. The League of Nations is not, in general, woven very closely into the scheme of daily life; a point oftener at issue is apt to be, how late daughter may stay out at night, or if she sees too much of X—. When the daughter resents domination, and her family thinks her ungrateful of its solicitude, then the solidarity of home is more seriously, though less dramatically threatened, than by her casual agnosticism. Most families, I believe, who send daughters to college, have been warned of its intellectual perils, and face them calmly. Though they leave their daughter's religion on the knees of the gods, they may decline to trust her with a latch-key. Her intellectual, but not her social freedom is recognized.

The classic escape, marriage, or a career away from home, relieves the daughter, of course, of her parents' authority. But after college many of us transplant ourselves from a hot-

house of collective individualism, to our original backyards, and with dismay find the backyard a trying climate.

What, then, shall be done? Let us be supposed to recognize the rights of parents, as well as of daughters. None of us *means* to be the monster of self-assertiveness we sometimes appear, the "paragon of arrogance", a testy gentleman once called his child. If I seem here to have ignored the parents' side,—how deeply their claims to supervision lie founded in years of devotion and anxiety, through which they guide us—to college!—if I say nothing of this, it is because either, by now, we realize it so well that it silently reproaches our selfishness, or else that selfishness will blind us until Time's irony leaves us unappreciated by our own children. Yet intelligent parents must recognize that the "Rights of Daughters" include also a need. We are entitled to independence because we *need* it, because probably we shall have some day to exercise it, making entirely for ourselves the decisions parents too kindly make for us.

This places upon parents the duty of our further education. After college has offered us information, we come home for the perhaps more vital training of experience. Many of us who enter college at seventeen with a Philosophy of Life emerge four years later in utter bewilderment. We cannot—we *must* not—bandage our eyes with our fathers' and mothers' conclusions. Our own essays, in a changing world, will inevitably bring different results. But mothers and fathers can aid us, and this is what we ask of them—to *help us become independent*.

The appeal implies, of course, faith in the open-mindedness, as well as the affection, of parents. Hitherto the daughter at home has practiced a submission not expected of her sisters who married, or who followed careers. Yet surely she, too, will one day have to take care of herself as completely as either of these and if things are wisely managed, should be no less prepared. Family life can provide her with almost equal opportunities for training in judgment, if the family be willing. Here we must recognize the economic basis of all practical independence. By leaving in their daughter's control her total expenditure (however small), parents furnish a chance for the experiments, and some of the mistakes, of a novice with a salary. Not *all* of the mistakes. The daughter

who acquires independence gradually, under her family's guidance, reaps the benefit of their advice, an advantage over her sisters. (This advantage is compensated by a corresponding lack of finality in *her* experiments.) Advice, of course, destroys its advantage by becoming coercion; the tact and good humor (as well as the sense of humor) of parents can prevent this, daughters being led, but not driven. . . .

Important as economic independence, in the training of judgment, is social independence. Besides the consideration of her plans which courtesy suggests (without forfeiting the deference due to elders), parents should allow their daughter a certain range of social experiment. At college, her belief in caste may have vanished; she may have acquired strange friends, and stranger theories, and though forced to abandon them at home, she will never disavow them until "shown". Here again her family may be a help instead of a hindrance, neither outraging its own code, nor allowing her to do so, but at least furnishing a field for harmless investigation.

The parents who decline to do these things, and stifle the workings of judgment, prepare one of two results—a daughter who ultimately revolts, or one with enfeebled powers, to be cast some day "on her own". On the other hand, parents who take up the task college has left, the training for independence, insure not only the greater charms of home, but their child's chance for the future, for a "self-reliant, self-controlled, and creative personality."

## Enchantress

BARBARA LING

O gird her beauty in a silver sheath  
And set a crown of lilies on her hair;  
So shall she never touch your errant heart  
And break it unaware.

So shall you never know how thrilling sweet  
Is the white fragrance of her slender breast,  
Nor dare to sprinkle saffron for a bed  
Where she might come to rest.

But sing to her, and through the waning hours  
Play for her untried music on your flute,  
But seek no praise within her burning eyes  
If that her lips be mute.

But weight her fragile hands with heavy rings  
And close her beauty in a silver sheath;  
So shall you never wonder what dark dreams  
Lie hidden underneath.



## Mater Dei

JEAN LEONARD, '27

A CERTAIN Cathedral of Our Lady in the north of Italy, although it was poor in other ways and small, had the most beautiful bell, as some said, in all the world. Perhaps its fame was not really very great, but certainly it was great enough; for in the twentieth year of its service strangers came and stole the bell. The townspeople were grieved not only because they were deprived of their only tribute worthy of the Virgin's majesty, but because there was now nothing to lure curious travellers who had formerly brought a little trade to their doors. The loss most sincerely grieved the bell-maker. He had had in his youth a touch of the wanderlust, had traveled, gay and free, from town to town, taking his foundry with him, and leaving the works of his hand carelessly in his wake. The creation of the great bell had passed his own understanding. It was the one work of his life, unpremeditated, perfect. He returned to the Cathedral of Our Lady more often than to any other; it became the center of his course; his circuit grew smaller and smaller until at last he took up his quarters in the shadow of the Cathedral tower. Poor Guido had almost forgotten that the bell was of his own making; others had completely forgotten; and so he lived obscurely.

When the bell disappeared, they remembered and came to his shop with delayed acclamations. "Guido made it. He will make another for us." But Guido peered sadly over the ashes of his evening fire, and another man replaced the bell.

The story of his loss grew in Guido's mind and took a palpable form; it seemed to live with him, like a person, within his four walls. He told it in a grand impersonal fashion to people who came to his shop, as one tells a story that happened a hundred years ago to someone else; no one knew where the bell was. . . . The poor old bell-maker would be happy if only he could go there. . . . "But that was impossible, saving the Virgin's mercy!" Once

a burly stranger, half goldsmith, half sea-captain, had asked him why it was impossible. Startled, he could answer only, "I am an old man."

"You are not so old as you look," said the goldsmith keenly, "and upon second glance you do not look very old." (Indeed, in spite of his white hair and wasted faculties, Guido was not old; a sailor, accustomed to judge men, could see in the body, unused rather than worn, something of the strength of the young bell-maker.) "What do you say to a sea voyage?"

Guido, annoyed that the conversation should be turned from his favorite subject, answered with finality, "I do not care to enlist with you, Captain."

Dietrich, the goldsmith, took the chain that he had brought to be riveted, and, instead of leaving, sat down at the table on which Guido had set his dinner.

"Some one must know where your bell is. Had you ever thought of that?" Guido had not; it gave his hopes a turn.

"The most beautiful bell I ever heard," said Dietrich musingly, as he sipped the soup, "they told me was stolen from Italy. That was in Ireland on one of my longest voyages. . . . You should take to the sea, my friend. When I was in Africa—it was there I got these stones. You will travel far to see even one other so perfect." He pulled out a leather bag and with a collector's engaging zeal displayed his jewels.

A man whose life has been long concentrated upon one idea does not admit meaningless coincidence. Guido's great hands were spread upon the table. "But the bell in Ireland?"

"It is your *Mater Dei*," Dietrich continued carelessly, "I have thought of going back. With a little care—and secrecy—the bell could be returned to its place. No harm done. The thieves will have been paid for their trouble; we shall be for ours. An excellent bargain and an honorable one! Well, my friend, are we agreed?" Dietrich rose. "The Virgin will have cause to be twice grateful to you."

"No," said Guido thoughtfully, "I could not trust it to a sea voyage. But if I might go with you—"

The goldsmith was not in the least disconcerted, but answered cheerfully that he could not put to sea again without

another man, and this arrangement would save his having to look further or to sandbag a victim.

Trembling, Guido made quick disposition of his few belongings.

"Poor old fool," thought the goldsmith. "But he's a good strong fellow."

Aboard the ship, Filippo, a meagre, monkish man, spoke doubtfully to Dietrich: "You're laughing at his devotion in taking so much on your shoulders. For all you may say that a gift to the Virgin weighs the same in any land ("or at the bottom of the sea," said Dietrich, "though it is not so useful for our purposes") you may be sure the Virgin will avenge the taking of her property."

"By my honor and the Virgin, I am righting a wrong in returning it to its first place."

"You're righting no wrong in bringing along this poor fool who'll be dead on our hands in a fortnight."

"Filippo, the sound of his beloved bell will make him ten years younger and by ten years a stronger seaman."

"And the thought of trusting his beloved bell to this ship will set him back fifteen."

"And yet, if you asked him, he would gladly give five years for the privilege of seeing Mater Dei in her own tower." Filippo lost patience.

"This balancing of accounts is as false as your continual hair-breadth bargains with honor. It is a prodigal weakness. But you must see that it is not for the old man I am anxious, but on our own account, on your account."

"Ah, Filippo, you are as simple in your religion as I am in my honor."

Filippo was not wrong. Guido's strength seemed to have been consumed in emotion; he was no match for his duty. Dietrich was willing to admit, what indeed was evident to all, that Guido was not only of no use but was a handicap, yet not even double labor and Filippo's complaints could make him acknowledge a mistake in the first place. Filippo hoped for everyone's sake that this Jonah would die tomorrow. Dietrich had no such wish; in his spare moments, which were few, for it was a stormy voyage, he found it an interesting

occupation to watch the old man musing with a rope held slack through the fingers of one hand, the other upon his knee, to hear him ask, when aroused, "Is it tomorrow we reach port?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"You are not going to prepare him for the shock, and you are not going to take him ashore?"

"To die in a foreign land, Filippo? By your filthy faith, you're a hard one!"

"To die with the earth beneath him and a priest to hear his prayers. Are we to be plagued with his fears for his precious bell, besides our other discomforts?"

"Let him be, Filippo," said Dietrich, whose mind was upon more important matters. He pointed to the figure of Guido, quiet, harmless, sitting with one arm upon the taffrail, the other outstretched upon his knee. Fortunately they could put him off till tomorrow morning. It would be time enough to tell him then, when the bell was safe aboard. That was a fortunate delay for Guido, Dietrich thought afterwards. Halfway to shore he fancied he saw Guido's bent head. Then the Compline bell rang; it was indeed the most beautiful sound he had ever heard; only at this moment did he approach an understanding of the old man's feeling.

Dietrich's theory of profit and loss was the product of necessity in an adjustable mind. It symbolized for him a world that was adjustable. And though his philosophy was not an easier one than Filippo's, it stood him in better stead. Returning foiled and empty-handed from their night's exploit, Filippo railed at fate and armed men, Dietrich threw his life and freedom into the balance and found the preponderance on his side. Yet it was on his way back to the ship that the first glimmer of fatality entered his mind, the first realization of a force that could not be added to or subtracted from. The next instant he forgot about it.

The sight of Guido, still sitting there, startled him like some triviality overlooked and discovered at the last moment. He had settled his own mind; Filippo and the rest could make the best of a bad business for themselves. But Guido! He must make up to him somehow.

Dietrich took out his jewels like one who would distract the mind of a disappointed child. He had meant to leave them as a sort of payment for the bell, a debt to his honor—and the Blessed Virgin. Suddenly Dietrich knew that there would be no squaring of accounts with Guido. Nothing could repay the old man—unless something already had. The jewels caught the flame of his candle as he poured them into the outstretched hand. It did not close over them . . . Dietrich felt somehow cheated of his last bargain. The Blessed Virgin had intruded; he remembered the sudden flash in the boat, the sound of the Compline bell, far away and inaccessible. Had *he* heard? The face told.

Night still set the tower in black silhouette against the dull sky. One is dead a long time, thought Dietrich, far longer than one is alive. He could make the shore again before dawn. An old man upon the cathedral steps at sunrise with a face like that! Surely he would have done his part. The whole matter came up in his mind again. After all he had had his losses, the journey for nothing, the humility of failure, two months with a sulky crew, and more than these, his Honor, that austere lady enthroned, troubled, as she had never been troubled before. . . . Dietrich replaced the limp arm that was trailing in the water. He imagined the awestruck Irish populace. Suddenly he laughed so that the little boat trembled. Dietrich of Utrecht, the instrument of a miracle! If it had been Filippo—he *had* driven a good bargain; it had been worth it. And after all he had done the old man a service—men have been made saints for less—yet—the thought was insistent—he had done it unintentionally, uncleanly.

And whether or not he put it into clear terms, he came very near to seeing that the miracle was greater than his own doing; it came upon him vaguely as he turned his face southward that the Virgin had used him for her own end, the fulfilment of one man's last desire. But as Dietrich never told this thought, it is likely that it died with him.

The appearance at the feet of the Virgin of three emeralds which now sit majestically, if a little heavily, upon her brow, and of an old man who had died beholding a vision, has been more mysteriously and satisfactorily explained; only one man—and it is just as well—was disturbed with thoughts which not even the blue waters of the southern sea could quiet.

## Rondeau

MARY ADAMS, '28

A summer sea that basking lies,  
Its bosom swelled by lazy sighs,  
And you, a child standing there,  
Barefoot, with sun-touched, leaf-gold hair  
And gray, untroubled, thoughtful eyes.

You were of summer. Swallows' cries  
You loved, and yellow butterflies,  
And wings of gulls that, swooping, tear  
The summer sea.

Death caught you at the time when dies  
October under brooding skies.  
And so your grave with conscious care  
I heap with autumn's asters fair,  
But think of you when basking lies  
The summer sea.

## Book Reviews

ISRAFEL: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE,  
by Hervey Allen. George H. Doran Company.

Most recent biography seems to have sprung full-armed from one of two sources: Freud or Lytton Strachey. And after even a moderate dose of it the reader often grows a little weary of both complexes and cleverness. But hitherto the disciples of Freud and of Strachey have merely interpreted or diluted the material used by previous writers, with no pretence of producing new facts or definitive and complete biographies. With Mr. Allen's *Israfel*, however, the insidious influences seem to have penetrated into the regions of serious and scholarly biography. The last word in research and documentation is interlined with Freudian analysis and would-be clever comment, and the result is not a very happy one.

Mr. Allen in his preface disclaims any critical intent. "This biography," he says, "is the story of Edgar Allan Poe, and the strange forgotten America in which he lived and perished, reconstructed from the direct evidence latent in the documents, letters, books, and illustrations of the period from about 1800 to 1850." It is in this direct use of source material that the great value and interest of Mr. Allen's work lies. He has used not only the material of previous biographers, but also much that has been unknown or inaccessible until recently. He quotes abundantly both from Poe's own letters and from many other sources, and one has an extraordinarily vivid sense of direct contact with the man and those around him, as one follows him up from his childhood in Richmond to the final break with his foster-father, and then through the years of poverty-stricken wanderings from city to city to the tragic end in Baltimore. Far more illuminating than the many pages of often questionable Freudian analysis are Poe's own words, as when he writes after getting sadly drunk in Washington: "Please express my regret to Mr. Fuller for making such a fool of myself in his house, and say to him (if you think necessary) that I should not have got half so

drunk on his port wine but for the rummy coffee with which I was forced to wash it down." Or the touching letter to Mrs. Clemm from New York: "You can't imagine how much we both do miss you. Sissy had a hearty cry last night because you and Catterina (the cat) weren't here." After this Mr. Allen's paragraph on "Israfel stripped even of his trousers" seems, to say the least, superfluous.

"The bare material of the man's biography is fascinating," Mr. Allen says, and one cannot but wish that he had given it to us unadorned. In a work so thorough, so satisfying in its documentation, in its clearing up of obscure points, one regrets such chapter headings as "'The Little Angel' Tries his Wings," or "Bottled Fame," and such comments as "Azrael had appeared in one of his favorite disguises, pneumonia," or "those who think *The Raven* is a mere literary *tour de force* overlook what it was that *forced the tour*."

What Mr. Allen does succeed in admirably is his evocation of the "Middle American Scene." He has seized and set down vividly the traits of that curious epoch. The Richmond and Philadelphia that Poe knew, the New York of the days when the present corner of Broadway and Eighty-fourth Street was five or six miles out in the country, live again in his pages, and in their streets walk a host of curious and forgotten figures. The background to his portrait is painted with admirable skill; the portrait itself is needlessly touched up. But from it all the figure of Poe stands out more clearly than ever before, full of pathos and charm, at once mysterious and profoundly human.

MARGARET GILMAN

---

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS, by Barbara Newhall Follett.  
Alfred A. Knopf.

LEPERSIP was a little girl who got up very early one morning and ran away from the house of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Egleen. She ran to a meadow of flowers and butterflies, and lived with deer and chipmunks and a kitten that she stole, for three years of "wildness." Mr. and Mrs. Egleen looked for her and saw



their wild child dancing in the meadow, on the mountain called Eiki-ennern. All their slyness and adult strength could not trap her and bring her back to houses and clothes and people. And beyond the meadows of Eiki-ennern, and many other more meadows and hills, was the sea, which Eepersip caught a glimpse of and could not forget. So she said good-bye to the deer and hurried away on a long journey. The sea was all very well; but even farther off rose the mountains; and Eepersip had to go to them, to the topmost peak.

"The House Without Windows" is the story of Eepersip's wildness. Written by a little girl, nine years old, it was prepared specifically as a gift for the author's mother; and practically it was made out of the adventures of a child's mind, an adventure leading her out of the tiny, dingy apartment in which she was living, into the fields and woods and rivers of the "house without windows." Certain characteristics of a child's work are found in the book: the unexpected proper names full of i's and e's, Flitterveen, Ikkisfield, Eigleen, Wraspane; the direct, matter-of-fact narrative, and the enormous attention to details and enumeration of food and clothing and the way things are done. In contrast, several quite unchildish qualities amaze the reader, for the story is begun, developed, and finished, instead of rambling off or being left without an end like the efforts of most children. There are none of the mistakes in details or in choice of words that adults find grotesquely amusing. And the book is well-written, fluently, easily, and with a distinct charm of its own, aside from all question of remarkable authorship. At first glance, it seems also not to be childishly imitative; but "A Little Boy Lost" of W. H. Hudson, which, a footnote informs us, was a favorite of the author's, undoubtedly encouraged a fondness for wandering characters.

Amusing is the fact that this book was not produced by a child of a new and scientifically progressive school. Barbara Follett apparently has done without "group-contacts" and "project methods", hailed as the stimuli and guides of individuality and talent. She has never even been to school. One is told that she learned to use a typewriter when she was very little, so that at nine she could put down 1200 words an hour without difficulty, as she could never have done in long-hand; and one suspects that she was left a good deal

alone, without "projects" and to her own benefit. An "Historical Note" by the author's father gives this information and, most astounding of all, the story of the destruction of the manuscript and the child's writing her piece all over again, with many interruptions, out of her head.

It is both unfair and unwise to take one work of a child as very significant for the future. The point is that "The House Without Windows" is delightful reading, whether you know the author's age or not.

M. B. L.

---

GO SHE MUST! by David Garnett  
Alfred A. Knopf

Mr. Garnett's books, as Mr. H. G. Wells has said, make one think of a new sort of animal running about in the world. His pre-occupation has certainly been with animals; indeed he seems to have gone through the whole course of evolution, and though the animals in *Go She Must!* are human ones, he has not abandoned his symbolism.

Birds are the symbol in *Go She Must!* Mr. Dunnock was a country curate, one of the modern clergy so self-conscious and out of place in actual life, who since his wife's death lived in two worlds. To him the snow-covered earth was a wedding cake whose icing fell from Heaven and on it he spent hours feeling crumbs to birds only too glad to profit by his dotage. His daughter finally concluded, "My father has got religion and birds all mixed up, somehow." A beautiful confusion truly!

Anne shared her father's imagination, but she was unlike him. Restless and eager to "unwind the accursed chain" of her bare life, anxious to be a fashion designer and with a talent for drawing, she made Paris the center of her universe. Her other dream was to love and be loved with a "cynical clear-sighted witty tenderness." As her father said, "Go she must!" and go she did—to the final realization of one of her dreams with the surly, shy Charles Grandison of the Latin

quarter—just in time, for Mr. Dunnock, alone, soon began to live almost entirely with the angels. Anne, like the swallows in the fall, had made her escape.

Not to Anne alone has Mr. Garnett conferred the boon of escape. He is without a conclusion or argument as without any purpose other than to clear the world of dullness for the reader and take him with Anne to Paris, "Paris as a willow-pattern plate." His characters, inconsistent and unstable, are true to life; he has not intruded upon them with his style which is so simple and perfect as to elude notice, yet his notion of their half-spoken subconscious thoughts makes them after all such people as it is uncommon to meet.

F. F.

---

THE KING'S HENCHMAN, by Edna St. Vincent Millay  
Harper's

For the gratification of those who have not been able to see the opera, as well as for that of Miss Millay's ever hungry public, Harper's has published the book of *The King's Henchman*. In the whole it is a disappointment. One feels that there is a misfit somewhere. The story is simple and tragic and Miss Millay's style as delicate and sophisticated as ever, but neither shows the other to advantage. Like a lady's white glove on a workman's hand, the words are strained and pulled to fit the subject and are equally unable to give it its own shape and to change it to their own. Here and there are lyrics and single lines which show the directness and intensity which we have learned to look for in Miss Millay's work, but for the most part the heaviness of grand opera is felt like an ogre.

M. A.

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## Trivia

ELIZABETH NELSON, '27

THIS morning, I saw a tall, stooped figure sweeping the floor of chapel, and after a brief uncertainty, recognized it as not the same tall, stooped figure usually seen at that rite. It gave me to wonder what had become of his predecessor, and so to muse on the mortality and personality of janitors. Out of the dark backward and abysm of college recollections, they seemed to march with a processional tread, different, and yet strangely alike, as though the office of janitor belonged only to candidates of a chosen race. I remember them all as tall, spare-built, melancholy men, men who had seen better days, and still saw them, in their mournful mind's-eye. Surely no one so gentlemanly, yet so decayed, ever fulfilled these menial functions. They looked, in a way, like college professors gone utterly to seed, with strange, rheumatic trousers, baggier than any professor ever boasted, with pitiful frayed coats, and irrelevant waistcoats. But sadder than their clothes, were their expressions—the expressions of men who have known such straits that being janitor became, in its way, a kind of boon, an ignoble half-ransom of their fallen state. Never for the janitoring I pitied them, but for the dim, shamefaced gratitude with which they swept floors and dusted chairs, dumbly mindful of at least *that* security. . .

There was one specimen in particular whom I looked for, the one whose absence started this train of thought. If there be architecture among humans, I should have called him a Gothic janitor—not pure Norman-Gothic, to be sure, but endowed with some of the elements. His domed forehead rose almost to a peak; his ears surely stood for flying buttresses as truly as any purist could desire, while the deep vaulted eyes wore that ageless, brooding gaze found in some of the earlier cathedrals. His back, too, was vaulted—in fact, the whole construction appeared to me so architectural that it grew difficult, at times, to think of him in merely human terms. Stooping over a broom, he looked Gothic as ever,

and when he knelt to sweep the dust into a pan, it was as though some spare, antique edifice had suddenly humbled itself to the ground. Then I thought what a man of dignity he must have been, to wear thus, in his latter and unprosperous days, so noble a ghost of dignity.

I never heard his voice—perhaps just as well, since nothing spoils my notion of its cathedral-tones. One day, as he moved down the street, curiously extinguished under a flat felt hat—I would have nodded to him, but he dropped his eyes, giving as he passed, a hollow little cough—in Gothic apology.

---

## July

ELIZABETH BIGELOW, '30

Through nights that gasp  
In stagnant airs of day,  
The choking heart is gray,  
Engulfing sound.  
The creepers, bound  
Against the window-sill,  
Hang in their fetters, still,  
With feeble grasp.

At last my soul,  
That rage and heat inflate,  
A bubble without weight,  
Ascends the air;  
And star-tides bear  
My tenuous ghost through lines  
Of balsam-breathing pines,  
That drink the Pole.

## Jennifer and Martin

BARBARA LING, '25

IT WAS beginning to get dark in the day nursery. First the corners filled with shadows, and Jennifer, looking into them, felt that they were dragon caves, that went far beyond the familiar walls, beyond even the gate at the foot of the garden, and had their ends in a strange country. Then the windows lost their transparency, and became mere blanks of dark blue, as windows do at night. You could not see out of them, but anything, Jennifer felt, might look in. Only a week ago Martin had seen a Face peering in at the window that opened towards the little wood. It must have been a giant's face, because only a giant would be tall enough.

The dark spread all about the walls of the room, and drew closer and closer, until there was only a small, round hole of brightness about the fire and Jennifer. She wished someone would come and light the lamp. It had never been left so late before, not since Jennifer could remember.

It had been funny all week, really; ever since the beginning, when Martin had felt queer and hot and they had taken him away, things had been different. For one thing Bridgid had gone with him, and while Fanni, Jennifer's own nurse, had stayed, she had not sung the pretty Viennese songs, with the lilting waltz tunes Jennifer loved, and her conversation had been mostly about her relations (she seemed to have had a great many of them) who had died.

To-day, even Fanni had left her, and Jennifer's lunch was brought up by mother's French maid, Germaine. Germaine walking on the tips of her toes, and trying hard to look solemn. Fanni had come to take the tray away, and had met Germaine in the hall and stood there a long time, talking to her; although Fanni did not like Germaine.

That had been a long time ago, and on any ordinary day the lamp would be lit, and, soon after, supper would come up with the porridge steaming in the yellow bowls, and the big mugs of foaming milk. Jennifer's mug was blue, and had her name written across it in black letters, only it wasn't her name really, it was Jenny, which no one ever called her,

except mother sometimes. But even mother had said once, Jennifer had heard her, "It's useless calling the child that—it doesn't seem to *fit*." She was right, Jennifer felt—Jenny would have had golden hair, and been smaller, whiter, somehow—more like Martin. Martin's mug did not have his name on it, because, of course he was only a visitor, while Aunt Laura and Uncle Stewart were away. In fact, it wasn't a mug at all, but a big cup like the one Daddy drank coffee from at breakfast. It needn't have been so big, because Martin never finished all the milk but gave it to Jennifer, who was proud of her abilities in that direction. Nevertheless she always coaxed Martin to drink it, and to eat the porridge which we loathed. Sometimes, Martin, who kicked and screamed when Bridgid or Aunt Laura tried to make him eat would finish the last spoonful if Jennifer held the bowl. Sometimes he would get cross, and beat the bottom with his spoon, splashing porridge and milk over everything till Fanni and Bridgid swooped down upon him with loud cries.

But it was a week since there was no Martin, and tonight there was no supper. Things were wrong—Jennifer felt—quite wrong. They would not have been if Granny had been home, but Granny was away. She would never have let them put Martin in the Big Bed for one thing. She would have known, without being told, how Martin hated it. It stood in the Big Room, and seemed to take up most of it, with its four high posts and canopy of crimson silk. Neither Martin nor Jennifer went near the Big Room if they could help it—and as for the Big Bed—well there was something about it. It would be splendid to bounce on—but somehow, though they bounced on Granny's bed, and Bridgid's—not Fanni's because it was not only her bed, but also belonged to Karl, the butler who had married Fanni—and on their own small cots until the springs were almost broken, they would sooner have bounced on the pew in church than on the Big Bed.

But they had put Martin in it—a week ago when he got so red and funny soon after he had seen the Face. Jennifer had tried to go and see him, often—but the door had always been shut. Yet she knew that Martin was in there. You could always tell who was behind doors if you sat quite close and still. You didn't hear them—you felt. If it was mummy

you felt fluffy and formal, and gay if it was Fanni—and if it was Granny you felt warm and happy. Jennifer, listening outside the door of the Big Room had felt rather lost, and as if she wanted to hug something. She knew it was Martin.

It had been very still—it had been still all week—and tonight more than ever. Jennifer could hear the rustle of her brown Holland smock when she moved—it made as much noise as Fanni and Bridgid both talking. Then down the long shadowy hall came a cry—a feeble sort of wail—Martin! It was Martin and something was hurting him—and when things hurt him he wanted Jennifer.

Jennifer got up and crept through the shadows of the room. It was too dark to see the door knob but she reached up and felt for it. She swung open the door and looked out into the corridor—it was quite dark—dark and very long with the Day Nursery at one end and the Big Room at the other. Jennifer was afraid of only two things in the world—one was the big room and the other was dark—but Martin was hurt—Martin was calling her and Jennifer, who never had a pain in her round sturdy body, knew she must go to him. She closed her eyes tight, and ran down the hall feeling the wall to keep her straight. She ran as fast as she could—but on tip-toes so as not to startle anything which might be hiding.

When she knew she was at the door of the Big Room she opened her eyes. The door was ajar, and Jennifer set her face in the crack. There was a light near the big bed and lots of people round it. Mummy was in a chair with Germaine giving her something to smell out of a bottle—Fanni was kneeling by the bed and saying something over and over again in funny German. Bridgid was standing quite still next to Doctor Dument—the old French Canadian with the big beard who laughed and poked you when he passed you in the hall. Doctor Dument was not laughing now—he was holding Martin's wrist and he looked solemn and very busy. Martin was lying flat in bed—they had taken away the pillows and the red silk coverlet that usually lay over the Big Bed. Everything was quite white—but Martin, as Jennifer stared at him, looked even whiter. He was more than white—his arms and face were silvery. Jennifer shuddered again—but it was not the same kind of a shudder she had given because of the dark

in the nursery. Suddenly she felt quite unneeded. She closed the door softly—with a little click—and went back to the nursery.

She was not afraid anymore, and she walked slowly—but oh so quietly—so that no one should be aware of her. She sat down by the nursery fire. It had almost gone out. She felt very quiet—rather empty—as she had felt after the pantomime when she had run away from Mummy and Fanni, to go back and see some more, and there wasn't any more, and they were putting out the lights in the theatre.

Suddenly there was a great deal of noise—a lot of people running up and down the corridor—and some one—it sounded like Mummy, crying very loud.

Then Germaine came rushing in. She was sobbing, and she turned all the lights on in the nursery—even those in the old-fashioned chandelier that were never lit except when there was a party.

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## Requiem

WINIFRED TRASK, '29

They have stilled you at last  
With muttered prayers;  
They have smothered your light  
In forgiving tears.

They negotiate with God  
Your soul to save;  
They cannot stay the grass  
From springing green  
Upon your grave.

# I Will

MARGARETTA M. SALENGER, '28

THE heavy door swished to, and three pairs of feet tapped up the aisle, the usher's accenting with a marked rhythm those of the girl and her mother. Once seated in the semi-darkness, Katherine Hurlbut closed her eyes tight together, then blinking them open, rubbed her finger across, and stared at the smudge on her kid glove. How very silly,—mother wasn't weeping,—the Beekens and the Mitchells on the wrong side of the church,—Betty looked sweet. No, mother wasn't weeping. She looked as if she'd like to, though.

The baby married! Carl, going off on a wedding trip,—in two hours on her way to the coast! Carl,—on—a—wedding trip! Katherine looked hard at the buckle on her shoe. It must be someone else,—not Carl. But then, even with thirty years of wisdom one can't call twenty-six a mere child! Foolish, ridiculous to be so solemn about it all. Last night, at dinner,—afterward in the garden clipping roses:

"Do you realize, do you *know*, Carl, that this is our last evening together?"

How characteristically she had laughed and buried her head in the puppy's fur.

"Roll over, old boy. Don't be so solemn about it all, Sis. Vim and I love each other now; it's a gamble, like everything else in the world. You're taking it too seriously, I say. Tag, Jerry boy, catch me!"

Too seriously,—yes, everything else in life too seriously. Life wasn't meant to be too serious. The little flame tips up there in the altar were actually dancing in the breeze that fluttered through the chancel. Even they didn't take their situation too seriously. When had the acolyte come to light them? Long practice must have taught him those silent entrances.

Oh! the loveliness of it all! Everything perfect! What a heavenly scent of lilies! there at the side, the front! Who had banked them so artistically? Heavens! Katherine's eyes roved over the congregation. All those people,—how in the

world was Carl going to—a sick emptiness surged from Katherine's heart to her throat, and then retreated, leaving vacuum in its wake. Walk up that aisle between eyes—and eyes—and eyes? Quivers trembled behind her knees. Maid-of-honor? Terror. Not even for one's own sister. But Eileen would look lovely. What a nice, easy-going happy friendship she and Carl had shared. They had never quarreled in earnest; nor made up intensely.

—It must be four-thirty by now—

That day Carl had come home from school, faintly irritated:

“Eileen says she's not going to wait for me any more. I told her to go on and I'd get to school in the bus when I got ready. Why have her bother to wait if she's in a hurry? It's all right.”

Home together, arm in arm two days later and into the kitchen for cinnamon toast. No one had thought to ask, things always blew gently over. Happy, happy Carl.—When had the organist come in?—Oh! those awful hours of pleading, like the day with Peggy,—some trivial misunderstanding, then hurt feelings. Nothing of that sort for Carl. What a mistake to go so hard at friendship, make such ideals, and then be shaken and weak when the glass case shatters.

That lovely prelude! How fond Carl was of it,—the one thing in all the world to prelude perfectly her wedding. Katherine turned round and glanced nervously at the door. She and Father must have come by this time. How did Carl feel? She hadn't been nervous an hour ago, looking at the advertisements in the evening paper. How enviable, to be devoid of that torment of making the most of final moments.

Their first trip together—the last day in Paris. How best to spend it? They'd seen about everything tourists do see, and a good deal more. Walk out on the Champs Elysées? Revisit the Louvre? Ride again to Versailles? The drizzling rain, the cozy French sitting-room with the rolls and thick breakfast chocolate. Do what to remember their last day in Paris?

“Horrors, Carl! Sit here and play bridge with the English women down stairs? Why *not*? The last day,—never.”



Carl had stayed and had spent a delightfully comfortable day. The tiresome cold tramp came back vividly to Katherine's mind. Would that they both had stayed!

The doors! Instinctively she knew that they had been thrown open. Everyone rose. Katherine swayed, gripped the pew in front, pulled herself to her feet. Not to miss a second of looking at Carl. Every one stared at the back of the church. Hot rushing blood filled her ears, and pounded at her temples. They were coming nearer, nearer. Slowly, oh, so slowly. Wagner surged and fell with the pounding in Katherine's head. The confident tread of Eileen's spike heels clicked just audibly on the tiles of the center aisle. On, on, between rows and rows—standing millions—something white and filmy next to Father, moving slowly. They'll pass, look your fill now. Calm, poised, sweet Carl!

But Vim, where was Vim? There, over there. Did Carl actually glance at him and wink? Katherine breathed in short little chopped-off gasps whose force quivered the violet wings of the sweet peas she wore, blowing their perfume about.

The music had stopped!

"—to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

Actually, really, right now, they were getting married,—married! Clear and sure now from Carl:

"I will."

What had she promised?—I will—Did she know—I will—Oh! She must want to turn and run, fast, away, down the steps, down the aisle, out and free. How could she stand there, so calm? Love? Of course, but oh! the solemnity, the sincerity of vows.

Idiot! Certainly she didn't want to run. Katherine relapsed and realized that she had been standing on the tips of her slippers, gazing at the back of Father's iron-gray head. She could never have said "I will." The seriousness of it! The meaning. The meaning of everything. Their graduations from Miss Douglass's. Carl, at ease, relaxed, amused, her white hands folded easily as she glanced at the faces before her. Her own graduation,—trying to see how it converted the present, what it did to the future; cold, damp fingers

rolling and untying the little ball of handkerchief. No wonder someone had said:

"Poor thing! She looks as if she had the weight of the whole world on her shoulders."

Why hadn't she taken Carl as example, even then? She had been young enough frankly to imitate and change. Why hadn't she tried to be like her? Oh! she had. How earnestly, how eagerly and resolutely, but never—

Low, and distinctly audible:

"I, Charlotte Morris, take thee, William, to have and to hold"—no one could stop it now—"—for richer, for poorer . . . to love, cherish—"on, on the unfaltering legato, "and thereto I give thee my troth."

Could it be stopped, possibly? Did Carl know what it all meant? Does anybody know enough to be sure, positive, confident, that there is only one man in all the world; this he? How can Carl know that good-looking Vim is the one man?

Quiet! Carl always knew. She could make decisions. Oh! to be like that; to know music or college? Carl had decided and then had been willing to follow up her choice. Not such a deadly thing, either way, to Carl. Nothing decisive. Why be decisive? Why treat life so earnestly? But oh! what a monstrous step!

"I will."

Vim would, they all knew him so well. He adored her. Honourable, unselfish, cheerful, successful.

Katherine shifted to her right foot, moved one hand along the ridge of the pew in front, poked with the other at the pin holding her corsage, and looked up, drawing a deep breath that choked her with its completeness.

No, no, it couldn't be. Up there in the half dark choir-stalls. She couldn't be sure. Possibly—

"Oh! Promise me that some day—"

Who had asked Gordon Ames to sing? Hadn't the regular choir soloist been engaged?

"—our love together to some sky."

Some day? Weeks ago. Her thoughts raced backward so fast that they left her dizzy. Five years before, to be specific. Winter evenings spent together. November winds

howling, chasing through bare branches in a gusty leap-frog; coming home from rehearsals; cards with Father and Mother; whole evenings in the music room, turning the scores of *Faust* and *Lohengrin*, stopping at duets, playing melodies with one hand, conversation wandering from Marguerite and Elsa to men and women, and streets and cities, and sea-coasts and customs.

—Katherine knelt—

The night they went to the Stadium, the lights of taxis coming up the drive, glistening in the dark, and disappearing. Heat, summer languidness holding the blue night spell-bound. Brahms' Symphony; the applause; Von Hoogs-traten bowing, acknowledging; Gordon holding his straw hat and laughing, in the intermission. Later, home. The dark, still street. Their voices magnified and hollow as they walked along, their own footsteps welling up in sound that filled their ears and heads. Then only, perhaps then,—once,—a loss of sense of solemn meaning. But only for a moment.

“—I pronounce that they are man and wife.”

Man,—and—wife. No, no, never. For Carl, yes; happy, carefree, joyous, perpetual youth exhilarating her. To Carl the supreme had come. No, not the supreme. A kindly, favoring fate had smiled on her and spared her the tragedy of superlatives. Oh! to be likewise spared!

Katherine raised her head and looked toward Carl and Vim. She glanced at mother next her; across the aisle at blasé Olive; back to Carl and Vim, kneeling together. Does all the world seek the highest, the deepest, the most intense, the greatest reality? Does each one suffer in despair, revel in bliss? And turn from all that is not the highest bliss?

The warm, sweet breath of the wilting flowers rose in her face, head bowed over them, their message a sort of poignant sense of fleeting loveliness.

“Amen.”

Stunned and dizzy, Katherine stumbled to her feet. The altar rose and fell in its marble whiteness for a few seconds; buzz and hum smothered the spirited Mendelssohn. Carl, laughing, head thrown back, cheeks flushed, running down the aisle, holding tight to Vim's young hand. Confusion,

a door banged, a box of rose petals pressed in each hand by a stuttering Eileen:

"Quick, quick! They'll—they'll get away without a good-luck shower!"

The honk of an automobile drawn close to the curb. Pressed down the aisle by the ebb of people, arms caught by laughing girls,—a shower of rice grains and colored bits of paper coming thick and fast. A gust of exhaust, a grunt from the high-powered engine,—a cloud of dust.

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## Sonnet

BY YILDIZ PHILLIPS, '28

Alone, yet with unfettered feet he stands,  
And with blind, prayerless eyes he seeks the place  
Where late he stood. Slowly, in quiet hands,  
He shapes the cup he holds; and on his face,  
Not sorrow, but unalterable calm,  
The quietude of sightless eyes that gaze,  
Yet see not. Now, in silence, with no qualm,  
He plants his sure feet in the untried way,  
Blind, with intolerable blackness sheathed,  
He tries to mould the cup with his cold breath,  
Because an all-wise God had ruled that he,  
With untaught hands, should shape his destiny.  
Still patient in the task to him bequeathed  
He molds the final symbol of his death.

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## Poem

MARAQUITA VILLARD, '27

Each time the unthinking early sun  
Spies upon a gliding dream,  
We wake and sigh and would return  
To sleep to clasp its sunken gleam.  
A thrush lacks patience to recall  
The din of day in burgeoning trees.  
And we lie still between two worlds  
And can not make a choice of these.

# The Circle

JEAN FESLER, '28

“I’M AFRAID,” Annie had told the doctor before her baby was born. But she was not afraid after all; only a little troubled about the change in herself, her sense of peace and continuity. There was the inexorable baby—they had taken him away, but they would bring him back,—in whom were centered all her apprehensions and desires. She could not be said to love him yet, but she felt engulfed in him, losing herself in his identity like a mystic in the arms of Christ. But she remembered other things with faint uneasiness. Every small joy she had ever owned returned with its halo of potentialities, of finer joys to come.

## II

It was strange how pain had mingled with her pleasures and enhanced them. When she was ten, she loved to be let loose with three other ragamuffins, Sophie, Mina, and Hans, on Saturday afternoon, to play in the Ravine. The Ravine was infinitely deep, with one steep, shaley, impassable side, and the other gentle, darkly wooded. Down this they scrambled, breaking twigs and starting small avalanches. The river at the bottom was filled with logs floating to the town mills, sleek, shifting logs, restlessly butting each other, lodging crosswise and righting themselves with a crash. Annie loved to cross them barefoot, jumping from one curved surface to the next, swaying with the movement of the logs. It was a game private, set apart from home and school, and the doings of mothers and teachers. It broke up the succession of long days all alike.

Annie never said much; she couldn’t tell long crazy stories like Sophie, or make up new games like Hans, but she had nerve. She would do anything that occurred to her or that they dared her to, with steady feet and a dark, sober, intent expression. Sometimes her mother would hear that Annie had crossed the river just above the falls, or had jumped into the tin can heap at one end of the ravine. It made her

furious, but there wasn't much she could do with the child; Annie would listen to her scoldings, quiet and good-tempered, yet brooding, and then find some other way to endanger herself.

Pain made her joys more precious to her. She loved to recall that treacherous motion of logs under sore bare feet, the ache of the muscles in her thin legs, the hot sting of nettles and thorns. Even work was not so bad if one could bang and swing and wear one's back out; it was sitting still in school or watching her baby sister that drove her wild. Her friend Mina was different; she used to pretend her brother was her own baby, and say importantly that she was going to have a rich husband and five children.

Annie scarcely knew what she wanted; her ambition corresponded to the last movie she had seen. But she realized vaguely that unless you were bright, or unless you ran away, you were expected to stay in Pottstown and get married. She was not bright; the teacher would never come to her mother and ask for her to be sent away to school as he had done for Sophie. Running away was possible; Hans ran away to be a sailor on a banana boat when he was thirteen. But for a girl running away, that meant being hungrier and colder than usual, not finding any job in the city, and then writing silly letters to a newspaper lady named Mrs. Madison about the Easiest Way. Annie did not know what the Easiest Way was; but it seemed inevitably connected with running away, and it sounded very soft and dull.

### III

When she was fourteen, Annie was told she must go to high school for two years. Everybody went to high school except Hunkies; Sophie was there already; Annie must go, even though she was stupid, so she could get a decent job. With high school, the Ravine lost its standing; she forgot what fun it was to go barefoot over the logs. The movies were different, too. Before, she had gone once in two weeks, with her next-to-oldest sister, had sat breathless, loving peril and sudden death. Now she teased money to go every other

night almost, sitting in a long row with Mina and other little girls, who crunched peanuts and laughed out loud. She still liked horses and buffaloes best; but the others watched the dancing and love-scenes, smacking loudly when the hero kissed the heroine. After the movie, instead of going home, they would walk languidly up and down Potts Avenue, powdering their noses and fluffing their hair. When they passed groups of loafers, they would chatter to each other with smiles and giggles, swaying a little and watching their audience out of the corners of their eyes. The men laughed too, and had names for them—"Good-lookin', where you going? Chicken, can I come along? Oh, you blonde!—" to Mina. Annie hated this, with the dull, shamed anger of little girls for grown people being silly and sickening. She stood straighter, and was glad they didn't look at her. She was brown and skinny all over, with straight brown hair, brown eyes, sharp brown face, and straight child's legs sticking out of a skimpy gingham dress. Mina was prettier, she knew, in a thin silk dress, all curved and frizzled and pink. "Why do you go round with those girls, Annie," said her mother. "They don't look to me like they had any sense." "Everybody's like that now, ma. I got to go with somebody. Mina's nice at home," Annie had been a leader when she was little; she felt the loss of prestige, now that the girls called her "an awful kid," and told her to learn "to hand a line to the men."

Sundays were better. The girls went walking on the main road, in knickers and silk blouses, betting each other a hot dog on how far they could get taken by "lifts." Annie had to wear ginghams still; but she had good luck with the nicer cars. The others looked over their shoulders and giggled; Annie gave a small boy signal without any coquetry, galloped along beside the car, and climbed in the front seat. So quiet at other times, she grew talkative with strangers; she asked them audacious questions about where they were going and how they lived, seeming to think deeply about their answers. One traveller told her that he was a mining engineer and had to go down dangerous shafts and tunnels and never knew where he would be sent next. Annie was very serious. He really lived different from other people? He really didn't know what he was going to do next? It wasn't that he made

it up when he was in the tunnel that something might fall on him, or that he pretended he didn't know where he was going? It was like the movies, such a gay, surprising life. He seemed to her the happiest of men, not to be sure that he was going to live in Pottstown, work in Slade's drygoods store, and get married.

They travelled forty or fifty miles on Sundays, reaching home covered with dust and sandwich crumbs, to tell their families they had just been walking. Sometimes the other girls had given men their addresses. It was no longer enough to be shouted at by strangers; one must "get dates", be taken to the movies or joy-riding. Mina was expert at this, but careful of her men. "I'm going to stay a nice girl," she said with serious confidence. Annie was bored with that aspect of adventure; it seemed to her "soft" and tainted. She loved the change, the motion, the distance covered and sense of old life interrupted. Her weariness gave her a feeling of hard-won joy, the same feeling as of bare feet slipping over logs floating down from the north.

But after she had gone to work, she found it difficult to capture this joy, and longed for the pleasures of her friends. Her clerk's position was steady, without risk or change. After hours, she pottered at home, listening to her mother's aimless talk while the other girls were going out with men. She was lonely, felt herself out of the current of life, yet not knowing how to be normal. One of the men who worked with her was a Socialist; she listened to ideas she had never heard of before about a change in the whole system of life, capitalists to be overthrown, and workers to rule. This had no meaning for her; but it did mean something that Mr. Myers the banker should work in Slade's, and she, if she did something hard and heroic, should drive Mr. Myers' car away from Pottstown to New York. She began to listen. The man, Gustav Radek, a Hungarian Jew, had wandered all over the country, working in the Pennsylvania mines, editing a Socialist newspaper in the West. He had been consumptive for six months, and had to take the lightest work he could find. All the discontented lumber workers in Pottstown listened to him. "You think you're the only ones? You should hear the miners! Ten hours a day, no light, no air, bad pay,



treated like dirt, laid off half the year—they got something to fight about! You think you got something to fight about too? Trouble is, you don't know your own brothers. Lumbermen, miners, steel workers—they got to get together. Lot of them are together, getting ready for the big—" He said these things over and over, at the noon hour near the mill or to workmen who came to Slade's. Annie heard them while she was minding her own business. "Three yards 'lastic? That blue gingham's guaranteed not to fade, ma'am."

But she was afraid to join the group. She didn't have grievances like the mill-girls, nor was she interested in politics, like Sophie, who went away to State College, and came back popping with ideas. Mr. Myers was helping to send her. "I shouldn't touch another penny of his money—not another penny. The way he gets it!" But Sophie continued to go. One couldn't give up college, and besides, education gave her weapons to fight with. She and Radek had discussed the question, and decided she was justified. "It ought to be the workers over your personal scruples every time," cried Radek, his voice as cadaverous as his face. "You have to give up everything—even your honesty."

He talked seldom to Annie, because she was only a clerk, not one of the real workers. But one day he said, "They are in a wheel, and they can't get out— Work, work, work. Be born, get married, have children, die. Children go on, get married, have more children, die. They can't break the circle."

The circle! It included everything, except the Ravine and the road on Sundays. Could you break it? Did you want to break it? Sophie and Radek did, and had. It meant danger, and the good kind of pain.

This new train of thought, always vague and fearful, was ended abruptly by Radek's departure. Mr. Slade received a letter signed, "Indignant Patron," which said—"Mr. Slade: I thought you was an honest man, and an upholder of law and order and the church. But now I see you protect and encourage a Radical Red, who knows no respect for God nor Man. I know there is more God-fearing and Law-Abiding people in this town beside me who will take away their Business if you go on fostering a Viper." Radek was untroubled.

"Chicago next, I guess," he said. Sophie went back to State College for a second term, and Annie forgot everything except her loneliness.

#### IV

Radek was replaced by a man she had known in high school, one who enjoyed practising a "heavy line" on all occasions. One day he said to her, "You know, you got kind of a mys-ter-ious look, Annie. I bet you keep the fellers guessing." "I do my best," she said coolly. But she was secretly aroused. Why shouldn't she have fellows? He had taken it for granted she had. She wasn't pretty; but she didn't look bad-tempered or dull. It was stylish now to be skinny, and she didn't have to wear gingham any longer. She would try. That evening her friend Mina came to see her, and to talk as usual about Fred, her fiancé. Instead of grunting, Annie said, "He must be great, can't I see him some time? I'd love to see such a swell fellow, so I can write Sophie about him." "You bet," said Mina, "I know, I'll get him to bring a friend of his and we'll have a double date."

She tried to feel guileful, experienced, braced for any encounter. On the night of the double date she waved her hair, wore a bright dress, and trembled with excitement. Fred was nice; Fred's friend Albert was slow, slower than Annie herself. But momentary disappointment vanished in the longing to do well, to meet this new adventure with spirit. She did not know how to look sly, how to answer quickly; but he was flattered with her obvious interest, pleased too with a quietness corresponding to his own. A few days later he called up, and, later, not knowing how to talk about the things he felt, entertained her during a four-hours' ride with an account of his garage business. She was not bored; his dull, respectful attention seemed to her the most thrilling thing she had ever experienced, a complete suspension of ordinary life better than the Ravine, the road on Sunday, Radek and Sophie.

When Mina met her, she cried out, "Oh, Annie, I got something nice to tell you," and then whispered, "Fred says Albert is crazy about you. And he says Albert's an

awfully nice fellow, you know, clean and steady. And he says just because Albert don't know any girls or how to talk to them, that's nothing against him. The fellows think he's a fine man. They like him a lot."

"I like him a lot too," said Annie. She had never been so happy.

## V

"Am I happy now?" she half wondered, without quite forming the definite question. She was swallowed up in the strangest sense of continuity, of the continual revolution of birth and death. She felt a certain pride in her likeness to her own mother, to Mina, to all the other Annie's. The Ravine, the logs, and the nettles were very dim now; but there were nettles, danger, and pain in this new life too, and an abundance of others to share them.

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## Icarus

MARY ADAMS, '28

Oh, sing in praise of Icarus,  
With wings outspread.  
He rose up to follow  
Where the sea winds led.

Strong and young and arrogant,  
Like a thought upflung,  
Silver in the sunlight  
A moment he hung.

Oh mourn, mourn for Icarus,  
The brief tragic flight  
That dared waxen-winged  
The sun in his might.

## Man's Estate

WINIFRED TRASK, '29

**D**ISTINCT yet very far away, as if from some high place, he heard his mother's voice trying to waken him.

"It's luncheon time, old man . . . luncheon time, old man; don't you want to get up and have some luncheon? Or would you rather just sleep?"

He couldn't speak just yet. If she'd only wait just a few hours—But she came nearer, put her cool hand on his forehead, and the voice went on more emphatically:

"Sleepy, aren't you, old man. Don't you think some nice hot luncheon—? And we still have all your matters to talk over, you know. You can just put on your dressing-gown and come in as you are. Hm-m-m?"

With difficulty he mouthed the words, "No luncheon thank you, Mother; I'd rather sleep a little while longer."

His own voice sounded ludicrously polite and apart from himself, as if he were rather drunk.

She sighed. She stroked his hair back from his face again, fumbled a bit with the blanket, walked to the window and pulled down the shade, stared at him a moment; and then, having thoroughly made felt her presence, she tiptoed very softly from the room.

Now she was hurt. Hell!—he couldn't be bothered. He slept again.

When he awoke it was full afternoon. The late sun flowed in through the window and lay in a cool bright pattern over his bed and over the floor beyond his bed. A light breeze, scarcely more than a breath of the coolness outside, brushed the curtain in and out, in and out again, in lazy, irregular rhythm. He lay there, breathing in that breeze, that cool light, and wished he had a boat. It would be a peach of an afternoon for sailing. All alone in a boat in his shirtsleeves—Sunday afternoon; no racing, but just enough breeze to keep her filled; no racing—a few other gleaming close-trimmed sails cutting past with a swish, the water curving cleanly away from the keels; a hail to the men and girls in those other boats, men and girls in shirtsleeves and bright

sweaters, all being as intently lazy as himself; a hail, and still holding her close to the breeze and passing as he hailed. . .

Well, it would soon be summer, with boats and sunlight—And then, with a dull sick sensation, he remembered. No boats for him this summer. “And we still have all your matters to talk over, you know—”

Hell! He wouldn't think about that just now.

He got up, and slammed down the window with a cheerful rattle. Looking down into the street, with its few Sunday-afternoon pedestrians—a nurse-maid with a pram and two padded blue children, a man in a top hat and his wife wearing violets, a couple who had come over from the East Side with their offspring in a little battalion between them—he wondered vaguely why everything was so muted, why you caught the world at a sudden still detachment when you didn't wake up till the afternoon.

Shuffling with a good deal of unnecessary noise into the hall, he found the apartment quite quiet. Everyone was out—great! He discovered the Sunday paper, pawed through it, found a picture of a horse he knew and a picture of a girl he knew, stared at them fondly, whistled, and left the paper in a deliberate mess with its idiotic sections spilling off the sofa onto the floor. Finance—politics—Hell! Well enough to talk about; but—Hell! And he saw his mother picking the paper up again, and patting it into a neat pile on the table; he saw his father thumbing its pages with splendid purpose till he found the statistics he wanted; he saw his sister glancing through the book reviews and wanly announcing to no one in particular that So-and-So had said This in speaking of That.

The warm bath was supreme pleasure. As the bathroom became dense with steam he felt his personality shoot up and assume the proportions of all the firm six feet of him. Finance and politics—Hell! With the cold shower, he shouted it aloud, “Finance and politics—Hell!” and he forgot what it meant, and forgot all his own problems and the dull sick sensation, and forgot everything but his own well-being and the exquisite joy of spattering walls and drenching towels.

Shaving carefully, with his face screwed up on one side, he pondered on what he should do with the afternoon. Hun-

gry—tea—not here. His sister would be holding court with her bunch of wet smacks in the drawing room. What she saw in those fools!—wet smack, with eye-glasses, or gardenias, or an insolent stare, and a line of conversation in high-pitched voices that would floor you with its inanity. Bum poets and bum actors—what she saw in them! Not good poets and good actors; he knew those, all right. They stood on their own legs and earned their own keep and *did* something. Not parasites. Some thing pretty fine. He'd like to be a poet himself, or something, if he had time. Or a soldier. They lived a lot—poets and soldiers. They knew sweat and blood and windy places. . . Hell, he'd no time. "And what you've got to do, young man," he told himself aloud, "is rustle for a job."

Somehow it didn't sound so awful now as he glared at himself in the mirror, still aware of the cold pricks of the shower against his chest.

"Rustle for a job." That was what you had to do when you left college with its quiet sureness; its huge ivied buildings; its absolute friendships and entities—no halfway stuff there; its professors, testy or calm-eyed, all darn sure of themselves, but—well, humble, somehow, before their own gods; its intense big moments; its hard, clear-eyed tragedies—Mike drinking himself away from everything he respected most—Ronnie and that girl, and the loyalty to Ronnie and the cruel acceptance of him as a weak egg; and over and above and permeating all affairs the young half-arrogant, half-humble contact with the greatest works, he'd suppose you'd have to admit, of the greatest minds that the world had ever produced.

Books!—Aristotle, Bacon, Schopenhauer—how they had ridiculed them together and weighed them, alone and apart, as possible solutions applicable to their own lives. Yes, come to think of it, he betted they'd all taken them pretty seriously. That big-eyed fool Delancy who got crying-drunk over each new revelation in book form, and busted into your room shouting, "God! Here's the way to live, you pie-eyed fools!" and bunched himself in a chair, ticking off the principles of his new method on his fingers till you put him out. The next day, sober, he burnt the books in a little pyre, lik the melodramatic ass he was.

Sure, they all took them pretty seriously. He himself had always had a leaning toward the Latin poets as pretty sound,—a jug of old Falernian and a green-lit dell, and plenty of time for clear hard thought, and plenty of gymnasiums and chariot races, and plenty of lovely fractious girls. He'd always written his themes from the kind of point of view you'd have in a green-lit dell with a jug of Falernian, and it had worked all right. The professors seemed to think he had a pretty good head—"a vigorous mind," they called it, "A vigorous mind you've got, Kane; why don't you go in for a Ph.D.?"

But he didn't want to go in for a Ph.D. He wanted to get into things, to do things with all this stuff he'd learned. After all, that was what it was all meant for, to prepare you. Even a job, since he had to—A job had its dignity, its adventure, if you took it right. Judas!—if they only wouldn't call it "your matters" in that mysterious way, as if a job were sacred or indecent or something.

Hell! he must get out, quick, before they came home.

In the street he walked briskly, playing his stick like the lever of an engine. His shoes and stick made a good clatter on the sidewalk, and he never stopped for traffic signals—he prided himself on never stopping for traffic signals.

He turned up Park Avenue. The sun slanted down over the buildings, and there was already a cool smell of evening. This afternoon was his own, and he still had a month more of college and the day of graduation before him. Then perhaps it wouldn't be so worse to live in the city. One could walk in the evenings. And aware of security in respite, he noted the passersby. For the most part they were the regulation Sunday afternoon Park Avenue crowd strolling from church, strolling to a tea, or just strolling. A boy with a dewy girl, chattering; a graying man in shiny black, nodding to the effervescence of a woman in shiny black; men with their tall sons; women with their sons and daughters; men and their wives staring peacefully before them—they might all have been related, a huge contented family. A successful family, you'd call it. Nothing unhappy about them anyway. Those prosperous-looking men—fine looking, too—they'd been to the best colleges in their youth, he supposed—you couldn't tell it from their faces, but of course they would

have gone to the best colleges; they had gone into business and married and succeeded and had children and sent them in turn, to the best colleges; and now all they had to do was to stroll up and down Park Avenue, and see that their sons got into business and married and succeeded and held up their heads on Park Avenue. And they were all fine men—sure, he knew that. He didn't have any half-baked illusions about aesthetics and that rot. Fine men; powers, most of them, in the world of politics and finance.

There he was back again at politics and finance. If he had one glimmer about anything, it was a conviction that "politics and finance" were not an end in themselves. Neither was marriage. So if you devoted your life to those, which were not ends in themselves, who benefited at all?—except, perhaps, the sidewalk of Park Avenue.

That burst of logic, like a slight explosion in his brain leaving a starry wake, would have pleased him mightily had it not brought on a return of the dull sick sensation. He needed a drink.

At a house in the upper seventies he stopped and rang the bell. The maid, his friend, took his hat and stick, smiling. The hall was cool and dusky, smelling slightly of furniture oil. There were other hats and gloves on the carved table, and the polished salver overflowed with gleaming white cards.

"Crowd here?"

"No, sir; Mrs. Barnes with Miss Peggie, and Mr. and Mrs. Stephson, and Mr. ——" she named Sunday relatives.

"You can go right up, sir."

He took the stairs two at a time, just to show her.

"Hello, John!"

Peggie, dutifully pouring tea for all these friends of her mother's, was glad to see him.

"Hi, John."

"Hi, Buck."

"Well, old man——"

He was trying to say something polite to Mrs. Barnes, and people kept interrupting him. He grinned at her, gripping her hand—she understood.

"How is your mother?"

"Oh, she's fine, thank you, Mrs. Barnes."



Then he remembered that she wasn't fine, that she was rather sick, they said—

"H'are you, old man?" Mr. Barnes clapped him on the back. "Little drink?" he urged intimately.

"Tea, John?" carolled Peggie.

"Well—just a minute!"

"No, no, *no*,—what he wants is a drink. Here y'are, old man."

Darned gratifying, all this.

"And your Turkish cigarettes—there, in that little box—" Mrs. Barnes was a peach.

Sipping Scotch with Mr. Barnes, he admired Peggie laughing with Buck. Hell of a good-looking girl—sensible, too. Probably had lots of brains, too. Enjoyed things. Just about enough brains, he guessed. He wished his sister were as sensible as that—could enjoy things, take things casually, make good guys feel at home instead of all those wet smacks. Why an honest-to-goodness poet couldn't help but admire Peggie—the whole Barnes family. There was a kind of—kind of dignity about their casualness. Look at them now—Mr. Barnes and Peggie and Buck all talking social religion with old Judson, who knew everything.

"Half the workmen," said Peggie, in her intelligent baby voice, "were so afraid of the church that they positively wouldn't allow their wives and children to have anything to do with it. Now if the educational department could get some law—"

"There could be no law, my dear young lady," explained old Judson, "for this reason—"

"Drink, John?" questioned Mr. Barnes. The humour in his eye indicated that he and John knew what these people were, once they got started on social service. Damn good egg, Mr. Barnes.

"Where are you going to be this summer, John? Going to clean up on all the races with that boat of yours?"

"Afraid not, sir. Got to start in working."

"Working? Oh, yes—you're through college."

"In a month, sir."

"All you young fellows starting in work—"

He felt the others were listening.

"Got to start sometime, sir. No time to hang around."

It sounded rather important and fine when he said it—not irksome, as when his father said it.

“A job—but how thrilling!” called Peggie.

“Sure—just too thrilling,” he mocked. “Earn your bread and butter. Buckle down, and all that.”

Old Judson was staring at him. He sat directly in front of the window, his white head against the late light.

“Don’t be in too much of a hurry, young man. Have have you got anything in mind?”

“Just looking around, sir.”

“Come down to the bank,” said Charlie Stephson. Charlie had a good job in a bank. He had a prize of a wife, too—she’d been the most popular girl of her year. She’d had quite a lot of fuss made over her, too—a year in Europe and everything. Charlie was lucky to have gotten her. She’d been rather a whirl, as a deb, and she’d had lots of fuss made over her; and now it was all over, and she was married to Charlie who had a good job in a bank. Mustn’t it be rather flat for girls, he wondered, to have such a fuss and then have it over so suddenly?

“Come down to the bank,” said Charlie, “and I’ll show you how to make good money,” and he grinned at his wife. But the most popular girl of her year was gazing out of the window.

Old Judson still stared at him.

“Have you any particular leaning toward business, Kane?”

“No, sir.” The old bird’s intent stare made him want to be very frank. “Fact is, sir,”—he might as well say it—“fact is, sir, I’ve always thought I’d like to go in for teaching.”

“Teaching—h’mmm.” Old Judson was pleased.

“Well, that’s a *good* idea, now,” said Mr. Barnes. “Good job for a while—gives you a chance to look round a bit. Lots of young fellows are doing it.”

“No money in it,” said Charlie.

“Oh, why there *must* be,” said Peggie. “Why, what d’you suppose all those young masters live on?”

“On their incomes, young lady,” said old Judson, “I’m sorry to say. Ever done any teaching, Kane?”

“Tutoring, sir, in the summer. The kids passed all right.”

“H’mmm.”

“No advancement in it,” said Charlie.

Mr. Barnes patted his shoulder again. "It's a good life, a master's. Especially if you're not quite sure. Gives you time to look around."

"I think it would be splendid," Mrs. Barnes said softly, looking at him. "You'd get a place in a country school?"

"Yes, sir—yes, Mrs. Barnes, I thought I'd like to go back to Denton, if I could."

"Well, that would be a splendid thing to do, if you can do it, and I think *you* can, John."

He thanked her by turning away quickly. It *was* a splendid thing to do; it wasn't queer of him to want to go back. And it wasn't everybody that could do it.

"And you'd be there for all the athletics and everything," Peggie said.

"Athletics!" scoffed Buck. "Sure, that's all he wants. Do you suppose for a moment, my good people, that old John feels a call to stand up there and teach a lot of snuffling kids to sing *stella, stellae, stellae*? Not at all—he wants to coach the football team!"

"Huh! You couldn't even teach a hen to lay eggs," he jeered back at Buck. He put his hands in his pockets and rocked back on his heels. As soon as someone started joshing you about your profession, then it was your profession—no getting away from that.

"You come on down to the bank," said Charlie. He must have had a raise. "You come down and make some money."

The most popular girl of her year turned.

"Don't you believe him," she said. "You get in a bank and you'll never get out. Working at Denton you wouldn't be so tied down, hand and foot, year in and year out. You could travel in the summer."

Sensible girl. Pity she was married. He'd like to take her on one of his vacations, to hunt lions in Africa, or something—

"Yes, but no advancement," Charlie said.

Old Judson was getting up from his chair. He came straight across the room, giving little kicks with his legs, as if to make sure that they were still there.

"I'll tell you what, young man," he put out his hand. "You go ahead and teach, if you want to teach. And in a

couple of years if you don't want to teach any more, don't. If you want to do anything else, do it. That's the only way to find out."

As he walked home, he made a few plans. He'd put down his name at college; he'd speak to Leighton; he'd take a trip back to school and see the Rector about it, and talk to Conway. Conway'd give him a steer about what to work up on during the summer. Conway was a good egg; he managed the kids, and he kept his tan and his sense of humour all the year round. The kids all liked him a lot. And Conway wasn't so brilliant. If Conway could do it, he could. Politics and finance—hell. How tall the city buildings looked in the twilight. Made you feel rather small and down-in-the-street, not too small, but just damn casual and peaceful. He struck his stick harder against the sidewalk because the ring seemed to echo right up the sides of the buildings.

The family were in the living-room waiting for dinner. The apartment was lighted and smelled of steam heat. His sister was huddled on the sofa, staring at nothing; his mother was putting little ashtrays and things back on their proper tables; his father was striding up and down the room with his hands behind his back.

"Hello, Dad."

"Hello, there, boy."

"Well, darling," said his mother. "Do hang up your coat, won't you? Where have you been? Did you have a good sleep?"

"Tea at Peggie's."

"Well, that was nice," she soothed. "That must have rested you, didn't it?"

Did she think he was still asleep or something?

"I feel fine, Mother."

"Well, I guess it was better for you to rest today, then." She came over and brushed his coat with her hand. "You're going to stay in tonight, aren't you, old man? You know we have to talk matters over after dinner—"

"Yes, for goodness sake, *do!*" muttered his sister from the sofa.

He put his mother's hand away, patting it.

"Sure, I'm going to be here, all right."

But he wasn't going to be caught that way. He lit a cigarette, and went over to his father.

"Been talking to Mr. Barnes and old Judson about a job, Dad."

His father looked at his watch. He shook his head. This was not the time and place—But he wasn't going to be caught that way.

"And they both agreed with me that teaching, for a couple of years anyway, would be a pretty good idea."

"Teaching—h'mm—"

His father strode up and down again.

"But I thought we'd been all over that before," sighed his mother. Why should it damn things to have been over them before?

"No, no, my dear." His father waved one hand at her. "We've got to let the boy talk things over. . . I'll tell you what, my boy." He stopped short. His face took on a very candid expression. There was a sudden aroma of hot steak from the dining room. "It's this way. Teaching, as a life job, doesn't pay you a blessed thing. And if you want to take it up for a few years, that's temporizing. You'd be no better off in a business line when you left off. You'd earn more money those first years than you'd earn the first years in an office—I grant you that—but you'd have a tremendous handicap in the fact of losing the business experience of these next few years. You'd have to start in all over again in the world of finance, that's the whole size of it, old fellow—you'd have to start in all over again." And his father wheeled round and followed his nose to the dining room.

There was a silence. Still he stood, puffing his cigarette, bending back on his heels. Oh, Hell! He wouldn't believe it yet—not just yet. . .

His mother came up and stroked his coatsleeve, and urged him to the dining room.

"You see, don't you, old man," she said, "that what with my illness, and the fact that Father is—well, getting on—poor old Dad—he's slaved so hard for all of us—you do see, don't you, that we're both awfully anxious that you shouldn't temporize—that you should buckle down right now at whatever it is that's going to be your life job?"

# After the Sun Had Risen

PAMELA BURR, '28

IT TAKES only a trifle to tip the scales. I realized this as I leaned out of my window one summer evening. Outside in the night the black lines and sharp angles of the houses menaced me though they were as meaningless as the lines and angles of a cubistic drawing. For relief I looked toward the sky—I found only a smutty curtain. The gas-light roared away in the alley below with the sound of a train going through a tunnel; a man who seemed to be all wrinkled trousers, leaned against the lamp-post.

Then suddenly a church clock struck eleven. I had stood many things, but I could not stand the complacent precision of that bell. When the last vibrations had died away I knew that I had sent in my resignation; I wasn't going to struggle any more. When I had been left penniless a year ago, I had entered London, intending to write, and, of course, make my fortune. Naturally I did neither. I had long since abandoned hope of earning any money by my pen, and tonight I had abandoned hope of earning any money at all. Tomorrow would not find me studying the wallpaper of the waiting room in the employment office, tomorrow would find me—well, not there. My pipe lighted, I thought philosophically that I should never repent but was glad to have struggled as long as this. Had I not struggled, the memory of certain people would have galled me. I knew the memory that would have galled me most—that of Francis Matthews as he was when he had entered London a year ago, very proud of his temporary position on a newspaper. The first night of discouragement, when he had learned how temporary his position was to be, had been hot like tonight, and then Jukes had made his little proposition. I heard him with the prejudice of youth. I scorned his suggestion of making money by the simple process of taking it from people who lived in the innocence of an easy prosperity.

"Your deal amounts to nothing less than robbery," I cried, "and I won't join you however much you disguise it—I'd rather starve first!" I remember I had just eaten a large meal.

"If you ever change your mind, you know where to find me," was Juke's parting remark.

And so tonight, tonight at eleven o'clock, the Francis Matthews who had desired to starve, had heard his death knell, and I, with my determination to find Jukes to-morrow, stood in his place. But I was sorry for Francis Matthews, for whoever I might be tomorrow I would not be he; whatever I might be tomorrow I would never be an honest man again. This however, was his last night, and I resolved he should die with a gesture. After all that struggle I did not like to think of his dying as ineffectually as he had lived—I wanted him to go down with all flags rippling in the wind.

After having set aside some loose silver for tomorrow, my entire wealth amounted to exactly £2. At least once in their lives everyone should look at a £2 note lying saucily in their palm and realize it is all they have. Though very little can be done with £2, this my last honest money should be spent worthily. Yet how? To give it to the first shabbily dressed man I met on the street would be so unimaginative. Still, who could have any ideas in this vacant room? The streets could be trusted to give inspiration. London holds more worlds than the heavens, and the man who cannot find a world there for each of his moods, is not a man I should care to meet. This afternoon I had found sordid reality, but tonight I knew there awaited me the audacious and the picturesque.

My toilet was completed with care in spite of my worn suit, for I did not forget the true adventurer is one whom Fortune never finds unprepared. Excitement made my footsteps seem rather loud as I groped my way to the stairs. Descending in the narrow dark, I had to feel for each step, and each step was a little crisis.

Behold I was alone in London with £2 to spend and all the world to do something for—something worthy of Francis Matthews. I felt exhilarated. All worry and care gone, the very street had a new significance. By that time it was twelve o'clock, that romantic hour when half the world ends and the other half begins which is a sort of no man's land. In the taciturn street the houses stood gloomily with their mouths shutting tightly on their invisible inhabitants, and the emptiness was expectant. As I stood there on the

corner something emerged from the alley that wasn't exactly a person for it looked neither male nor female. London is haunted by such misshapen creatures that crawl out of dark corners and disappear as rapidly as the obscene insects we see scuttling away, all legs, when we overturn a stone. Only in such experiences do we realize how many worlds are contained in this planet of ours, which seems to most of us so sunlit and and so obvious. To most people even London is an unexplored country. Tonight I was to explore, so I went down the street, my stick hitting the pavement with a reassuring ring. A few people passed who didn't look as if I could help them. It's easier to do evil, than good, I thought, as I remembered tomorrow.

The business part of the city was noisier and more crowded. Instead of darkened houses here were shops, bolted and barred, but blazing with lights to prepare for the empty hours of the night as for a ghostly company. A few taxi-cabs skidded past, the clumsy buses skittishly, like porpoises frolicking beside a ship. I was not sorry to leave Knightsbridge behind and to cross over to the park.

Why had I reached the park? I did not know, but I did know that the darkness fringed with leaves—rather too green in the lamplight—made me suddenly tired. I sat down on the first bench I came to although it was already occupied. My companion was a man of about my age, who wore a very shabby silk hat and sported a white carnation in his button-hole.

"Good-evening," I said.

"Good-evening," he replied, in just the same tone of voice, with a little wave of the hand to indicate that I could talk to him.

I liked him for his "air", for I knew by his hat that he was as down on his luck as I was. His answer to my remark on the heat, was worthy of the carnation.

"In such weather, I think this much the most pleasant spot to come to. I often enjoy the nights here." He might have been advertising the charms of some magnificent hotel that he honored with his patronage.

Something in his words gave me the suggestion I had searched all London to find.

"I know a place that is even better than this—lit, not by



electric light but by candle-light. Will you be my guest for supper tonight at 'The Port of Missing Men'?"

In those days "The Port of Missing Men" was kept open all night. The duchesses had not yet subdued it into the proper place for their daughters to come when they wished to inspect the wicked world.

"I shall be delighted," my guest assured me, with a slight yawn to show he didn't want the dinner so very badly.

"The Port of Missing Men" was just the same then as now; the same Button Quirp was lord and master. We entered by the crazy stairs leading into the basement where the only light is candle-light—Button says it makes the ladies flirt better. The tables are placed on two sides of the room only, in separate alcoves, each with its own high, round window, opening like an eye on the street above. You cannot see anyone else dining around you, because Button has always thought imagination so much better than reality.

Well, we spent half an hour studying the menu, with the result that our supper was a creation of art. First we toyed a little with hors d'oeuvre. Soup, substantial and prosaic, came as a relief, and made us feel newly upholstered within. Succulent steak and bloated green peas were followed by our most adventurous undertaking, a mound of jelly tremulous with joviality. For dessert, we had peaches—the kind that cost a half a crown apiece.

We had been so engrossed in the business of eating that we had not had the energy to talk, but with wine came geniality. My companion began:

"I really shouldn't be here," he explained good-humoredly, "because I'm losing all my last chances. I'm changing my way of life," he went on in answer to my inquiry. "I haven't been a saint all my days, and tonight I suddenly grew sick of it. So I swore to myself that I would stop when the sun rises tomorrow. But tonight is all my own, just for tonight I've been having my last little adventure. Although I've really done very little, I wanted to wind up with something large—as a matter of fact this cigarette case isn't much of a haul but it's the principle of the thing." He pulled out quite an array, two or three bills and a silver cigarette case, but I hardly noticed the things.

"What an extraordinary coincidence" I exclaimed,

"You'll not believe me when I tell you that I, too, have decided to change tomorrow, only I've been struggling to live honestly. Last night I suddenly gave up. I too, swore that when the sun rose I'd start over again—differently, without any squeamish notions. But tonight I promised myself that I should blow in the last honest money that was mine in an honest way."

"You don't look as if you'd make a good crook," my friend confessed with a sympathetic yet critical eye. "It would have to be something very high class for you," he went on with interest. "Oh well, I've left that sort of thing for good now."

I did not tell him that he would not make the ideal gentleman, instead I asked him abruptly,

"What time does the sun rise?"

"Five o'clock precisely."

"At five then, our new life begins," the dinner had made me feel philosophical. "Well, well, I wonder what trick fate will have in store for us? This time next year remember me, and I will remember you. It shows a great deal of humor on the part of Fortune to throw us together for tonight. But although I do not envy you, I wish you luck, my friend."

"Neither do I envy you," he replied, "life is so monotonous and all prisons are so alike."

"I wish to propose a toast," we solemnly stood up and touched glasses, "Gentlemen, here's to what we were, and what we shall be!"

Already the candle-light had paled, and a few early carts jarred overhead. Through the narrow diamond panes we could just see a slit of the eastern sky, golden as honey and luminous with the incoming day. When we left "The Port of Missing Men" the candle flames were nodding drowsily, the brass andirons and candlesticks were warming in the early daylight, and the room seemed full of a yellow mist.

Once more we were in the street. The silence was suddenly broken by the sound of distant music from a house at the end of the street before which a long line of motor cars were drawn up.

"They are dancing late."

But my companion made no answer. For, just then, a wan light warmed the air, and simultaneously our shadows leapt into being. The sun had risen.

Our meditations were interrupted by the approach of a man, the effect of whose evening dress was considerably heightened by the silver-headed cane he carried. He had evidently just come from the dance. Absorbed in my own reflections, I hardly noticed him or the awkwardness with which my friend blundered against him as he passed. As soon as the gentleman had turned the corner, my companion, a new elation lighting up his rather passive face, plucked my sleeve.

"Look," he cried, "what luck! a watch with a diamond monogram, and—by God—it's ten pounds!"

I did not realize until I actually saw the things. Then I only said,

"The sun has already risen."

"Oh well," he answered sheepishly, "I simply couldn't miss such an opportunity, but I really will begin tomorrow."

I made no comment, I did not even look at him as he went on speaking:

"But I'll be fair, I'll divide with you. I'll keep the money; you take the watch."

Instinctively, I drew back, he anticipated my protest by remarking insinuatingly,

"The sun has already risen."

Without a word I took the watch.

"If I were you I'd leave the neighborhood" was his parting advice. "Thank you, good luck and good-bye."

But I did not leave the neighborhood. I stood just where he had left me and watched the rising sun. Presently, I heard footsteps come haltingly along as if someone were looking for something. I did not move when I saw the owner of the watch approach. As soon as he came up to me, he looked me frankly in the eyes and addressed me,

"I've just dropped a little money and a watch—I'm very fond of the watch—I wonder if you've found it by any chance?"

We stood face to face. I knew the risen sun had never felt so hot. But unlike my friend, I did not say to myself, "I really will begin to-morrow." I only laughed, Francis Matthews had gotten the best of me in spite of everything.

"Here take your watch," I said, "I don't want it."

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## Autumn

JEAN LEONARD, '27

Who are these in tatters gay,  
Whose banners hound me all day long!  
Their crested spears are bent, and all they say  
Is lost in song.

I have found a bleak retreat;  
But branches lift, and leaves are blown,  
And still I hear the restless, tramping feet  
Of hosts unknown.

Oh, but march with trumpets mute;  
Dim your ranks with winds of morn;  
Leave me a little while, irresolute  
And battle-worn.

## “That Good Part”

MARGARETTA M. SALINGER, '28.

NOT enough lemon; and they all preferred lemon to cream. Not because they particularly liked the taste of lemon in tea, but because ever since that stupid Douglas woman entertained on Ridgewood Terrace they thought it gave them swank to simper, “no cream thank you, just lemon, if I may.”

Natalie slashed at the smooth yellow disk again and again, and sniffed as the fragrant juice ran out of it to the saucer. Then having slaughtered enough, she picked up the plate and carried it in to the tea table. There, everything ready. Her hand went instinctively to her waist and she pulled vigorously at her blue satin skirt. That was a scene that Father made about the short black dress. A good dress, though,—it had an indefinable something. And if one must have a clergyman for a father, one would like at least to have him see how civilized females—that is, those beyond the bounds of the diocese,—dress. And chiffon stockings. Well, one had to admit that old Mr. Morgan would be shocked, and he did sign the only five-dollar pledge at the last every-member canvass.

Natalie's reveries were broken by the sound of her father's voice at the front door. A good voice at that. The nicest thing about most of the sermons; a ring in it.

“How do you do, Mrs. Deland?”

Good Lord, the *American Mercury* exposed to view. Natalie swept it from the big armchair and placed it under the *Atlantic* on a side table. Better there,—hypocritical, one was forced to admit, but one had to draw a distinction between hypocrisy and diplomacy.

“No, it's not a very sudden decision of Natalie's. The position was offered her last spring when she graduated, but it was just recently that she heard of an opportunity to share an apartment with one of the girls she knew in college.”

Then it had already penetrated a good way beyond the rectory. Kitty always talked too much—and why have told it to her anyway? Oh, well,—Natalie's shrug was followed by a little ecstatic shiver of joy,—one more Thursday afternoon and that one, now well on the way, as her father and Mrs. Hadley entered the room.

"I think Mrs. Hadley will have some tea, Nate. You will excuse me,—the bell."

He was gone and Mrs. Hadley turned to Natalie with a smile.

"Then you're going to leave us for New York? And I hear that you are to live a very Bohemian life down in the village."

"Oh, I don't know that it will be so Bohemian. The job itself isn't all I'd hoped. But it is a beginning. One has almost to beg to be allowed to pound a typewriter for an opening. And then, too, I expect to be working rather steadily at my drawing, and as the classes are at night you see commuting will be quite impossible—Was it one or two lumps?—And since I have a friend who is awfully anxious to share an apartment, and it happens to be near MacMillan's, why, I may as well live with her."

"We'll miss you here. Hadn't your father rather expected that after college you would teach somewhere near here and live at home?"

"Oh, I guess he had thought that, but he's quite satisfied now, I think."

Oh, for no more questions! What could be worse than explaining to Mrs. Hadley why one would prefer Eighth Street at Seventh Avenue to the Glendale rectory? How describe an evening at Kay's—with Lou draped over the sofa trying to light his pipe from the flame at the tip of the orange candle in the Florentine candelstick. Or Mac idly pulling color pictures out of the old Steinway. Mrs. Hadley wouldn't approve of Mac. That wouldn't be a blight to Mac either. An old snoop.

"Good afternoon, Gertrude. May I give you some tea?—(What was the sister doing, teaching?)—Does Eunice like her work?"

"Yes, she does very much. Two lumps and lemon, please. When do you leave, Natalie?"

"Well, I'm going to commute next week, and then, the week after, I'll move in permanently. Won't you sit down here beside me and tell me about your class? It's first grade, isn't it?"

That was finished; no need to say anything more. Gertrude would do the rest. What were all these people interested in? God couldn't have made a whole roomful of humanity uniformly soulless. Dad appeared to be very much interested in what was being said on the other side of the room. Natalie lifted the copper kettle, and, finding it empty, carried it out to the kitchen. As she turned off the faucet and replaced the lid, she drew her hand across her eyes. How blessedly quiet with the female voices shut out by two sets of swinging doors. Church, children, and charity; charity, children, and church. Next week, the big top-heavy buses trundling through the twilight canyon of shops; displays in florist's windows; American beauties tied with magenta satin bows; velvet wraps lined with fur and scintillating metal cloths in show cases; a strip of gray sky between the stepped building rearing proudly back from the chasm,—and always up. Yes that must be the elation of New York, always up. This week, charity boxes for Alaska,—the old refrain, charity, children, and church. Next week, Picasso, Stravinsky, lipstick without comment.

Running the chance of spilling the over-full kettle, Natalie skipped through the pantry, composed her excited smile, and pushed open the door into the living room.

"Bishop Lane never approved of the change in the service, did he, Dr. White?"—"The classes ought to be rearranged so that the girls would be nearer the same age —" —"Something can be done about this Christmas box. Last year all the packing was done at the last minute, and as usual a few of the people did all the work"—"I thought there was a good deal of co-operation, but then of course you and Mrs. Hadley gave a good deal of time to making the thing a success."

Dad spilling the oil again. Waters were always troubled whenever Mrs. Scheffey and Mrs. Hadley got together. Someone will have to take that stove to an electrician. There'll be a short circuit some day and then it will mean a new one. Strange that they can't get along, and which is to blame?

So much in common. The war—well, it probably would be worse to lose an only son than to lose one of three children. What was that story that they told about the Hadleys' favoring the other two children more than William? Probably just parish gossip. But then, remorse would be a frightful thing to add to grief.

"How are you, Mrs. Scheffey?"

Why, she's out of mourning, or are purple pansies a sort of second mourning?

"Tea, Father? Toast? Macaroon? Come, you aren't going to refuse them when I got them for you only after smothering my own inclinations for cupcakes?"

—Aunt Kate will never remember to get macaroons. Hard to visualize Aunt Kate getting along in Glendale anyway —.

"Miss Bentley leaving for Arizona? But when did she come to that momentous decision? And whatever will Dr. Brent do without her? Particularly now with all the extra work left over from Dr. Lane's sudden transfer?"

"Dr. Brent will manage some way. One learns that the ministry includes being one's own cook, valet, and stenographer. But the boys up at the home are going to be the losers. Miss Bentley had just worked out a recreational plan for them and was going to carry a large part of the work herself."

"Why, haven't you heard, Natalie, about Miss Bentley's breakdown?"

Caught again in a piece of unpardonable ignorance. How those ostrich plumes do wave on that hat when someone has shown herself to be flagrantly out of touch with parish activities.

"I didn't know that she was ill. I saw her last spring just after she had completed her course of training in new teaching methods. She was on fire with it then and it sounded simply grand. Bertrand Russell himself would have approved of her and called her constructive. She made it seem like the most thrilling thing in the world that one could possibly do. When she talked children seemed to be the medium through which anything at all, anything beautiful and good or gentle and lovely could be created. Indeed I didn't

know that she was ill,—I'm awfully sorry that she can't carry it through."

That was simplicity and frank admission. Well, why should one feel obliged to keep in touch with everything that was happening? Saint Paul didn't even suspect the sort of state in which he was to find the church at Ephesus,—Much less a modern Saint Paul's family. But it was rotten for Gladys. Not nearly so rotten for Gladys, either, as for the boys who were to have been treated to her teaching.

"Good-bye, Natalie. We shall hope to see you every now and then even if you are going to New York."

"Oh, I hope so. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye." —

Funny how hollow one's own voice sounds when one isn't thinking of what one is saying. Those dishes could be all cleaned up before dinner if they'd all leave at the same time. Dad detaining old Mrs. Pitt to ask again about her husband. He must be really interested in the old man. Why would he drive all the way out there during that rain storm when he knew that those stomach attacks were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be?

Natalie pulled the plugs out of the electric stove and watched the red and glowing wires fade first to a pale salmon, then to pink, and finally to colorlessness. She sniffed. Anchovy sandwiches are all right while they are being eaten—but afterward! Ellen would have a fit. Good discipline to learn to do ugly things. Discipline. Poor Gladys Bently. Discipline was to have been totally omitted from the scheme of things that she had been planning for the boys. Would Christ have approved of discipline as it was being administered in the reform homes in America? Topic for forum discussion,—Dad might use it. It would be exciting and rather splendid to try to work out an order of education that would meet His approval. Wasn't that just the sort of thing that Gladys meant when she raved about the creativeness of wood carving?

"Everyone gone, Dad, and must you go back to those old statistics?"

"The work on statistics is unfortunately over until I find someone to take Miss Bentley's place. I've got to get a letter off to Brent in the seven o'clock collection. He's

desperate and waiting for the advice that I don't know how to give him. No worker at all is better than one who would care about it less than Gladys did. Half-hearted routine-work there would be fatal, and I don't know of anyone who would take it in any other way."

Father oughtn't to sigh like that. It puts one at a disagreeable disadvantage. Emotional appeal isn't square dealing for a clergyman. He'd love to leave all this routine parish work and go up to the farm himself. That would be a good one. Hello, Bishop. This is White speaking from St. James'. Could you get someone to fill the pulpit here and carry on the Church School drive, and attend to all my little duties? I'd like to go up to Riverside and superintend the school up there.

Natalie laughed out loud and walked over to the bookcase. Why does one always picture the bishop, even in his study or eating poached eggs, garbed in the mitre, the batiste sleeves and the enormous onyx ring? From between *Vanity Fair* and the Oxford Book she extracted a tin box of Luckies and some paper matches. Crossing to the window seat and piling the pillows behind her, she sat down and pushed the curtain aside. Snow. Just beginning to fall. She lit a cigarette and took two or three puffs. Not a soul in sight. That part of town is always deserted in the evening. Quiet. Thick taupe shadows that seeped into the room from the corners. Creeping, spreading, pushing from the floor up to the window seat. Eerie things, shadows. Natalie reached for a magazine and grabbed the *New Yorker*, held it close to the window and tried to see the cover design. Ugly. What was it meant to indicate? The magazine fell to the floor with a swish of pages.

Quiet again. Thick, spongy darkness filling all the room by now.

"Dad, oh, Dad!" She ground the cigarette butt in the ash tray and ran upstairs. At the study door she hesitated, then turned the knob and walked in. Her father was standing at the window looking out at the bleached yard.

"Dad,—have you written the letter yet? No, I see you haven't. Dad, would you think me a total moron if I were to try to take up Gladys' work?"

## Song

JEAN FESLER, '28

I have no heart for the morning wind,  
Or the light of day,  
For the winds are strong, and blow  
My thoughts away.

Blow them away, that I call  
So often, so far,  
My thoughts that I call till they  
Awearied are.

So I call no more in the sun; I stay  
Till the wind is still,  
And the birds come home to sing  
On this foreign hill.

My thoughts dwell afar in peace; and here,  
Peace is not long.  
Let them come with the birds, and go  
At the end of the song.

---

## Poem

ELIZABETH BIGELOW, '30

Sweet smells of England  
After the sterile sea.  
Smell of loam and mignonette,  
Hay like spicy tea.  
Thin scarf of odours  
Drifting through the land,  
With fringe of teasing briar  
Where three elms stand.



## Nil Desperandum

JONAS pulled out his watch, a flat, dull gold watch that had evidently seen better days. Its worn shabbiness had the look of the "old school", the look that denotes a steadfast regularity in the unstable present decade. It was just seven o'clock. An hour and a quarter to wait until his great moment, when, as a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra, he, Jonas, would step into the Academy of Music for the first time in his life. What matter if he were to play a single solo, and in place of Gabrowski? He was to play, that was enough. But how did a musician feel in this hour and a quarter, no, now, an hour and ten minutes? Jonas reasoned that they must eat. Just what they ate, or where they ate, were questions to be decided upon.

Assuredly, he could not eat where he was now staying, Jonas thought. Most musicians either lived in a garret or in a small house with large families—musicians, like day labourers always had five, or more, children, Jonas remembered. He, contrary to the general supposition, lived in a boarding-house, in a "respectable room for lodgers". Even now the smell of stale smoke permeated his room, and, Jonas guessed that there would be greasy fried potatoes for supper. The thought of such a meal made him feel sick. He must go out, somewhere.

As he reached for his hat, a brown fedora that had weathered three years of snow, rain, and wind, he had a momentary qualm about leaving his horn, the English horn that was to make, or break, his reputation so soon. Suppose someone should steal it as it lay on the bed. No, that was absurd. Who would want it? Jonas laughed nervously and wished he were not quite so excited. Funny, he felt almost giddy, and his heart was throbbing so hard it seemed to thump against his side at every beat. He must get out, or should he practise? No, what he needed was food and something to steady his nerves. Besides, he knew his solo; the melody was spinning around in his head—the difficult

first beat, the crescendo, the diminuendo—all three parts were revolving in a circle. He must have air and food. Hesitating no longer, he slipped through the front door, into the dark, quiet street.

The great iron building that was growing taller and stronger daily, now lay deserted. The sound of the rivetting, the creak of the derrick, the rattle of the heavy girders, the shouts of the Italians, had all ceased. A solitary black cat oozed from a hole in the board-fence that had been built to prevent curious loiterers from viewing the modern tower of Babel. The cat slunk into a doorway, its black form lost in the dark shadows. Jonas wondered if it meant bad luck. Silly thing, superstition, but sometime or other, a black cat must have done some mischief in order that the legend should have a beginning. He meandered down the street, eyes looking at the pavement, his mind thinking, thinking of what was coming in an hour. One or two tired business men hurried by, anxious for their dinner, no doubt. A woman, high heels rapping on the pavement, came toward him. Jonas noticed how pale she was as she passed beneath the street lamp. She must be finishing her work, and he was about to begin. It was an everlasting life of work, thought the aspiring musician, as he lit a cigarette with a hand that trembled in spite of his will.

He must get some nourishment. The thought kept occurring again and again, and always with it, what should he get? Something that would go down easily, because his throat was so contracted and dry that the thought of having to chew on a tough-beef steak was nauseating. What went down smoothly? Oysters! Jonas headed for Kruger's Sea Food Shop.

Reaching his destination he paused a moment before the window to count his change and to view the display of dead fish. Setting aside fifteen cents for the carfare to and from the Academy of Music, he found his worldly wealth consisted of one quarter, one nickel, and one penny—enough for three oysters. He could not avoid looking at the window again. There was something intriguing in the look of a crab's glassy eye, he thought. What a dull, glazed, eye! He shivered and pushed through the doorway.

The man at the bar—an ex-bar tender without a doubt,

thought Jonas—set before him three fat oysters. Pearly grey, covered with juice, soft, slippery, and slimy, they lay in their shells. Jonas gingerly picked the smallest up. He wished his throat did not feel so peculiar. He put the oyster in his mouth; it did not go down. He tried to swallow, then to chew. It should have slid down as that black cat had slid through the hole. Why wouldn't it go? He gave a final gulp and was successful. He felt sicker than ever. That oyster must have been in his mouth for hours, years. Hours! Good Lord, what time could it be? Was he late? Eight o'clock! He must hurry.

Breaking into a cold sweat he dashed down the street, tore up the steps to his room, seized the horn (not stolen, thank goodness) fled down the stairs, and jumped aboard a trolley. Sinking into a seat, head and heart pounding worse than ever, he leaned back trying to still the melody that was singing, singing in his head. The perspiration kept rolling down his face. . . .

The Academy of Music was reached at last! A tremendous wave of excitement came over him when he saw the people standing in line. He, Jonas, was going to play to them; he would please thousands; he would become the most famous English horn-player in America, in the world; he would be clapped and praised; he would be——

"Hello, there. So you're taking Gabrowski's place tonight, eh? Good luck to your solo. It's got a devilish beginning on that half beat, hasn't it? It's no joke to play."

Why had that damn drummer disturbed his thoughts that way? All his nervousness came back two-fold. He must sit down, but now some other fool was talking to him, was leading him toward a door, was setting him on the stage of the Academy! He, Jonas, was where he had longed to be all his life. Horn clutched against him, he drew a deep breath and looked around.

The rows of people seemed never ending. All the people were talking and bowing to one another, waving to friends, pointing out celebrities; all were gossiping as fast as they could. Diamonds sparkled in the pit. Rings, brooches, bracelets, necklaces, and pendants gleamed and glittered in the boxes. The family circle did not seem so brilliant, while in the amphitheatre, there was not a sign of the darting

ray of a jewel. The thick mass of people, white faces a blur, looked like a stack of cotton bales, Jonas thought. High above the crowd, the glistening chandelier cast a light over everything. Waves of noise, the hum of the people, the tuning-up of the instruments, rolled around the great building. To Jonas, it was deafening. He wished that Stilovitch, the conductor, would come in soon. So many people were frightening.

Ah! at last, the great leader was there. Now, no noise, no light to disturb the mind, thought Jonas. He saw the baton being raised, the bows poised above the violins, saw them come quivering down as the first movement of The César Frank symphony began.

No need to worry yet Jonas thought. But he could not avoid fingering his horn, plucking at his coat nervously. Gradually, the music stole into his mind. How glorious it was! He saw himself sailing out and away upon the sounds. His soul seemed to be floating on the strains of the music. What a queer feeling it was! Dimly, he heard his own solo melody throbbing in his body, but his other self, willed by the swaying, singing music, was going into trills of heavenly beauty. Drifting further and further away, the Academy was fading out. He was alone, listening to true beauty. If only it would last forever and ever and —

A crash of applause brought Jonas back to the realities of the moment. Good God! His solo was in the next thing, the symphonic poem of the French composer, Varnèse. The feeling of dizziness again. One must keep calm. Mother of God, it's beginning. What if he made a mistake in the measure, in the beat? Not possible, he must count. (One, two, three.) Supposing the composer were out there in the audience—(ten, eleven). Suppose no one clapped? Suppose he should fail—No, no, he must not let his mind wander. (Twenty-one.) Why did Stilovitch keep looking at him. Wonderful figure that man had. (Thirty-one, thirty-two.) Only thirty more measures to count. He must not miss the beat. Why, everything depended on it, his life really. (Thirty-eight.) Something was happening, he could not breathe properly. He was panting, gasping, (Forty-four, forty-five.) How hot it was! Damn that throb in his head. (Fifty-three.) Stilovitch was looking

at him. He must do it well, wonderfully. Everything depended on his solo. Stilovitch's eyes seemed to come nearer, (Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine.) Now, to get the right beat. O God! . . .

It was wrong! He had missed the beat, had started his solo that should have sung out above the tremulo of the violins, too late. Too late, everything was too late. His melody made a strange harmony, now. It was over at last, but the flushes on every cheek, the look in the conductor's eyes, told Jonas that they knew. They had heard the strange harmony. Perhaps the composer had not—no, that was just a wild idea. Great God, what should he do? What would Stilovitch say, what would Varnèse say? In sudden terror, Jonas half rose to escape, only to sink trembling back in his chair. Sickening fears came crowding into his mind. Why, this was worse than before the concert, and he had thought, then, he could never feel queerer. What should he do now, he, a disgraced musician? One could not do much with a nickel and an English horn. He would have to sell the horn, do away with it. Perhaps—dreadful thought—he might do away with himself. Suicide, why not? Then, the dead crab's eyes rose up before him. He could not, would not die and look like that. Could the composer put him to death for slaughtering the solo? The momentary weakness made Jonas smile. The last for many a day, he supposed.

The symphonic poem drew toward its lingering close. If he could slip out now, or sink through the floor. A minute more and he heard a boom of applause. The audience was clapping, very nearly cheering. Stilovitch's eyes were smiling at him. Smiling at him, the bungler? He was mad, he must get out. Why did they applaud so long? Was it possible that they had not heard those dissonances? No, no. He was dreaming. If his legs would only move, he could leave now. The Academy was spinning round. Ah, the door at last, but standing in the door-way, Monsieur Varanèse, the composer! What was he saying?

"Ah, mon brave, you are wonderful, superb. Mon dieu, nevaire in my life have I heard such harmony. Voilà your faute—mistake—it made the piece. What matters a mistake when it is all for the best, mon cher? Do you

not listen to the applause? They are charmed by your mistake. *C'est la vérité, n'est-ce-pas, Monsieur Stilovitch?*"

Jonas gasped. He had done it wrongly but rightly. It was not true; it could not be true. But there was Monsieur Varnèse clapping him on the back, kissing his cheeks. Bad habit of the French, he thought. The people were applauding him, were clapping him, Jonas, the bungler. What did it matter? The drummer had said it "was the devil to play", and now when it had been played like the devil, it was a success. Everything was upside down, but it did not matter. If you get away with a mistake, it evidently was not a fault. Queer theory, but damn good in the present case. Jonas was Jonas no longer, but Jonas, the English horn-player. Now for food and Jonas smiled to think of the oyster.

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## The Ghost

MARGARET HALEY, '28

The noon-drowsed bluebottles didn't stir  
And I made no shadow under the fir,  
And the moist white violets got no bruise  
Under the press of my scarlet shoes,  
And the brittle horns of a beetle snapped  
Never a whit when my foot was trapped  
In the ferns, and I'd crushed him, I had thought,  
Tripping. And never a drop I caught  
Out of the brook in my brown cupped hand,  
And never a ridge of the rose-white sand  
Tumbled under my muslin skirt,  
And the sting of a fat bee didn't hurt. . . .

Ah!

I know it's true what the people said,  
"Poor Tip Larkspur—her grandchild's dead."

## The Daily Round

YILDIZ PHILLIPS '28

THE August sun still shone relentlessly, low hung and glaring, even through the humid mist that rose almost perceptibly from the pavements. Around the corner, the bell of St. Martin's tolled five in a high, shrill peal that rung out above the cries of the man with his fruit cart, the high-toned arguments of the women selling cheap silk stockings and round loaves of brown bread, and the noise of the children playing some complicated game of hide-and-seek behind the tall, ugly pillars of the library. I leaned out of the window to watch them, and smelled the hot, stagnant odors of fruit lying in the gutters, of perspiration, of chewing-gum and onions. I turned away, a trifle sick, remembering the morning I had come in a bit tight from last night's gaiety and had had a strong whiff of my first customer. Afterwards, I had hastened as quickly as possible up the dark stairs to the couch in the staff room, and had lain there a long time trying to forget that smell. I turned back to the desk. The Library clock said 5:30. I was glad St. Martin's was wrong. Betty was at the other side of the desk doing that mysterious process known as "charging". Consequently it devolved upon me to "discharge". I hated discharging. There however, stood the inevitable row of small curly black heads, very patient, very serious, very dirty. Discharging is a complicated process if one's mind is elsewhere. The serious boy in front of me reminded me without a smile that I had stamped the book, not the card.

"You'd better hurry," I reminded him, "It's time to close." The children hurried along noiselessly.

"You owe ten cents," I remarked to a small girl, so small that only her eyes appeared above the top of the desk.

"We'll have to keep your card, Angela."

The big brown eyes looked at me dolefully. Then she remarked brightly,

"I'm going to stop library," and tripped off.

Quarter to six. I sat there wishing six o'clock would hurry along.

"Please, teacher, can I have an easy book?" This from a small round creature with a Hebraic cast of countenance.

I looked at his card. Abraham Graminowitz. We trotted off together and I hunted under the shelves among the red, bound little volumes with the large letters and pictures on every page.

"Would you like one about animals, Abraham, or one about a fairy?" Abraham considered.

"Fairy," he answered gravely. The transaction was completed, and Betty charged him off on the other side of the desk.

Six o'clock at last. I took my hat out of the drawer. I had long ago given up wearing it, and it saved the trouble of going all the way down to the lockers. It still served, however, as a badge of respectability. There was a nickel in my pocketbook,—in fact there was a total of fifty cents. "The question before the meeting," I remarked gravely to myself, "is: shall I have a forty-cent dinner and ride home, or a forty-five-cent dinner and walk home." The logical thing to do was to eat near home. "There aren't any automats there, but there is always 14th street." Fourteenth Street did not appeal very much however. I remembered the restaurant around the corner where I had once received a fly in a roast beef sandwich.

"You can't keep them out," was the host's indignant rejoinder to my complaint. "What d' you think this is! January? Well then ——"

I had said nothing more, but I would have liked the money for another sandwich.

I had reached the bottom step. Back in the office I heard the telephone tinkle. Betty, who kept her hat in a locker, hurried out. I turned around and caught her eye.

"Telephone for you," she shouted. Tucking my hat securely under my left arm-pit and my pocketbook under my right, I stalked back.

"Hello."

"Hello. Where are you going for dinner?"

"Nowhere special."



"We're having dinner in the apartment. If you're not going out, come down, Big party."

"All right, I'll be there," . . . I answered. "I'll be there in half an hour," and rang off. Then I stopped and considered. I knew what "big party" meant. It meant a small party doing the work of a big one. My roommate's friends were all girls, which meant absence of all constraint. Somehow, when there's a man around. — But then a free dinner! On second thought, would it be free? Anyway, I could pay it when I paid the rent and my cheque had come in. I opened the library door, stumbled over a small urchin who had suddenly leapt in front of me from nowhere, and turned toward the East Side subway. The sun was a little lower now, but the air was hotter than ever. No sign of a change. In the streets, they had turned on the fire hydrants, and children in bathing suits, children in shirts, children in nothing at all, were splashing around in the gutter. Screams of delight on all sides. Mr. Muscowitz, fat, smiling and grimy, looked on from his Delicatessen. He generally looked more serious, but perhaps that was just when he was trying to convince me the eggs were fresh. One small boy in a red and black striped suit lay on his stomach in some six inches of water, and was swimming away for dear life. Down at the corner, the man was still selling his queer looking ices. I had once been rash enough to try one. I remembered asking him the flavours, and being told, "Pink and white". The technique of eating them was quite difficult. They came in little paper cups, and you squeezed the bottom of the cup like a tube of toothpaste. However, I reflected, never again! The taste had been quite indescribable, and I remember wondering how long it took to develop typhoid fever.

The subway at last. Thundering and swaying on the long pull between 86th and Grand Central. Once I had been frightened that the engineer had lost control. Now I liked it. We pulled into East 14th Street, and I hurried through the crowds, stopping to look at the dress which had caught my fancy yesterday. It was green, sleeveless, in two pieces, and cost \$1.98. The store next door had one like it in brown for \$2.98.

I hurried along, thinking of the \$.50, now reduced to \$.45.

Home. I heard the victrola going. Sometimes we played Beethoven, or the Walkyrie. Tonight rang out a doleful ditty, "Nobody Cares", sung by a masculine lady with a tenor voice. I heard a cheerful clink, and then voices. I opened the door.

There was steak, very tough steak, and I remember standing with difficulty, and cutting it on the mantelpiece. I also remember spilling my fourth cocktail, and being told my head was getting weak. This hurt my feelings, so I took another to prove they were wrong. I remember the victrola, and Mary's crazy songs. In fact, I remember dancing a hornpipe to one of them!

Then bed, Mary talking philosophy to me with drunken sobriety. Closing my eyes with the unpleasant sensation of being hit on the head by the ceiling, and then, the very pleasant feeling of gliding through the window ——!

Next morning. I got up just a little too late for breakfast. Possibly time for a glass of milk on the way. I wondered if Betty had brought any plums with her lunch and whether she'd let me eat one of them.

Nine o'clock. Desk in order. The children streamed in to the discharging side. I had managed to get on the other, but was not sure I had the best of the bargain. I remember what difficulty I had putting cards into books. Then a lull—Presently,

"Teacher, can I have an easy book?" My head felt very hot. Oh, for a glass of water!

"Did you finish the fairy book, Abraham?"

"Yes, teacher. And now I want the one about th' animals!"

## The Fence

HELEN MCKELVEY, '28

He was small and muscular;  
Ragged as a hobo;  
His dirty face was horrid with a three-day beard.  
His dusty feet moved slowly  
Along the country road bed.  
The dogs were all uneasy until he disappeared.

We saw him very often,  
For he passed our house at evening,  
Every other Monday, with his well-filled pack.  
We were silent as we watched him;  
There was something evil, awful,  
About his twisted fingers, and his half-bent back.

Maybe he was nothing  
But an ordinary pedler,—  
Still, my brother told us he was called—"the fence".  
We never moved a muscle  
As he passed us in the evening,  
But only held the dogs, and watched, in still suspense.

## A Man of God

MARY ADAMS, '28

ALL the long drowsy afternoon I had been riding in Weybrooke Forest, following any path that offered itself or, more often, wandering without other guide than my inclination or that of my horse. Now that evening was approaching I realized suddenly that I was lost. I had no idea by what fanciful route I had come to the rocky ground my horse was now cautiously treading, nor had the place any association for my memory. I only knew that Carlisle, the town in which I lived, lay somewhere on the eastern edge of the forest. So I turned my back on the setting sun and took the way pointed out by the long straight shadows of the trees.

The ground sloped gradually upward, and I was in hopes of finding myself at the top of a hill, from which some landmark might be seen. Presently I came upon a path, cut many years before along the slope. I determined to follow it, for its direction was not very diverse from that in which I had been going, and, though choked by fallen trees and underbrush, it might lead into some more traveled way. The going was extremely rough, for the bushes were tall and thick, so that I rode blindly, my arm before my face. Sometimes the path became almost indistinguishable and I was afraid that it might disappear altogether. Once it was entirely blocked by two hemlocks, that stood with intermingled branches, like a hedge across it. My horse pressed between them, however, and stood still on the edge of a clearing.

Covered with briars and encroached upon by trees though it was, its purpose was still apparent through two or three headstones that emerged from the heaped-up tangle of vines. I leaned over to read the name cut on the face of one near me.

*Susan Weybrooke*

I sat up straight as I realized that I had stumbled on the burial ground of the Weyhooke family, which with the ruins of their house had been lost in the forest for untold years.

The legend, for their history had become vague and uncertain with time, said that three centuries ago Morton Weyhooke had been granted the forest which still bore his name, and that on a hill somewhere within its depths his son had built a house, a pleasant mansion with lawns and gardens. In the days of the Revolution, John Weybrooke, loyal to the whose ancestor had been the benefactor of his family, was killed in battle and buried here, the last of his race. A few days later, the house was burned, whether by the colonists, through spite, or as some asserted, by John Weybrooke's widow, as a final gesture before she left the country, no one now knows. This much, however, was certain, that the Weybrooke's had vanished from New England, leaving no trace of their stay, except that the forest, confiscated by the government, retained their name. Even the ruins of their house, with its lawns and gardens, had become a mystery. No paths led to it, and no one even knew in what part of the forest it had stood.

My horse's hoofs clicked on a horizontal slab hidden under the briars and then were silent on the turf beyond. The path I had followed was clearly visible now, leading under pines and hemlocks. The wood became thinner after a little while, and changed to a ragged scrub which I recognized to have once been an orchard by a few fruit trees that remained, knotted and broken, like wretched paralytics. As I rode along I became aware of a sound other than those of the forest. At first I thought it was a man's voice uplifted in some sort of chant, but there was a wildness about it, and a lack of restraint which I had never heard before. Presently I could doubt no longer, for words began to be distinguishable.

"Day unto day uttereth speech  
Night unto night showeth knowledge."

The nineteenth psalm, with certain words lacking or changed, as I noticed mechanically, but spoken with an extraordinary power and passion. I approached cautiously, my horse making no noise on the grass. Suddenly the path twisted, and as if by the sudden gesture of a hand, brought me face to face with the speaker.

I saw an old man with long white hair and a ragged beard, who stood against the ruined wall of a house, and looked at

me out of the startled eyes of a wild animal. Some birds had flown up as I appeared, and after circling once or twice above me, lit again on the grass near by, and watched me distrustfully. There was a curious similarity between their glance and his, their obvious readiness for flight and his shrinking attitude.

"Could you tell me the way to Carlisle?" I asked, feeling my words to be absurd. He gave a little start, of relief I thought, and came a step toward me.

"To Carlisle," he said, repeating my words meaninglessly. His voice was harsh and flat as though, used only to call upon God, it had lost the power of modulating itself to human ears, "I can tell you the way to Carlisle." He half-turned, his arm outstretched toward the forest, as if calculating its depth, and tracing in it paths invisible to me. He was dressed in some sort of coat and trousers, almost too ragged to be recognizable, that hung in a tattered fringe at his elbows and knees. His arms and legs were as shaggy as those of Nebuchadnezzar.

"If you will follow me," he said, "I will lead you into the way to Carlisle."

He laid his hand on my horse's neck, and looked up at me with shy, dark eyes, his spirit shrinking away from me into their depths. His face was less like the countenance of a man, than like a brown leather mask of tragedy, moulded by the fingers of an artist into lines of grief and exaltation.

"How did you come?" he asked, the thing that was hiding in his eyes leaping out for a moment and then hiding again, "no one has come for many years, except only those whom the Lord sends as he sent the ravens to Elijah."

I told him how I had been lost and had found my way to the graveyard.

"I saw a stone marked Susan Weybrooke ——"

"Susan," he looked puzzled, "there were two and her name was Caroline ——" One felt his mind groping in the mist.

"It was Susan Weybrooke, that I saw, but there were other stones."

He shook his head, then repeated, "Weybrooke—The Lord has felled the proud of heart, and in the tents of the unrighteous he has made a habitation for his servant." His

voice was raised to the sing-song chant which I had first heard, and I thought he had forgotten me, but he broke off and said, in the same words as before,

"If you will follow me, I will lead you into the way to Carlisle."

Without waiting for my answer he turned and started through the forest at a swift, silent pace. He passed among the trees almost as if he were a ghost, no branches snapped back at me as I blundered behind him, and he never seemed to touch the low-hanging branches. For the most part he was silent but now and then his voice rang out in an odd verse of a psalm. He went twisting and turning, never hesitating, although there was no sign of a path, and the trees looked all alike to me. I thought of certain of Grimm's tales, and wished that I had some pebbles to scatter on the ground. The sun was setting in earnest now, and the wood was in deep shadow although above our heads it was still light. While I was wondering whether I would not be wise to ride away and try to find my own way out of the forest the trees became less closely set, and we came out on the brow of a hill. Fifty feet or so away was a road that I knew, and far below Carlisle lay in a hollow, small and clean and white, like a toy village.

The old man stood beside me looking down, a curious expression distorting the lines of his face. He was muttering but I could hear little of what he said:

"And the soul of thy servant fled like a bird to the mountain—among the hills thou hast cleansed my hands of their stain and my spirit of its unrighteousness ——"

His words passed into incoherence and then into silence. Below us the last of the sunset touched the little white steeple of the church with an uncertain radiance, and changed the tops of the elms about it to a golden green. I watched until the light faded away and the uniform gray of twilight took its place. At last I turned to my guide to thank him, but there was no one beside me; the hill lay bare before me, and the forest rose up impenetrably behind.

"Thank you for showing me the way," I called. There was no answer, and not a twig snapped to break the perfect stillness.

As I rode down the familiar path I thought that I must

have imagined the adventures of the afternoon, or have been enchanted and have wandered somehow into the middle ages. I had been perhaps in Carterhaugh, haunted by an aged Tamlane whom Janet had not rescued; in Broceliande, where Merlin, free at last from his spell, wandered forever. Or, since the old man had sung psalms, there were the holy men who had fled the world "like birds to the mountain". With the words, the actual tones of his voice seemed to ring in my ears, to bring me back to reality, for reality it had been, I knew. No ghosts of the middle ages haunt Weybrooke forest in New England.

A few days later I picked up the current number of a magazine, in which was an article concerning murders of interest in the past. Glancing down the page, my eyes were caught by the familiar name of Carlisle. I looked back to the beginning of the paragraph.

"Another case is that of Edward Vonner, minister in the New England town of Carlisle, some fifty years ago. He was, it is gathered, an excellent preacher of the word, sincere in his belief, and if a little narrow, no more so than was usual at that time. He was a very gentle and lovable character, with a great fondness for animals. It was his misfortune to marry a pretty wife, Caroline Houghton, by name, and, to have a friend, one John Merrell, completing the triangle. The tragedy progressed according to a perfectly conventional formula; the pretty Caroline finding in John Merrell a pleasant relief from her husband's righteousness, and he, occupied with higher things, remaining in ignorance of their attachment. This situation culminated, however, with an almost unprecedented suddenness, in a shot fired in the Vonner house and the finding of John Merrell's body in the Vonner living-room. Not race of the young minister could be found, and it was surmised that he was hiding in the forest which is close to the town. After a desultory search, for the townspeople had been very fond of him, the case was allowed to rest, and, for all that is known to the contrary, Edward Vonner may be in the forest still. Mrs. Vonner, the third point in the triangle, left that part of the country and died a few years later."

I put down the magazine thoughtfully. Outside the gardener was weeding one of the flower beds. He was very



old, and bent like his own sickle—A suspicion flashed through my mind as I remembered having met him in the forest once or twice, and his embarrassment at seeing me.

"Martin," I called

"Yas'm."

"How long has the Weybrooke house been lost?"

He scratched his head thoughtfully. "Mebbe fifty years."

"Did you ever go there?"

He looked at me sharply, and his face became perfectly expressionless.

"Well'm I can't rightly remember."

Sure that my suspicion was correct I drew back from the window to ponder a sentence of the old man in the forest: "those whom the Lord sends as he sent the ravens to Elijah—" not angels evidently, I thought as Martin tossed a weed onto the pile beside him. Behind his bent figure rose Weybrooke forest; arrogant, incorruptible guardian of the secrets buried within it.

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## The Enchanting Mower

EMILY LEWIS, '31

You are a mower, scything down  
The swishing skirt of earth's green gown.  
You cut the contour of the hill,  
Your fatal hissing breaks the still  
That settles on the flowery grass.  
You bundle sheaves into a mass  
Of bulky form and pile it high.

But strange! As hay pitched there to dry  
It scents the air, and nests a lark,  
Entices lovers in the dark.

## Bittersweet

JEAN FESLER, '28

You are gathering fire in a land of flame,  
With the sting of wind on your body,  
And nettles and thorns on your feet.  
Your heart is as bright as the light in your arms,  
As the light on the hills,  
Yellow and clear, heavy and red.  
You have stumbled along the briary hills,  
And torn bright berries from hedge and crest,  
Over the land looked long, and looked again.

The dry grass breaks and rattles, the leaves are crushed,  
You bruise your feet, and go to the swift chill water—  
You stumble and sway, and grow cold, and bruise them again.  
The pain is joy,  
Because of the fire in your arms, on the hills;  
The cold is joy,  
Because we have filled the old white house with fire,  
With a flame as bright as the trees.  
We wait and are still.  
On the hearth you lay your bittersweet,  
And we are quiet together.

## Carpe Diem

HILDA WRIGHT, '29

“CARPE DIEM”, sings the cricket and fiddles his summer away; “carpe diem”, warns the provident little ant and labors with her burden up the swarming hill. So according to our disposition we twist the words of the philosophers to suit our fancy. “Gather ye rosebuds while ye may” sings the Cavalier poet, but whether we seize cabbage-roses or tea-roses depends upon our individual taste. The important thing, I should say, is that we snatch a flower of some sort while yet it blooms.

And so I suppose it will always be debatable which got more out of life, the gay reckless cricket or the unattractively “useful” ant. To be sure, the fable hints at the cricket’s premature decease as the result of his heedlessness while the ant lived on, we are subtly led to believe, to toil through an indefinite length of days. Is then life itself the be-all and the end-all? A wise Elizabethan says,

“In small proportions we just beauties see  
And in small proportions we just may perfect be”,

and while I cannot suppose the cricket to have led either a beautifully proportioned or faultless life and though I fear he may be rightfully regarded as one of the dishonourable company of “drink-deepers”, yet my imperfect sympathy lies with him who sang his life away in a sunny field with no thought for the morrow.

My quarrel, in truth, is not so much with those who live intensely whether they achieve merely “experience itself or the fruits of experience” but rather with those who walk somnolently through a world which for them is of neither time nor space. These sleep-walkers are half dead. I think I can hear Carlyle saying sternly, “Better were they quite dead”. Far from seizing the day, they are seized by it. Without a struggle they become victims of each successive hour which alone dictates the past time of the

next, until Death comes to deepen their sleep and crown their futility.

More pathetic even than these are the fainéants, those who are so bewildered by the realization that life is short and much is to be done, that they can only frame countless eager ambitions which come in time to be for them a substitute for action. These miserable creatures, among whom so many of us number, are like the man who wanders into a library stacked to the ceiling with books and who, after contemplating the vast unexplored world before him and enthusiastically determining to read first this volume and then that, is suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of the futility of reading any at all. Neither are they unlike the ship-wrecked sailor in one of Mr. A. A. Milne's latest and most delightful poems:

"There was an old sailor my grandfather knew,  
Who had so many things which he wanted to do,  
That whenever he thought it was time to begin,  
He couldn't because of the state he was in."

He ended, I believe, in doing nothing at all but "bask on a shingle wrapped up in a shawl." I wince at the characterization.

There are an appalling number of us, who, unable to decide where to begin, end by shawling ourselves on shingles and resigning ourselves to a life of ineffectual basking.

Up! "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may!" Remember him who for want of rose-petals nearly remained an ass!

## Book Reviews

GALLION'S REACH, by H. M. Tomlinson.  
Harper's

*Gallion's Reach* is a curiously fascinating story. It somehow manages to focus one's attention wholly on the present moment, so that one feels as if one were walking in a circle of light, with darkness behind and before.

The shipping clerk, Colet, lives in a London of his imagination, where he sees the city millions "poured through time like a senseless fluid". It gives one a disembodied sensation to follow his footsteps. There is no premeditation in his actions. Quite unintentionally, he sets out on a voyage to the Indian Ocean, thus beginning a series of adventures.

Mr. Tomlinson creates for us a glamorous atmosphere that makes all things seem probable. His descriptions of the Malay jungles are particularly pleasing. With Colet, one is swallowed up in the vast extent and monotony of the forest which is slashed by streams and haunted by tiger-devils.

The characters as introduced, grow familiar, step outside and are seen no more, which adds to the inconsequential tone of the whole. One completely forgets them and moves further into the East, with new associates, equally congenial.

*Gallion's Reach* is an interesting combination of the "stream of consciousness" study and the old-fashioned tale of harrowing adventures and hardships. After burrowing foggily through books like *Blue Voyage*, it is delightful to find that the advantages of that sort of necessity may be included in a story where "something happens".

In *Blue Voyage*, people think and do nothing. In *Gallion's Reach*, they do exciting things and think about something else.

E. B.

REQUIEM, by Humbert Wolfe.  
George C. Doran.

*Requiem* is a series of poems, which, as the title suggests, deals with those whose life, on earth at least, is over, and whose souls await judgment. The book is divided into two parts, *The Losers* and *The Winners*, which again, are divided into the pleas, not of individuals, but of types of mankind. The types, are arranged in couples, the reason for the bracketing together of some being self-evident, of others more difficult to understand. It is natural, for instance, that The Common Man and The Common Woman should stand together at the judgment seat, but The Soldier and The Harlot, The Anarchist and The Respectable Woman, would seem to have little in common. There is, however, nothing in the book which has been done without thought, and no poem in which the explanation for its seeming paradoxes is hid too deeply to be found by the seeking mind.

An extraordinary piece of workmanship, the book sustains and repays interest. Each of the forty-odd poems in it is a stone cut and set by a craftsman whose ability is matched by his industry. There is no word, no line, which does not justify itself, and tend to the shaping of the whole, and although the verse-form of half the poems is the same there is no monotony because of the exactness of phrasing, and the care with which each subject is developed.

M. A.

---

HEAVENLY HISTORY, by Eleanor Follansbee. Covici, Chicago.

*"Coelum ipsum petimus Stultitia"*

That "nothing is difficult for mortals" has been proved by the recent publication of a charming little book entitled, *Heavenly History*. It is nothing less than the account of the history and hierarchy of the blessed angels, with introductory chapters on Heaven and Hell and God and the

Devil, and contains sundry Apocrypha of a whimsical and fantastic nature, including an entertaining if somewhat irreverent dialogue between God and Satan.

The style is graceful and brittle wherever it appears, but we regret that the author trusts it too seldom and weighs down her pages with long quotations from the Bible, Swedenborg, Milton, and Blake which give too much the effect of pastiche and make rather dull reading. We admit the temptation to quote one who was on such intimate footing with the heavenly host as to salute them on the street, but we cannot but wish that the temptation had been resisted now and then. The Foreword, which is entirely Miss Follansbee's own, is on the other hand an extremely fine piece of writing; a fact which leads us to hope that the author's next book will allow her greater freedom for her originality and for self-expression.

H. W.

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# The Vagabond

YILDIZ PHILLIPS, '28

From the damp earth the slow mists rise  
Sweet smells sucked by a vaporous sun.  
Under his feet the white road lies,  
Over his head the white clouds run,  
Driven and twisted across the skies  
By clear, cold winds from the hills.

Clear are his eyes as curved, hard steel.  
His swinging step is strong and slow.  
The firm earth crunches beneath his heel,  
And through his hair the dry winds blow.  
He is strong in himself to endure and feel  
The sting of the wind in his face.

Out of the mists the heat is born.  
The sun is stung by the torturing wind.  
Out of the sky the clouds are torn,  
Gray before and steel blue behind.  
The fields are bare with the stubble of corn  
That is cut by the scythe of want.

By the side of the glittering stream he waits,  
His cloak drawn tightly across his breast.  
Dark are the winds as driving fates,  
Driving him on in his strange unrest.  
The wind he loves, and the God he hates  
Are one in the power he follows.

# The Shepherd of Sheep

NANCY MITCHELL, '28

ALL things considered, the Reverend Tommy did come to us in a rather odd way. But then, as a community, we are rather out of the ordinary; I doubt if you could find another such county in all these United States, and even if we did acquire a Parson C.O.D., the success of the venture is proved beyond all challenge.

For over a year Garrison Chapel,—its name a relic of the days when our ancestors went to church armed against the Indians,—had stood empty, sans pastor, sans sexton, sans everything, and probably it would have mouldered to gradual ruin had it not been for the timely advent of the Church Bulletin and the sporting instinct of the Hunt.

"An English curate, aged forty-five, would like to find a post in America, with living provided, and where the hunting is good." An unusual advertisement? We all thought so, most of all our Conservative Member; but he thinks everything odd; he even fought the election of the Whip, whose flippant manner covers a knowledge of our country unequalled even by Old Man Higgins.

But to get back to my story. The Hunt Committee was meeting that snowy afternoon, and having finished their alleged business, were lolling by the fire, the Whip holding forth to no one in particular, as was his wont.

"Well, I'm all for Farmers' Day, but for the love of mud let's have a movie, or something. The men are all right, you can talk to 'em but ye gods! the women! Last time I got wedged in between——"

Bang! The Master, startled from head to heels, had dropped the latter from the "heel nick" in the wood box, and was sitting bolt upright, the Church Bulletin in his hands. Excitedly he read the notice to the three or four who were gathered together. There was a thought-filled silence. Then:

"Well!" said the Whip. "Here's the chap we're after!"

Another silence. "Sounds fine," agreed the Master; but our Conservative Member was not so sure.

"Hmp! Looks queer to me. Anybody ever heard of him?"

"Silly. If we had he'd have been here long ago. Besides, nobody'd put that in for fun, would they?"

"Might. Anyhow, maybe he means grouse, and that sort of thing."

"Then he'd say shooting, *not* hunting."

"Say, Michael, whenever did a parson sting you?" the Whip taunted the conservative one. "I think we might take a sporting chance for *once* in our lives!"

"I never have been fooled because I'm always cautious. There's too much involved to go importing any Tom, Dick, or Harry on faith. You wouldn't buy a horse that way, would you?"

"Have!" cried the Whip triumphantly. "Bought my good old gray just so, and named her 'Sight Unseen'. *You* know!"

"Here, here, stop it," said the Master. "No use quibblin' now. We don't want to buy a pig in a poke, but it's certainly worth looking into. I'm going home to think."

"Try and think here," plead the Whip. "We'll all be mousy-quiet."

"Oh, shut up. I can't think when you're within a mile of me."

"H'm? So *that's* why the Mill River fox ditched us the other day! I *thought* your wheels weren't working. Had I better resign?"

The Master sat down again, and heavily. "You ass! But I'm serious about this; I think we had all better talk to our wives."

"Oh, Lord! Then there *will* be a row! Model husband! (The Whip, be it said, is his wife's devoted slave.)

The Master ignored him elaborately. "Then we'll have a meeting and find out what everyone thinks we ought to do. After all, we haven't the only say, and there's a lot at stake. I'm going to think, and sometime soon we'll meet and vote. You guys spread the news."

"We will! Farewell, Jerry; don't sprain your mind," the Whip flung after the broad retreating back. But the Master had closed the door.

The others departed also, after the Conservative Member had flayed the Whip for his foolishness and touched up

everyone in general. The Father of Six went home to ask his wife's opinion, as always. The Oldest Huntin' Man, who thought much and spoke seldom, toured up to inspect the church and its rectory. And the Conservative Member began at one end of the valley to work down and decry the plan just as the Whip in his ramshackle Ford began at the opposite end upon the opposite errand.

Whether the two met in the midriff of the valley, and what happened then, history does not state. But the Whip chose the best end to begin at, and made far better time than the other, for by dark he had at least three-fifths of the valley yelping to cable the man at once. And, since according to the Master's fiat we had to wait for a meeting, what a tempest arose in our peaceful county! Literally, no man knew his friend, and brother's hand was raised against brother. On one side of the struggle were arrayed the optimists, mostly young, to whom the idea of a dark horse was infinitely exciting; on the other side raged the pessimists, whose prophecies were dark and awful. There were those who could see nothing in favor of communicating with the man; he might have inserted the hunting phrase just to catch the eye; he might be an impostor, a rotter, or any sort of a bad bet; he might be utterly wrong, and once he got here, what then? Other people had the courage of intuition and an abounding supply of hope. The Father of Six thought he knew someone of that name, in England. Someone else thought this a heaven-sent chance to forge a link between the "Big Twin Lands" (at which the Whip said "My God!", though he was a man of few oaths). An expatriot waxed even more sentimental at the prospect of having "a bit of old England" in our midst. So that what with sentimental people and irritable people, people anxious, cautious, acid, and boisterous, and the scanty leavening of easy-going, common-or-garden people, the atmosphere of the county was so electric that at times one's hair crackled, as it does in a summer thunder-storm. To make matters worse, two weeks of alternate rain and freeze put hunting at a standstill, and everyone was seething with suppressed energy which expended itself mostly in squabbling.

Fortunately the meeting came in time to prevent a complete explosion, and it was rather like an encounter of enemy statesmen to make a treaty. There was no attempt at order,



and the Master was about to cry quits when the Whip arose and became the hero of the evening. From him unsuspected wells of oratory burst forth; he could have beaten Daniel Webster in a walk. He plead, he argued, he wheedled. He alluded tearfully to old Dr. Smith, whose death had left an empty spot in the Hunt as well as the Rectory. He appealed to the reason and played upon the sentiments, and in a final impassioned spurt pointed out the Cup which is our pride.

"What won that?" he wanted to know. "A Dark Horse! We took a long chance and ran him for the club, and he won us that. Gentlemen, a health to the Dark Horse!"

To one who does not know the Whip, his innocent childlike charm is unthinkable. Suffice it to say that his final engaging smile weighed the balance, and the club was suddenly in an uproar of approval. Even the Conservative Member relaxed and said, "H'm, We-l-l." The Hunt seemed suddenly to have made up its mind, feeling strongly that its established dignity demanded a parson in the Rectory. Of course, no one thought for a minute that another man could compare to the late Dr. Smith, whose white hair had matched equally his surplice and hunting-stock, and whose cheerful presence had kept us a model hunt; but everyone felt that a "Reverend" we must have, and certainly none of the others mentioned had been considerable. So while the exhausted Whip was recuperating in a corner, the Master was commissioned to "cable, or write, or something," and the meeting broke up.

"Freddy," said the Whip's wife as they were driving home, "what on earth makes you insist on our having this man?"

"Can't imagine," replied her husband calmly. "Did you get any gas for this bus today?"

The rest of the Hunt could not imagine either, when in the morning they realized that they had been most sinfully blinded by the Whip and his blarney. But by the time the Member from the lower county, heading a party of reorganized conservatives, reached the Master, the Rubicon had been crossed (by cable).

The first schism seemed child's play compared to what broke out now, aggravated by the element of dread. The Whip, after several talkings-to, didn't smile for days; he had been voted responsible for turning the fellow off, should he prove

to be all that the pessimists foretold. And, with ways-and-means meetings for getting out of the scrape, and indignation meetings against the Whip, and pitched battles one way and another, the county was once again in a lovely way. Our hard-riding twin sisters fought to the point of hunting on different days, and, as the Father of Six said, the weather was full twenty degrees colder than usual for the time of year.

Six weeks after those fatal negotiations had been opened, the new minister sent word of his impending arrival. Luckily the news came no later, for the Hunt was splitting and the Master about to resign; as it was, feuds were forgiven and forgotten in the common surrender to curiosity. Even the twin sisters made up, and drove in one Ford to join the throng at the station. Our station could scarcely be dignified by the name, for the shingle hut can shelter only one other person squeezed in with the crossing-tender and the mail box. Sometimes as many as three or four persons had met there at once; today there was a crowd pushing about like sheep in a pen. Of course, no one admitted that they had come out of curiosity, or anxiety to know the worst; mysteriously, everyone expected important news by mail. Much banter went back and forth, with never a mention of the clergy, but every weather eye lingered on the spot where the train would first come into view.

Suddenly, with a rush and a rattle, the "daily" hove into our midst. Most people turned away, and the weaker of the twin sisters hid her face in the other's coat and cried, "Oh, Aggie, I can't look!"

If the Reverend ever wondered at the strange crowd which on that sole occasion overran the platform, he never mentioned it; in fact, he bore with amazing ease the elaborate detachment of the people who were secretly eyeing him like hawks. Not tall; legs short; appearance not horsemanlike; (the Whip felt qualms engulfing him). Small and spare; hair white and too long; pleasantly tanned complexion, but that might be got from walking the rounds of sick visits; (the Conservative Member began to look triumphant). Clothes well cut; good, chiseled features; brilliant blue eyes and a humorous mouth. ("Looks a good sort," thought the Master's wife.)

"You may as well look," said Aggie to her weak twin.

"He's really quite a neat thing. There,—he's smiling,—*such* a nice smile! But—oh dear! I don't think he's a horseman. He might do for beagles." And doubtfully they drove away.

By this time the Whip had stepped up and removed his cap, with his usual shy-little-boy air. "Mr. Farquharson, sir? I'm the Whip; don't know where the Master is. He must have broken down again,—his car, I mean."

The other's face dissolved into a white smile. "We will trust there are no internal injuries. I imagine I had better wait for him?"

"Right-o,—I mean certainly, sir," replied the Whip, and then added in a sudden burst of confidence, "I say, sir, this mob is the Hunt gathered to look you over; they'd kill me if they knew I were givin' them away. Hope you ain't annoyed; only human curiosity, sir."

"Quite. So this is my flock." He scanned the group frankly, catching more than one eye which instantly turned away.

The Whip was slightly startled by the Reverend's last word; Dr. Smith had never used it in speaking of the Hunt; it had a connotation rather mawkish and pastoral, calling up pictures of silly sheep faces and a tender Guiding Hand.

"Well, sir, I don't think you could exactly call them sheep,—but they're a grand crowd of people. I—I hope you like us, but we aren't a *flock*."

"Quite so, my boy. Ah—how many days a week do you go out?"

The Whip brightened; this was splendid! "Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, sir, with beaglin' Sundays,—that is, unless you clamp down."

"Unless I—good heavens! Am I the constable?"

"Well, sort of; we pride ourselves on being a most decent sort of crowd. Respect of the cloth, and all that, you know. And we do get grand sport . . ."

He was launching into an epic of our hounds and country, but the mail-and-crossing man tottered from his kennel with a telephoned message that things looked very black indeed inside the Master's car, and the Whip had better escort the Reverend home.

"Here, Williams, make yourself useful. That all your luggage, Dr. Farquharson? Gosh, what a bag! Boots?"

"And bridles. I'm sorry it's so heavy. Let me take a hand."

"Oh, no, sir. You try and worm yourself into the car; sometimes it takes a bit of doing; door's most frightfully stiff. Do you mind riding in it? Awful looking,—but a *grand* cross-country car!"

The Ford rocked like a cradle as bag after bag was piled upon the back seat. Then the Whip got in and began to push and pull various things. Nothing happened. Vigorous pullings and rattlings. Silence.

"I say," said the Reverend, "don't you have to pedal these cars?"

The Whip exploded. "Looks as if that might be better!" He put his head out of the window. "Hey! She's died again. Somebody give me a shove."

Six willing shoulders were applied to the back of the car; she rolled a few reluctant yards, and suddenly, with a volcanic explosion, scattered the crowd, grazed a fender, and shot like a greyhound up the white pike. The Whip steered expertly with one hand and waved the other as he waxed expansive about life in general.

"Splendid car, sir. Does thirty-five an hour along, and thirty-five up and down. Total of seventy. Oh,—there's where we meet tomorrow,—under that hill—*come* away from that ditch, Ford! Will you be out, sir?"

"Hardly, I'm afraid. My horses are coming tomorrow, and I want to go in town to bring them out."

Horses! Hot dog! "Oh, you're bringin' with you? We expected you'd buy here!"

"No, I've brought my old two; but of course I shan't have any use of them till they are acclimated. Can I buy or job for the rest of the season?"

"Yes, sir, but we've got you all fixed. Barring accidents, you won't need more than two, and can take your pick from any number that have been offered." (He neglected to say offered solely by the Master and himself.) "See,—there's the church, over there; rectory hid by oak tree. We'll be there in a minute, baggage *and* all."

Clinging to his hat, the Reverend was secretly glad, for there had been more than one moment when he had thought that his American career was coming to a violent end. "But,

ah—what will happen if we can't make a go of this? You know, it *is* odd . . .”

“’S all right, sir. Just wait until your first hunt; you will be took to our bosoms directly,—at least, *I* think so!”

“Thank you, my boy. Gracious!” (The Ford had narrowly missed a white gatepost.)

“All serene, sir; I’m a grand man at the wheel; anyway, this is where you live. There’s the Master!”

And thus was the Reverend Thomas Lionel Farquharson introduced to his new home.

That evening scarcely a tongue in the county was stilled before midnight; every visible quality of the Reverend was discussed pro and con, until the subject must have had nightmares, had he received any subtle inkling of the things that were going on. Like most people unaccustomed to excitement, we bore the semi let-down badly. He was known to have dined with the Master and Whip and their families, and all of these proved not communicative on the telephone; which only fanned the flame. His appearance was pleasant enough, but neither striking nor particularly forceful; beyond this, nobody could say what he was like. If the gods were good, he might turn out to be a thorough sportsman and good companion; on the other hand, the brilliant smile might be but a snare and a delusion. Secretly, everyone feared the worst; time alone would loose the answer, and despite the Whip’s mysterious complacence the county fermented during the night. By morning every soul was on tip-toe, and since it had been given out that the stranger would be hunting, the situation of the station was well-nigh repeated.

The whitewashed hamlet of Shawan lay swathed in wintry silence until almost ten o’clock. Then of a sudden the crackling stillness was broken by the first clop-clop of hoofs, and several shivering children ran into the street to peer along the lane. From over the hill came muffled shouts,—two grooms conversing across a quarter of a mile. Curls of purple smoke arose suddenly from the white village chimneys, for on a day like this, clear and crackling from a bitter cold snap, there would be grooms wanting to come in and warm them. One old lady in a red plaid dress rushed across to her neighbor and back again bearing a great coffee pot, for, as the owner of a “settin’ room”, it was she who offered coffee and buns

to the huntin' folks, and down the lazy length of the valley the first motor horn had hooted. For another moment silence dropped like a blanket over the village. The hard blue sky was lifeless as a dome of turquoise; the long brown distance checkered into fields was a painted background, ready for its figures; some swollen white clouds balanced upon the hills, pausing for the signal to come tumbling down; the whole valley lay as though listening, and waiting.

Then with a musical clink the spell was broken, as the first hunter came trotting into the lane, jingling his curb chain and striking iron shoes upon pebbles. Others followed, all but hidden in colored blankets, or, saddled, dancing as the cold nipped their skins and burned in their nostrils. Grooms, slouching easily in the saddle, turned up coat collars and whistled to keep warm. Two, four, a dozen; the street was a-bustle now with shining animals of bay and black and bright gold, led in circles, dancing with impatience, their necks and bodies straining away from the bridle, puffs of dense white vapor bursting from nostrils, and flicks of cold fire when sunlight caught the polished steel on tossing heads. With a shout and halloo three splashes of scarlet came down the lane, behind a close packet of hounds all jogging along, splendid big hounds with the lean look of experience, crowding near the huntsman.

There were cars by this time, and chatter, laughter, more splashes of scarlet. Not a horse there but greeted hounds with a snort or bounce of excitement, not a man but turned to look and began to draw on his gloves. The Master arrived and sent hounds into an angle of a house. The Conservative Member dashed in, very sporty, in a tandem, looking pink and expectant, and the Father of Six with five of his offspring. A little farmer's girl, whom the Whip had nominated his successor, came strolling in upon her tubby piebald pony, which jumped so phenomenally; she wore a bundly red sweater over blue bloomers, and two flaxen pigtails flapped untrammelled as she looked about with a wide smile. Following her was a dressy woman hovering on a side saddle, who was always following somebody, and a wild-looking girl in a green coat. More cars came, blowing poisonous blue fumes made more awful by the cold; horses crowded and fretted, ready to jump out of their skins with excitement. Suddenly

a whisper ran through the crowd,—“There he is!” For the Master’s wife had arrived, bringing the Reverend.

So! He was hunting! Shovel hat and *excellent* boots. He was once more eyed inch for inch. The Whip stepped up and struggled over some introductions, which weren’t very successful, as he stuttered badly and never got farther than, “Miss T-Trainor, the Reverend Dr. F-F-F—” But the stranger was quite at ease; the smile burst constantly from his brown face, and the wolves felt that a man with such nice teeth and splendid boots couldn’t be bad.

With awful qualms the Whip led his protégé to the corner where stood a fretty bay mare, the Club’s best, but a little difficult until hounds were running. He had pondered long over the selection, and decided that at least the mare would take care of her load, if only he could sit her for the first few minutes. Most people were mounting, but some few noticed what happened. Viciously the mare snapped at the parson as he approached, and in a flash his knuckles rapped her on the nose. Surprised and displeased, she flattened her ears, but, reaching round gingerly, sniffed at the now outstretched palm. Slowly the parson mounted, undisturbed by sundry bouncings; as the Whip mounted nearby, she let out a really nasty kick, and looked around at her rider.

“That’s jest her joke,” said the little farmer’s girl encouragingly. “‘At’s a nice mare. Not mean atall.”

Hounds moved out of their corner, and set off down the lane. The Master’s wife came to get the Reverend; the little girl blew on her stiff red hands and settled into the saddle; with a push and a rattle the crowd bundled along the narrow lane and through a gate, a gallant smear upon the wide brown land.

Within ten minutes hounds were running. A short jog to the nearest copse, a little breathless wait, with a couple of children gibbering in excitement, a joyful cheer from a whip outside the cover, and hounds and horsemen seemed suddenly to boil over, like waters at the bursting of a dam.

The Reverend (who, it was noted, had the proper cover-side manner of gloomy calm), had been beside the Master’s wife getting advice about the country, for this lady, by force of hunting beagles twice a week, knew the lay of the land even better than her husband. Just as she was telling him what

to do if lost, came the tongueing of hounds, and their bright bodies flung over the hill's deadish green crest. The Master, on a tall grey horse, the Whip, riding nonchalantly, the huntsman and second whip,—all wheeled after hounds. The little girl sat down in her saddle and careened away, and the Master's wife set sail too, with a backward glance to collect the Parson.

He followed her faithfully for a time, the bay mare larking over hedge or wall or whatever they happened upon, flinging her quarters so high that once or twice he almost spilled forward. Then he lost his crop, and fatally stopped to retrieve it, just as hounds began a brilliant burst of speed, thereby losing the Master's wife and himself. One moment she had been before him, a graceful blue back with calm and knowing elbows; the next minute she and some thirty others had mysteriously gone; a rush of hoofs past him, one or two shouts to hurry, and then he was deserted. The mare gave a warning jerk to the reins and fidgeted, looking as though she were saying, "Hurry up! I'll wait a *minute*." But by the time he had remounted they were alone.

Had he known the country, ten minutes ride to a hill would have shown him where hounds had checked in a strip of woods. Instead, feeling very lost and helpless, he rode south for an hour without finding a house or a human being.

Suddenly he struck a road, and rounding the bend was all but rammed by a ragged, galloping pony. Pulling up abruptly, its rider sat back for breath.

"Whew!" said the farmer's little girl. "Where you been? Master says you musta got killed over the orchard wall, and he's givin' his wife hell. Come along."

A few minutes later they were headed for where she felt sure they would find the anxious crowd. "What's your name?" she asked.

Her companion was feeling more than a little foolish. "Reverend Thomas Farquharson, madam."

"Gee! You a preacher? I wouldn't 'a said 'hell'." She seemed bothered, but cheered up on hearing that everything was all right by him. "Well, we gotta shove along, Rev'rend Tommy. Gimme a lead over that panel, will ya?"

In a few minutes they met several other searchers, and came



upon the rest of the field, panting from exercise and worry. From the midst burst the Master's wife, visibly relieved.

"Ha! So you left me for another woman!"

"Might I suggest it the other way? You left *me*, and this lady found me wandering, a vagrant, upon the public highway." (The little girl swelled visibly, and told them where she had found him.) "But, seriously, where did you all get to? At least twenty vanished into thin air. And I have never made such an ass of myself!"

The lost returned, everyone settled down again. Before long, Bachelor, our prize hound, spoke joyfully, and with a heartfelt prayer the parson embarked upon his second run. This was an epic, still referred to as "the nine-mile point", and for the rest of that day he acquitted himself brilliantly, until the little girl said, "Gee, you don't need no lead!" He and the mare got along splendidly; nothing that each asked of the other was too much, and when at the end of a killing fifteen minutes he jumped the last big fence, it was all but into the arms of the delighted Whip, who was neglecting his duty to crown his "imported article" with laurels.

"By gum, sir! You're a parson to be proud of! I say—" and with a waving arm he gathered the few survivors of the run—"A toast, ladies and gentlemen! I give you the Reverend Tommy!"

Unfortunately, as amid cheers the Whip raised his own little bottle, it dropped from his numbed fingers. And thus was our parson christened, somewhat in the manner of a battleship, in the breaking of a flask.

## Forest Fire

EVELYN WAPLES, '31

Who has passed by? The ways are desolate;  
The blackened trunks are silent witnesses  
Of all the gentle lives that might have been.  
In aching solitude the locust leaves  
His withered shell; a weary little thrush  
Falls fluttering to the ground, his charred wings stiff.  
Last night the trees in passing beauty burned!  
A world of glowing smoke and snapping fire.  
The energies of ages in one hour  
By a half-gesture spent. This afternoon,  
More silent than the echo of a thought,  
A wand'ring cloud casts shadows on the waste.

# Mah Lan

## (THE WOMAN SOLDIER)

Click, click, and again click, click,  
Moh Lan was in her home weaving.  
The sound of her shuttle was unheard,  
The only thing heard was her sighing.  
"Maiden, what are you thinking?"  
"Maiden, what are you sighing?"  
"I have nothing to think about,  
I have nothing to meditate on.  
Last night I read the military summons.  
Koo Han, the king, was numbering his soldiers.  
The military edicts were twelve in number,  
Each contained the name of my father.  
Father has no grown son;  
No elder brother has Moh Lan.  
I am ready to buy a horse and a saddle  
To go out and fight for my father.  
In the eastern market I bought a quick-running horse.  
In the western market I bought a saddle.  
In the southern market I bought a bridle.  
In the northern market I bought a long lash.  
I bade farewell to my parents in the morning,  
And spent a night beside the yellow river in the evening.  
I did not hear the voice of my parents calling.  
I only heard the Yellow River rapidly whirling.

At the break of the day I said to the Yellow River, "Farewell!"  
In the evening I reached the Black Water.  
I did not hear the voice of my parents calling.  
I only heard the sound of the men riding.  
A thousand miles I hurried to the enemies' camp,  
Passing over mountains and dangerous places like the flying  
wind.  
The north wind brought me the echo of the watchman's bell.  
The cold light shone on my iron clothing.

The generals who had been victors of a thousand fights were  
now killed.

And I, a brave knight, after ten years returned.

I returned to see the Emperor.

The Emperor was sitting on his throne.

Twelve times the war records were handed to His Majesty.

A thousand pieces of gold was to be the reward.

Koo Han asked me what was wanted as recompense.

To receive the rank of a duke is not my wish,

But a good horse that can run a thousand miles to carry me  
home.

My parents had heard of my coming,

They walked with canes outside the village wall to welcome me.

My elder sister had heard of my coming,

She cleaned up my room and my bureau.

My little brother had heard of my coming,

He sharpened the sword and killed a pig and a sheep to enter-  
tain me.

I opened the door of my east room,

And sat down on the bed in my west chamber.

I took off my fighting robes

And put on my former clothes.

Facing the windows, I fixed my hair,

Looking into the mirror I put in some pretty flowers.

I opened the door to see my comrades of the war.

All my comrades were surprised.

Twelve years they had stayed with me,

And knew not that I, Moh Lan, was a maid.

# Mrs. Noble

## A ONE-ACT PLAY

MARCELLA PALMER, '29

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

ROBERT NOBLE, or Dad

MRS. NOBLE, or Mother

MARION

KATHLEEN

BOB

ANNE

SYLVIA

} Their children

TIME: June, 1926

PLACE: Washington, D. C.—Colonel Noble's home.

*Col. Noble's study (or rather, "Dad's Room").*

*At the back left is a large window and at the right front a door which leads to the rest of the house. The walls are literally covered with enlargements of photographs. These are Dad's work, but they are so finished as to appear to be professional. Here are remarkable portraits of the different children, as babies, and now. Among the photographs are pictures of scenes in Japan and China, the Philippines, and Egypt. In the left front corner hang a dozen fishing rods, gleaming with new varnish, and some polo mallets. At the right back stands a huge case of shelves, a veritable hold-all, in which are many cameras, film-boxes, fishing-tackle boxes, boxes of ammunition, boxes, and more boxes. On the top shelf are several guns wrapped in flannel. There is some sense of order among these shelves, but not a great deal. Above the shelves are suspended two sabres.*

*The rest of the room is furnished with a double bed at the centre left, and a Morris-chair which is before a large oak table at the back left. On the table are two radio sets with batteries, some papers, a carton of Camels, many books and magazines; and, scattered throughout, a number of Army insignia, two collars, and a spur, all of which should be in the chiffonier or in the closet, certainly not here. There is a little stool by the bed at the left front, and by the door on the right is a large Igorot basket doing duty as a waste-paper basket.*

*In spite of all this (and more), the room gives a sense of neatness at first sight! For the bed is immaculate and the floor is covered with several light and gaily-coloured rugs in tasteful arrangement. At second sight, we long for a curtain to hide the contents of the hold-all. But we soon become used to it, and, besides, Dad won't stand for any change. He wants his room "as is". That fact, and the tobacco smoke, drove Mrs. Noble to keep her things downstairs on the second floor.*

*At the opening of the scene, we find no one in the room. The window is open. A wire, that runs from the radio sets, out of the window, and up to the roof, is swaying to and fro. Heavy steps are heard on the stair outside the door.*

*Enter Dad, (We'll call him that right away.) He is in polo clothes, and is dragging several sticks. He is wet and much begrimed from the game. His face is as white as his riding-breeches once were. He sinks wearily into the Morris-chair and lets fall the sticks in the corner. His spurs clank against the chair. Soon he notices the movement of the wire and he leans towards the open window.*

DAD: Bob!

BOB: Yes, Dad. *(He is on the roof.)*

DAD: How're you coming, son?

BOB: Oh, I'm getting along pretty well. I'll be finished soon.

DAD: Finished! Already?

BOB: Sure. You can have your birthday present early. You can try it out tonight. I'm just fixing this aerial—Oh, Dad! How was the game today?

DAD: Pretty good. But it was awfully hot.

BOB: How did it come out?

DAD: We beat 'em.

BOB: Great. Gee, I'm glad they didn't get the cup.

SYLVIA *(from downstairs)*: Daddy's home! Daddy's home!

ANNE: How do you know, Sylvia?

SYLVIA: The car's out in front. I saw it.

ANNE: Let's go up and see him.

*(Four small feet come rushing upstairs.)*

SYLVIA, ANNE: Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!

*(They try to climb on him. He holds them off and kisses them.)*

DAD: Don't come near Daddy. He's all hot and dirty.

(*To Sylvia*) No, no, you'll spoil your nice clean dress, Old-timer. (*He laughs.*)

SYLVIA (*slowly*): Daddy, have you been playing polo?

ANNE: 'Course he has, silly. Can't you see?

SYLVIA: I was asking him, not you.

DAD (*seeking a clean shirt in the chiffonier*): Now let me go take a bath, and then I'll talk to you. (*Marion enters as he starts to go out*) Hello, daughtie! (*Kisses her.*)

MARION: Dad!

DAD: It's just the heat, dear.

MARION: You've played another game by yourself. (*Exit of Anne and Sylvia.*)

DAD: Not exactly—

MARION: Yes, I know. The others thought the tournament was stick practice while you outrode the Artillery team alone.

DAD: Well, it was pretty much like that, I'll admit. That son of a gun, Brainerd—But here, I don't want to stay in these clothes another minute. (*Exit.*)

MAR.: Oh, Daddy, Daddy! (*dejectedly sitting on radiator*) "Is all that we see or seem but a dream within a dream?"

BOB (*entering with some radio parts in his hands*): Quoting? Ah, ha! "We are such stuff as dreams are made on."

MAR.: You do know your Shakespeare, don't you?

BOB: Yep! Mario, I'm sorry to disappoint you and all that, but I certainly do (*making a mock court-bow*).

(*Marion raises her eyebrows without commenting. Enter Anne and Sylvia with a large tin box.*)

ANNE: Bob, please open this for us.

BOB: Helpless! Can't you open that? Who was it said, "Frailty (*taking hold of box*), thy name is woman!" (*pulling lid off*).

MAR. (*sarcastically*): Oh, wonderful!

(*Anne and Sylvia deposit themselves on the bed and begin removing pictures from the box, which is filled with them.*)

MAR. (*continuing*): You do know your Shakespeare.

BOB: Oh, of course! He wrote it. Gee, he must have said a lot of things. Every proverb going. I like him.

MAR. (*serious for a change*): So do I. What I love is, "Why then, the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will ope."

BOB: That's good. My teacher's favorite is "All the world's a stage."

MAR.: I don't see how you can have a favorite with so much to choose from.

BOB: Mother says that grandmother had a favorite—

MAR.: Yes, "All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand." That's so pitiful. But Mother has a favorite, herself.

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

. . . . .  
Let no such man be trusted."

BOB: Oh, I've heard her say that. She used to tell me that when I was a baby and didn't know what Shakespeare was. (*He is adjusting the radio.*) You know, that's just like Mother, looking at people that way.

MAR.: Yes, she's just the person to quote that.

BOB: Pretty soon, I'll decide what's my favorite (*starts to go out, scraping heels*).

MAR.: Stop that noise.

BOB (*with a caper*): "Farewell, thou lob of spirits! I must be gone!" (*exit*).

MAR. (*her eyes have fallen upon the occupation of Anne and Sylvia*): Where did you children get those pictures?  
(*Enter Kathleen*)

KATH. (*absentmindedly*): Hello, Marion. (*She is seeking something.*) Have you kids seen my pictures? (*looks inquiringly at Anne and Sylvia*) Anne and Sylvia! Will you look at that? And *sitting* on them!

SYLVIA (*saucily*): Here, take the rest of them.

KATH. (*gently*): You know I wouldn't mind letting you look at them if you asked for them. But you just take them without a word, and sit on them, too. And here's one all torn, by your foot, Anne. Oh (*this desperately*), you can't have anything in this house, nobody cares about your things, nobody asks "may I have this?" They just take what they want and never return them. Other people don't do things like that, but in this house—



MAR.: Kathleen, I know you're tired, and they're exasperating. But we have gotten away from all that, somehow, today. Rose—

ANNE: Oh, what a dumb nurse!

MAR.: Rose has gone on her vacation, and we've been rehearsing the program for Dad's birthday. This morning we got Hartley's room all ready for him; and we've been so busy that we haven't had time to think of that phrase, "in this house".

ANNE: And this afternoon we went to Fairyland—the first time since Marion went away to college.

SYLVIA: Rose never takes us there.

ANNE: And we wouldn't let her if she would. She'd step right on a fairy's veil.

SYLVIA: I love fairies. I'm going to be one on the program.

KATH. (*brightening*): May I help with the program?

MAR.: Of course. You can be and do anything you like in it.

KATH.: I just got some new records that'll be fine for it. I'll go get them (*exit*).

MAR.: All right.—(*To Sylvia*) Why, how do you do, Mrs. Sylvia. You *do* provide such nice, soft cushions in your home (*sitting on Anne who squeals in mock pain*). And how are you and all your nine children? I think I'd better plump up this cushion a little bit (*pounding Anne*). Did you say something? Oh, I guess it was a noise from outside. These neighbor boys are so noisy (*continued grunts from Anne. Sylvia plays up to Marion's acting*). Well, I must be going. (*Anne recovers. Enter Kathleen, and she and Marion retire to stool at left front of stage to look over records.*)

SYLVIA: Listen to that, Anne. Isn't that pretty? (*Anne turns radio on loud. Sylvia dances to the music. Her feet are very nimble and graceful. She dances towards the door right into the arms of Dad as he enters.*)

ANNE: I'm going to sit on this side.

SYLVIA: And I've got this knee. (*Dad sits in the Morris-chair, and Anne and Sylvia perch themselves on his knees.*)

DAD: Where's Mother? I haven't seen her since I got home.

ANNE: She's down town.

DAD: Do you know when she will be back?

MAR. (*looking up*): She didn't say.

DAD (*after a pause*): Isn't that a beautiful tree out there?

SYLVIA (*dreamily*): Ye-es.

ANNE (*likewise*): Daddy, how many trees are there in the whole world?

DAD (*laughing*): I don't know, dear. I haven't finished counting them yet.

ANNE (*after another pause*): Some new people are moving in across the street, Dad, and I know they're Army because I saw the big truck with the soldiers on it, just like when we moved in.

DAD: Is that so?

MAR.: Yes, it's a colonel in the Infantry.

SYLVIA: Um-mm, how do born-babies know whether they are Army or Navy?

DAD: Wh-what!

MAR.: Ye gods! Let me write that down.

ANNE: She means babies that are just born.

SYLVIA: But how *can* they tell? (*Dad is still choking with mirth.*)

MAR.: Most of them are neither. And if they are either, they find it out soon enough.

(*Pause while the family gets its breath.*)

SYLVIA: Hartley is a cadet, isn't he?

DAD: Yes, Minute, he is.

SYLVIA: And when he gets out of West Point, he'll be in the Army, won't he?

DAD: Yes, Minute.

SYLVIA: Well, then, suppose he married a Navy lady, what would he be?

MAR.: He'd be a half-breed.

DAD (*convulsed once more*):—Ouch! You children are heavy. Move over to the bed and give Dad's legs a rest. (*Rubs legs and places them on table. This is his most characteristic attitude. Exit Anne.*)

KATH.: If it's going to be about May Day, we can use those old-fashioned songs you made up.

MAR.: They're not very good. They are really trashy.

KATH.: They're all right. Everybody around here sings them, even though they don't know what they're singing. And Dad says if people will sing your music and not get

tired of it, then it's bound to be pretty good. Besides, *he* says it's good, himself.

MAR.: Did he say that? Maybe I dare use them. That reminds me (*gets music manuscript from book-case*). This is nearly finished.

KATH.: Fine! I'd like to hear it. (*She picks up a funny-paper*). Will it be done in time for the pro—

ANNE (*running in and interrupting Kathleen*): Daddy, he's teasing me.

BOB (*following her in*): No, I'm not.

ANNE: He said I look funny in this dress. (*She exhibits a perfectly absurd get-up.*)

BOB: Well, you do.

MAR.: Comme vous voila batil!

DAD: Bob, if you don't like the lady's attire, keep your remarks to yourself.

BOB (*laughing*): I never saw anything so funny!

DAD: Sh-h! Now, won't you both sing me a song? Sing your Butterfly Song.

BOB (*whispering during song*): Was that the front door?

KATH. (*in a panic*): Yes. Where's my Arithmetic book?

BOB: You left it on my desk. Come on. (*Exeunt, scrambling.*)  
(*End of the song. Dad applauds. He leans over to show the children the pictures in a book he picks up from the table.*)

MOTHER (*from below*): Bob!

DAD (*looking up*): Ah, there's your mother.

BOB: Yes, mother.

MOTHER: Where are you?

BOB: In my room.

MOTHER: What are you doing?

BOB: Studying.

MOTHER: Are you alone?

BOB: Yes, ma'am.

MOTHER: Are you sure?

BOB (*rather sullenly*): Yes, ma'am.

MOTHER: Where is Kathleen?

BOB: In her room.

MOTHER: Is she studying?

BOB: Yessum.

MOTHER: Is she alone? (*No answer. Bob's door has closed.*)  
Bob!

BOB (*opening door, and emitting yell*): Yes!

MOTHER: Has Kathleen anyone in her room?

BOB: No, she's all by herself.

MOTHER: See that you both have a good light. Have you pulled your shades? Pull your shades down and don't tap your feet on the floor as you did yesterday. Do you hear me?

BOB: Yessum. (*His door closes very audibly.*)  
(*Dad considers chastisement for Bob, but changes his mind; he is too tired. He settles back again in his chair. Before the audience at this moment is a very peaceful scene, Marion writing music, and Dad conferring with the two small ones over a book.*)

MOTHER (*entering*): Look at those children. On the spring again. Marion you'd sit right there, and not say a word to them. Why don't you notice what's going on around you? And their feet ruining the counterpane. You can't keep a laundress if you're going to act like that. I'll have to wash it out myself. Not that I haven't enough to do al—

MAR.: I'll wash it.

MOTHER: Enough to do already. You never do a thing from morning till night. Did you ever get to breakfast on time in the morning? Did you ever do any real work, and by that I mean work *with* someone else? No. But you sit there and let these children break down the bedspring and mess up the counterpane, so that I'll have to wash—

MAR.: I'll wash it.

MOTHER: No, you won't wash it. You'll never think of it again, and if you ever did happen to think of it, you would do it wrong. Here, you girls! You'll have to go downstairs now, because you were bad and sat on the bed.

DAD (*extremely pained through all this*): Mary, I believe I told them to get up there. I forgot about the spring, and when they had been sitting on me for a while, I chased them up there in order to rest my weary limbs.

MOTHER: But they knew better. (*To Anne and Sylvia*) You should have said, "Daddy, Mother doesn't allow us to sit on the beds."

ANNE: We forgot.

MOTHER: Oh, "forgot"! That's been said too many times. Go downstairs. (*Exit Anne and Sylvia*)—How are you, dear? You look tired. Did you play too hard? That's just what you did. You've overdone.

DAD: Oh, no, I haven't.

MOTHER: Don't you know when you overdo you shorten your life? The body can stand just so much, and no more. If you would only relax between chukkers, and if you would say to yourself, "I'll only play so many chukkers today," you could stand polo better. But I know you don't.

DAD: But, Mary—

MOTHER: And in this heat you shouldn't be playing anyway. As a matter of fact, a man of your age shouldn't play polo at all. You are nearly fifty and have a family to think of.

DAD: Mary, I'll stop. I really will. (*Wistfully*) As a matter of fact, today's game was my last.

MOTHER: Yes, I've heard that before. And you'll keep on saying it until you're killed. You said that last year when your horse rolled over you and put you in the hospital. Robert Noble, you're a damned fool! (*Nothing could be more feminine than the way in which Mother swears.*)

DAD: I *have* been, Mary. But my eyes are going back on me. I can't see the ball as I used to. I shall never play again.

MOTHER: Your eyes wouldn't be going back on you now if you had treated them right before this. I always said you would be sorry for the outrageous way you used them. All your life you've sat up late, in bed, reading magazines and novels.

DAD: I've been going to bed quite early, lately.

MOTHER (*laughing*): Yes, and it took you half a century to learn to do it. It took you the same length of time to find out that apples were the best thing in the world for you,

and you've spread the cores from one end of this room to the other, so that the maid has complained about it.

DAD (*finally he gets it out*): Oh, damn the maid!

MOTHER: Yes, damn the maid is all very well, but I notice *you* don't stay home and do the cleaning up after yourself. I've never been able to keep a servant for very long, because you're untidy just like the rest of the Irish, and your children are just like you.

DAD (*at last!*): Mary, will you stop talking for a little while?

MOTHER: No, I will not, Robert Noble! And if you don't like my talking, you can lump it. If I offend your delicate ears, you can go somewhere else.

(*Dad puts the radio ear-phones on.*)

MOTHER (*turning to Marion*): Have you done anything at all today? (*arrogantly*).

MARION: Yes, I have.

MOTHER: What?

MARION: Well,—

MOTHER: Well,—I'll bet my bottom dollar it wasn't much, if anything. Did you do any sewing, did you do any sweeping, did you do any dusting, any ironing, or— Why are you wearing that dress again? I told you not to wear it to school. Well, you're not going to school now, but it's too nice for every-day wear.

MAR.: I wore it because I was going to see Grandmother. (*This is a fatal statement, mentioning mother-in-law.*)

MOTHER: Take it off and give it to me. Hereafter, I will tell you when you are to wear it. (*Marion starts to go out.*)

MOTHER: Stop! Take it off, I said. (*Marion hesitates.*) Stay where you are and take it off. I want to *see* you get it off.

MAR. (*meeting her mid-stage*): I *used* to have to do things like that. But no more. You shall have the dress in a moment. (*Exit.*)

MOTHER: All *right*, my lady. I'll fix you.—Robert, why don't you say something when she deliberately disobeys me like that? If you stood behind me, your children wouldn't be such little hoydens. (*Short silence. Enter Marion.*)

MOTHER: You certainly didn't take any time to do that. You must have torn it off. There's no need of wanton destruction just because you are mad at yourself for being so disobedient.

MARION: You'd think I was seven years old.

MOTHER: You certainly act like it. Sylvia, who is just one-third your age, is much easier to handle.

MAR.: "Easier to handle".—"A dream within a dream".

MOTHER: I don't know what you're saying and I don't want to know. Go down and watch the babies—I mean the little children, while the cook gives them their supper. (*Marion takes up her music and prepares to go.*)

MOTHER: Do you hear me?

MAR.: Yes (*Mother gives her a look*)—ma'am. (*Exit.*)

MOTHER: Rob, I went to the Thomas Orchestra concert this afternoon.

DAD: Oh, today was the day of the concert, was it? I didn't realize that. I could have taken you down there.

MOTHER: No, I was already down town getting some socks for Anne. That child runs through hers so quickly. I don't know how she—

DAD: How did you find the music?

MOTHER: It was wonderful. They played the Blue Danube. And the Thomas Orchestra has always played it as no other orchestra can play it. There was a symphony by Tschaikowsky, and also some ballet music which would have delighted Marion. I'm sorry she didn't go. If I'd thought of it early enough, I would have called her up and had her come down.

DAD: Was there any Beethoven?

MOTHER: Yes, there was. And I thought of you. It was the Eighth, which you like so well. It's a shame that you couldn't go.

DAD: Yes, I'm surely sorry that I missed that.

MOTHER: I must go down and see what those children are doing. It's too quiet down there.

DAD: Oh, never mind. Marion's with them.

MOTHER: She has probably fallen asleep by this time. She is always thinking about something else. (*Exit.*)

DAD (*lighting cigarette*): Let's see: we haven't had a "scene" for fully five days. And Marion has "deliberately disobeyed". We're due to have a storm, "immediately, or as soon thereafter as possible", as Hartley would say. (*There is a pause, Dad smoking and reading. Sylvia's crying is heard faintly. He looks up, shakes his head, and then resumes reading.*)

MOTHER (*she is heard ascending stairs*): Rob! (*speaking to someone else*) Come up here! Robert! The very idea. Come up here, I tell you. I might have known it. Right up here with me, my girl. (*Dramatic entrance, Marion reluctantly following.*)

MOTHER (*breathing hard*): Rob, I went down there, only to find that *she* was dreaming again, fooling with that music of hers, while Sylvia was stealing cookies out of the pantry. (*She has the music and punctuates her speech with flourishing it. At each flourish, Marion gives a start.*) The child is already not very well and will probably be very sick during the night. When I asked her what she meant by not doing what I told her to do, she said, "Mother, you *expect* things to go wrong." (*Here Dad gives Marion a very stern look.*) Think of talking to your Mother like that! She's got to obey me, or—(*pause for breath*)—one of us gets out. You've got to choose between us. It's either *her* or *me*. (*At last she has reached the proper pitch of excitement. She tears the manuscript furiously.*)

MARION (*at the first tear she flies across the stage, and stops dead, controlling her desire to strike. She screams.*) Don't you dare tear that! Oh, oh, oh! That took eight months! (*uncontrollable sobs.*)

MOTHER (*quickly crossing room and dropping pieces into waste-basket at door*): Robert Noble, one of us leaves this house, tonight. (*Exit, slamming door.*)  
(*Marion drops by basket, unable to control herself. She picks out the pieces. Dad is overcome. Head in hands, looking at Marion, he stands in centre of room. The scene, as always, is beyond him, unless he should lose his temper, and that is a terrible thing that almost never happens, fortunately.*)



MARION (*vainly trying to piece the music together*): I'm going.

DAD: No, daughtie, no.

MARION: Yes! Last year when she ordered me out, I wanted to go for your sake, and for hers: to avoid a divorce. But this year, I want to go for my own sake. Before I went to college I was one-eighth of an eight-sided question. In the constant strife, I never knew what side I was on because there were eight sides. Now that I've come back, I'm one: I am I. I may be selfish now, but that's better than being selfless as I was before. I have to face the truth, that I am myself, and have my own problem to work out.

DAD: But, Marion if you would control your tongue. Remember your mother is not well. Remember, she has problems that you have not.

MAR.: And she is older and should be able to cope with them better. She drives me to say awful things to her. She seems to want me to say them so that she can have something new to blow me up for. I must go.

DAD: Remember what I said to you last year when you went away for two days, without telling me?

MAR. (*tenderly*): You said, "If you had told me you were going, I would have gone with you."

DAD: I meant that.

MAR.: But that would mean everything terrible, if I would not return.

DAD: Yes, and no.

MAR.: What do you mean?

DAD: I would stay with you as long as you wanted to stay away.

MAR.: You think—I would—come back? Oh, never! (*stops short, then speaks hesitantly*) Never. (*Looks at her father, and then goes to him, sobbing.*)

DAD: Dearest—(*there is a pause*).

MAR.: It seems queer that her spirit, underneath it all, is so beautiful. To some outsiders she is the most wonderful woman they have ever known, and to some others she is the most terrible! People never feel indifferently towards her; and we—we feel all one way today, and all the other way tomorrow.

DAD: She has always been delicate, dear. The war has shaken her terribly.—She is everything in the world to this family.

MAR.: “The be-all and the end-all.” Just like the Athenians and Alcibiades: “They love, they hate, they cannot live without him.”

DAD: Daughtie, dear, let us consider the past events as part of a little war in which we are no longer interested. Be patient, and you’ll find things will mend.

MAR.: “Things will mend.” The sun rises, a new day comes, peace is re-established, and Alcibiades is charming again. But how long does it last? (*This is a mere statement; not bitter, or flippant.*)

DAD: Yes, I know. But the ensuing battles make you that much more prepared for those in store for you. You have your problem; we all have; and the solution of yours—

MAR.: Is to stick it out here.

DAD: That’s it, little soldier. (*He kisses her.*)

MAR.: Yes, Daddy.

*(He holds her at arms’ length as she starts to go. They stand, hand in hand, spellbound by the sound of a piano below. It is Mother playing Chopin.)*

## CURTAIN

## Dispond

MARY ADAMS, '28

The old stars are dim, the new not yet bright;  
Darkness of night  
Broods o'er the world where I wander alone,—  
My heart in my breast is heavy as stone.  
Oh God, send me light.

My life is a maze where right becomes wrong,  
A pain-twisted song,  
Where beauty is tortured and maimed by dismay.  
How long must I stumble, hopeless of day?—  
Blindly—How long?

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## Soccus

*Horace once said that Plautus' playwriting was carelessly done;  
that he "walked across the stage in run-down heels."*

When Horace looked beyond his golden mean,  
Saw Plautus laughing on another plane,  
He said, "You jest, who go across the scene  
With slippers down at heel? You are insane;  
And what is more, you'll never live beyond  
This day and generation." Plautus smiled,  
"Of writing intellectual verse you're fond.  
Your poetry is polished well and filed.  
'Twill doubtless last as long as men exist.  
You write from your mind to the minds of men,  
While I, the short-lived, write that which I list  
From out my heart to others' hearts, but then  
You never soar, nor ever see your God,  
Though passersby remark, 'He is well-shod'."

MARCELLA PALMER, '29.

## Real Country

JEAN FESLER, '28

WHEN she was six years old, Ellen found a picture of a meadow, with low, fat bushes, hills, and shepherds. She liked it so much she was almost ashamed to ask about it; but she did, timidly, and was told it was the country. The country! Had she ever seen it before? Her mother said no. The vacant lot behind their flat was not the country, even though it was full of daisies; the hill they passed on the way to town was only a cemetery. Could she see real country some time? Her mother didn't pay much attention at first, for Ellen wanted to go so much she was afraid to tease. But finally she promised.

"We'll take the bus until it gets way out of town, and then walk a little way and eat our lunch on the grass."

Ellen knew what buses were, but they became more valuable from that day on. She got out the picture from its hiding place in her bottom drawer, and looked for the bus which had brought the shepherds. It was not there, but the hills were as round and peaceful as ever.

She had still a whole week to wait. She thought about nothing else. At her noonday nap, instead of making colors by pressing her eyeballs as she used to do, she tried to put the country together from the pieces in her mind. There was the Lot, teeming with lovely weeds—daisy, clover, small indefinite green things, the "coffee-plant", with rattling brown seeds. But the flowers in the picture were round and dotted at regular intervals over the meadow. There was the greenhouse, hot and fragrant, with young vines climbing up and up. But you couldn't see beyond the glass. From her own window Ellen could see the top part of what the country ought to be, sky and the end of a poplar turning the silver side of its leaves. Then there was "the wilderness"; she didn't know what that was, except that it scared her and was full of locusts. To call the country the wilderness was to put something snarling into the neat meadows. She tried to hide that thought under her pillow, along with the crumbs of the cookie she shouldn't

have eaten. As an antidote she thought quickly of something her mother had said to her,

“Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
The feet of angels bright.”

She said them over and over until she no longer knew what the words meant. They were safe and yet exciting. That was what the country must be like.

There were only two days left. Until now it had not occurred to Ellen to worry about going. They just were going, and that was all. But now that it was near, now that she could think, “If I counted five million, or if I played hard and slept twice, I’d be going *now*,” the prospect was too blinding to be safe. She had had a cold all week—would her mother think it was too bad? Would Saturday be clear! On Friday she began to watch the sky restlessly, worrying about the clouds which were a little grayer than white. It was a soft dove-colored day, but Ellen had no use for it. She played absent-mindedly, not even bothering to make a house out of two porch chairs and a blanket. “I hope it gets sunny, I hope it gets sunny,” she said over and over to herself. For the sun was part of the country, cool and bright as on fall days, brighter than real. “I *hope* it gets sunny.” Then afraid of offending some higher power, Ellen said hastily, “But it’s fine this way,—it’s fine. I *hope* it gets sunny.”

She was pleased when her mother said quite naturally at lunch, “Do you remember we’re going to the country tomorrow, dear? Which would you like, jelly sandwiches or peanut butter?”

“Cheese,” said Ellen. She didn’t like cheese, but she remembered a story of a boy who walked over hills for eight days with bread and cheese in his wallet. “Then we could pretend we’d gone so far we couldn’t carry anything else.”

“What?” said her mother, puzzled. “But you never eat cheese.”

“Do you honestly want to go, mother,” she said as she got ready for her nap.

“Of course, dear. Now don’t sit up on your elbow waiting for me to call you. Your cold will go in your sleep.”

Ellen looked out the window only once. The sky was still dove-colored, with no wind to turn the poplar leaves.

"I hope the sun comes out," she said, praying to the watery spot where the sun should be, "and that my cold goes away—my cold goes away." She felt hot and sleepy; lost consciousness just as she was hoping there would be a stump with one half higher than the other, half a table and half a chair.

That afternoon she felt tired, but was afraid to say so; so her mother let her go over to the Lot to play.

"I'm going to the country, the country, the country," she sang in the ear of the boy who was digging holes to bury caterpillars.

"That isn't much," he said scornfully, "just a lot of chickens. I had to pick berries at my uncle's, and gee, my hands was torn up for a month."

Ellen was not troubled. He hadn't seen real country—no one had, or it would be as precious to him as it was to her. She was glad to own it herself. She said nothing more, but watched the boy and another little girl float sticks in a new mudpuddle. She stuck her hands in it gingerly, and longed to put her feet in. It might feel like the little river that wound across the middle of her picture.

"Come on in," said the boy; he was barefoot to begin with, which marked him as daring and common.

"No," said Ellen.

"You better," said the boy jumping up and down and splashing her, "you might's well now."

She looked down at her muddy feet and felt the cold shooting up to her knees. Just then the sun began to come out; reckless with the joy of this good omen, she tore off her shoes and stockings and sank her feet into the delicious brown water. Through her joy shot a fear; what if she should be found out, punished, not allowed to go? She jumped out quickly and dragged on her shoes.

"What's yer hurry?" said the boy, but only half-heartedly; he was content with having got her in at all.

"I'm going home," she said, plodding toward home without bothering about the cracks in the sidewalk.

"See you tomorrow," called the other little girl.

"No!" shouted Ellen resentfully, "I'm going to the coun-

try." But she was still frightened; she tried to make her face go into the house faster than her feet, so her mother wouldn't see the mud. Though her mother never noticed, she worried till the sun went down. In the cool, pale light that followed she couldn't but feel serene.

"It will be a pretty day tomorrow," said her mother at supper-time; Ellen got red and choked on her bread and milk. "Do you feel well, dear?"

"Oh, yes!" said Ellen convulsively. She didn't; she felt cold and dizzy, but it was all the more fun to be sick and still happy. Nothing could keep them from going now, she thought as she went to sleep. Even in the dark she had seen the shape of the poplar tree.

"Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
The feet of angels bright."

The next morning she was afraid to open her eyes. Was it real brightness, or the brightness after sleep! She crawled shakily out of bed, feeling too hot and excited to lie another moment. There were shadows on the ground, and the sky was blue. "Mother!" she tried to call, but her voice stuck in her throat. She tried again, and heard herself in a hoarse murmur. She stood there shivering and making little experiments with her throat. "Hello, mummie." Did that sound convincing! "Hello, mummie." She tried again; that was better. But her mother had already come in.

"How hoarse you are, dear! You shouldn't stand in front of the open window. Let me feel your cheek."

"I'm fine, mummie." Ellen dodged warily.

"Let me feel, dear. You're burning up! Get back into bed and let me take your temperature."

With a sinking heart Ellen climbed back into bed. It was all over in a few minutes. Her mother stuck the cold thing under her tongue, and then said, "You have a little fever, dear. You'd better stay in bed, and we'll go to the country another day. Now be mother's brave little girl and don't be disappointed."

It didn't seem so bad then. Ellen was still sleepy, and it was easier not to be dizzy lying down. She saw the poplar tree out of the corner of her eye, and she knew she was being

noble not to cry—the very height of “mother’s good little girl.”

“Just sleep for a while, dear. I’ll be back with a plaster.” Her mother’s voice came from a great distance because Ellen was being noble and sleepy at the same time. She was a good girl, a lovely girl—except for going wading yesterday.

Then she went to sleep. She dreamed that her mother and she were getting on a bus, with a big dog after them carrying a hamper basket. He looked like the St. Bernards who bring coffee to people in the snow. It was a very queer bus. They took an elevator to the top story and saw umbrellas and candy for sale.”

“You’d better buy an umbrella—several umbrellas,” said a man in a street cleaner’s uniform. “It’s going to rain in the country.”

“Indeed it’s not!” said her mother indignantly, and Ellen loved her for that. “But I’ll buy this candy cane.”

The cane was long and soft; Ellen ate it so fast she had to run to keep up with it, and it curled around the oddest places, behind sofas and over pantry shelves. The only other passengers were a very old man in kilts and the little boy. “I get off five stops before you,” he said belligerently; Ellen was much relieved. But he disappeared before the bus stopped at all.

“It’s time to get off, dear. Jump!” said her mother. They were on a cliff, and it was a sickening distance down; but Ellen jumped, and found herself alone before a white wooden gate miles high. She looked inside, and saw everything just as she had imagined, only more beautiful. There was the meadow, puffy and regular, with grass as fine as silk, and flowers without petals, just round and shiny. There was the sky bluer than blue, with clouds, not rain clouds, quiet in the air. They were just the shapes she liked best, and they would never change. There was the poplar tree, and the river more clear and pebbly than rivers are.

“Is this real country?” she asked the man at the gate, knowing quite well that it was.

“Yes,” he said, looking like the fiercer of the stained glass windows at church. “But you can’t come in. Your feet are muddy.”



Ellen looked down and saw them as they had been yesterday, spattered and stained.

"I'll take off my stockings and go barefoot. I know mother would let me because there can't be any bugs in the meadow."

"No, no bugs," said the man, "but I'll have to speak to the angels."

"Angels?"

"You know," he said crossly,

" 'Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
The feet of angels bright.' "

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As he turned, she saw bright things moving by the river side. They grew larger and larger, till she could no longer see the gate, the river, or the field. She was waking up. With a gulp of agony she tried to get back, but it was no use. She was wide, wide awake, and in her bed. Suddenly she realized that she would never see the country; the real country she was to have seen. She began to cry, and cried faster and faster, forgetting everything, how sick she felt, what a good girl she was, how sorry her mother would feel if she could hear her. She cried and cried, thinking she would never regret anything else in the world but the real country. Perhaps it was true; for years afterwards when she was travelling across whole states she could still remember the meadow and her grief.

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Single Copies, 50 Cents

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## Afterthought

EMILY LEWIS, '31

Quick and cold I seem to feel,  
Brief, impersonal, unreal,  
Like the wind within the wheat,  
Or rain glistening on the street.  
I smiled a bit and talked a while  
Of this and that and books and style:—  
It did not matter what it meant.  
And when, as it grew late, they went,  
I told them to come back again.—  
Tomorrow will they come, or when?  
I do not really care. How plain  
Our conversation was, how vain!  
Strange, too, it is, they did not see  
The distance that I felt in me.  
They kissed my hand good-night in jest!  
—I wonder which one likes me best?

## The First of April

ELIZABETH LINN, '29

A FOOL, a fool! I met a fool in the forest, and he was pale, and at the point of death. "Fool," said I, "why lie you here, so solitary, and so neglected?"

He smiled wanly, foolishly.

"I was an April Fool," said he, "a gay, a splendid, a flourishing fool. I mocked, I chuckled, I leaped from the salt-cellar into the sugar bowl and out into the coffee-pot, I deceived my parents, I shocked my teachers. My sides were nearly split with laughing. And they called me the King of Fools, a sweet fool, a pretty fool. Bells dangled from my cap, and my smile ran from my right ear to the tip of my left. But alas, the times have changed, while I, fool that I be, have not changed with them. The world has taken on self-respect, and I have none. So they are going to lay me away with Leap Year, and the Fourth of July, in the shabby burial-ground for childish outgrown things. A joke, these days, is undignified, and a fool is a damned fool. Why in the old days, more often than not, he was a saint of the Church with a harp of his own, and a place in Paradise. I'll fool them! I'll join the holy company of martyrs in Heaven, and play foolish tunes among my peers. The little children will lay flowers on my altar, never suspecting who I am. Yes, All Fool's Day will be All Saints' Day too, and the world none the worse!"

"Then there are no more fools on earth?" I inquired respectfully.

I thought I saw something mocking in his smile. "April Fool!" said he, and with a bound, disappeared into the darkness of the forest.

# The Rival Brothers

BARBARA KIRK, '31

*"I am the slow emerger:  
Patience, and wait for me,  
You holder of far morning heights,  
You dancing with the dawn."*

—Robert Norwood.

EARLY afternoon lay smothering and golden over the banks of the Rhine. The trees were moveless in the flamelike heat, and the water itself seemed pressed down to a glittering smoothness by the weary weight of the air. Ludwig found the gorgeous autumn colors painful and the heat unendurable. Together they wracked his heart with the unrest which beauty and pain had never failed to arouse in him, and whether it was from a desire for the chill freedom of the forests or from the ache of unsatisfied love he was not sure. All the things before him, the dry fields, the stream brimful of sunlight, and the September forest, were so intensely golden that it was as though he saw them through a glass of yellow wine which he longed to drain, yet could not. So great a longing he had that at last he ascribed it to love, his love which had rent his life in twain, his love for a girl whom Alois possessed, Alois, who occupied an adjacent castle, Alois, his brother. The two were known as the "Rival Brothers" though for what reason now, other than for the charm of the picturesque, Ludwig could not imagine. Ten years ago—ah, that was different!

Ludwig crossed his brown legs, and slapped at a bee which buzzed in ominous circles above his head. Yes, ten years ago they had been rivals for the hand (such a cold little hand) of the fairest princess in the land. Icy she had been, in manner, gold and white in looks, and altogether desirable (if a trifle thin). Ludwig, as the elder of the two, and the more experienced (for many a pretty peasant had been sacrificed to the longing in his heart), had imagined himself ahead of his stout brother; and so he should have been, with his brown curls and wistful, satyr eyes, but for a loading of the dice, which

handicapped him from the start. Alois, supplied with a fairy godmother and an undeniable passion for the lady, had succeeded, like all youngests, in the face of enormous difficulties, and was now, at the time of our tale, living under Ludwig's outraged nose, comfortably roistering with the princess. Roistering! Ludwig would have given his soul to roister, but in this dank castle with only old apple-faced Greechie to attend to him!—he made another pass at the heavy bee and sank into so sullen a gloom that he scarcely noticed Greechie who came to give him his four o'clock beer with an air quite as grouchy as his own. Her stiffness was so apparent as to call for some remark. The air about her fairly crackled.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's about the pups, mein Herr," she said, and blinked her faded, indignant eyes at him.

A flush stole under his tanned skin up to the roots of his sunburnt hair. So she suspected. And under the weight of her suspicion, fraught as it was with outraged, almost maternal fervor, he could not lift his gaze to meet her eyes.

Several days before, Greechie, who had frequently, and without result, attested her desire for some animal upon which she might lavish her affection, had been rewarded from heaven, it seemed, by the arrival of a fat lady-dachshund which had waddled in one morning and out the next, leaving a legacy of nine squalling, blind and helpless pups. Greechie (standing over them with fiery protection) had insisted that they should remain, and had proceeded to devote all her time to them to the utter neglect of Ludwig's most sacred needs: his beer, and his tobacco. And Ludwig, looking them over with distaste, had become painfully aware that all nine resembled their mother in respect to sex, and were destined, he thought bitterly, each to bring forth another nine, which, in turn . . . ! It was more than his nerves could bear; and that night, sadly (but with great dispatch that they might not suffer) he had drowned them one by one in a large wine bowl, and had thrown the remains quietly out of the window into the Rhine.

And now she was standing over him expecting—what?

"Well," he said again, feebly. Then knowing the situation must be met in some way or other,

"How about going out and hunting for those pups? Maybe they're around somewhere."

This at least would break the afternoon and at the thought of cool dripping woods and squashy moss his heart rose.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was bounding delightedly forward. Leaves brushed his legs wetly and showered his hair full of sweet-smelling drops. For a while Greechie struggled on behind him, puffing and scratched by all the back-flung branches, but presently she lagged and he continued more leisurely, and at last stopped altogether and sat down upon a rock that was plastered with ruffled green lichens. Curtained from the gold flame of the day by a shifting lacework of leaves, the forest was still and green and noiseless like a room with a velvet carpet. Maidenhair ferns with shy, quivering leaves clustered about the rock; he reached out and snapped one of the black lacquered stems between his fingers. Strange how he longed so to touch and break all beauty.

To be away from Greechie was in itself a pleasure. Her continual supervision was maddening, it was Greechie who kept him in his dark castle. The thing couldn't go on forever.

"If I could once get my hands on that beast of an Alois," he thought. "Alois indeed! 'The youngest, the hero, winner of the lady's hand'—the great, corpulent hound, if I could twist that fat neck once—Jesu! if I were only free." He startled himself by his vehemence, and by a sudden picture of a triple victory—himself free from Greechie with one foot upon Alois and the girl in his arms. A bear strolled across the glade and Ludwig speculated idly upon the weight of its coat. Then suddenly from nowhere came an idea. One moment he was a bound and unhappy man, the next he was freed, freed by inspiration. Joy shot over his face in brown wrinkles of smiles and his breath came heavily to his lungs with excitement. The bear had lumbered off into the woods but Ludwig was not discouraged. "Where one thing is, there, frequently is another; surely there are more bears," he said happily, and slipping down from the rock he started off into the woods.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Griess Gott," said Ludwig to the bear, and, as unlike the others he had approached, it neither came at him nor ran away, he was encouraged to set forth his proposition. The bear gave no sign of having heard his words.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?" he asked anxiously. Still there was no answer.

Suddenly Ludwig turned crimson. The bear, of course, was a lady! why had he been such a cad? So he turned his back and handed her his coat with which she ascended the tree.

Like a dark drift of snow, dislodged by the wind, her coat came slithering down from the branches and plumped beside him. He slipped it on and found it baggily comfortable. Strange how the thing fitted him—he who had seemed to have the whole being of a man! Presently she descended. His coat was tight for her and she bulged somewhat, but after a little adjustment she looked much as he had. Inadequately, with motions and grunts, he directed her towards his home. "Aufwiedersehen," she called back in his old voice; then, embarrassed, rushed swiftly away. And now a bear went forward towards the castle of Alois.

A bear! The happiness! The freedom of it! He rejoiced in the silk of his coat, in the power of his legs. "But how," he asked himself, "do bears go? Surely they hurtle?" So he hurtled through underbrush that was prickly to the touch, crashing against the trunks of trees, squashing down innocent pink mushrooms, grunting and snuffling he hurtled. He made prints of the black pads of his paws in the soft ground, and scratched his toes on short green moss that was rough like the tongue of a cat. Beneath his bright fur great muscles rippled and strained, and as he bore forward, the first delicacy of his delight gave way to a surge of power.

Suddenly there came to his ears the sound of a man's voice, harsh and laughing, and another, a girl's, answering it in low, hurt softness. Then his heart swelled hard and full with lust for murder of that harshness, for possession of that softness. Blindly, violently, he burst through a heavy curtain of grape-leaves into a wide clearing.

There, alone (for the girl was no longer with him) stood a man; a heavily built, bearded man, and with madness in his heart Ludwig recognized his brother. The madness cooled, and the jaws of Ludwig dripped with blood. He rolled a great rock upon his brother; Alois must not seem to have been murdered, and then from that scene of slaughter he stalked, a magnificent conqueror—his nails clicking. The soft, hurt

voice sung in his mind as he thought again of the fair Rhine Princess, so cold and gold and white. Surely, with a voice like that she was meant to mingle her heart with his. Soon he would prove it. "Only a matter of time," he murmured as he moved on, gently, and melted into the grey evening of the forest.

Meanwhile, Bruina, the real Bear, had found her way into the castle of Ludwig, and into the heart of Ludwig's ancient servant. Bruina's were qualities ideal in a man. She had an appetite equal to any quantity of food, a childlike innocence of the little primnesses customary between a prince and his attendant, and a certain shortness of temper combined with a fundamental geniality which led her to cuff and kiss Greechie in the same moment. There grew in the old servant a new affection for her master, whom she had always highly respected. Bruina enjoyed a life of ease almost voluptuous. Honey was served to her at all hours of the day, and she realized herself blessed among bears. The days slipped past stealthily, one after another, each more golden than the last. But in the heart of the forest Ludwig grew impatient with waiting and told himself that the time was come when he should go to the princess. For many days Ludwig hunted through the forest until he found her again.

From afar she was like a splash of light between the dark of the trees, and he hurried forward, joy and fear melting his heart to a quivering weakness. It was as though she had been dipped in wild honey, so golden brown she was. His heart yearned to the curve of her neck and the fair, bright flow of her hair. She had twisted a leaf-brown kerchief about it, after the fashion of peasant women. No longer was her beauty cold and white—but warm and rounded and human. And this, all this had been sacrificed to Alois. He padded forward and she did not hear him. Her eyes were gazing far over his head; he saw that they were dark with tears, and suddenly he was aware of something more than her autumn loveliness. It was as though a terrible wind had blown upon her, and beaten and tossed and hurt her. It was as though she would have been crushed had it not been for something else that had stood against that wind and fought for its life. He tried to think what that thing could be, but suddenly her looks were upon him and he felt the weight of his coat. He tried to be

Ludwig, but his courage flowed out of him. With fear and desire fighting in his heart he assumed the gait of an embarrassed puppy. Forward he walked with his front paws but his hind quarters dragged reluctantly cutting a serpentine swath in the long grass, his whole body wriggling immensely the while.

"Bruina, Bruina," she cried. He succumbed to the husky charm of her voice and rolled a little. She was delighted. She laughed, she wept, she clapped her hands crying "Mein liebsen, I am so glad you are returned."

So he was her bear?

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. He was surely coming into his own; a bearess, he reflected, grinning inwardly. He espied her small brown hand hanging at her side and thrust his nose into it. This was delightful. Ludwig leaned heavily up against her and whined.

"Are you hungry?" she asked, and fluttered her hands in his fur. "Are you hungry, Bruina? But so am I—my heart is always hungry." And suddenly she cried out in a wild, hurt voice: "O Alois, Alois, I loved you so—why did you have to die!" His heart thudded against his fur-clad side. (Strange how his nails felt sticky as though with blood.)

"Yes," she went on, and her voice was bowed low under a weight of tears, "we both loved him, didn't we, loved his great, brave body, loved his funny little mouth that looked, in his beard, like a buttonhole in a coat of fur"—she broke off with a little smile; "I could hear his harsh, sullen times because of my love. And oh, he has left so great an ache in my heart that I could almost go mad; but a great love is too huge a force to be spent in madness. And so I will labour and equal my pain with weariness that I may sleep. I will cut the grain on these fields, wet with the dew of the dawn; I will turn the sweet hay on the same fields all smouldering in the sunset." As she spoke Ludwig rose slowly to his four feet and stood before her, his eyes fixed upon her face. And so he continued to stand in silence while her words fell upon him with the penetrating freshness of heavy spring raindrops.

He hardly knew when she left him. Only her words stopped falling upon him, and unconsciously, impatiently he shook himself.

Long shadows slanted away from trees that were black



before the last light of the sun, and a great bear, his eyes shining with an odd brilliance, made his way through the dim forest aisles, leaving great footprints in the dark moss.



## Resolution

CELIA DARLINGTON, '31

My gates are barred and double-locked;  
Beat with all your strength, and more,  
You shall stand outside;  
You shall never move the door,  
To find me where I hide.

You came; you negligently knocked,  
And whistled lightly (you were wise)  
To me, poor fool, within;  
And I was taken by surprise:  
I straightway let you in.

## The Return

VAUNG-TSIEN BANG, '30

(8th Century A.D.)

(Tao Yain-Ming, the author, was the civil officer of Peng-shu. He was asked to bow down upon meeting the governor. Too proud to do this, he said, "Why should I bow down myself for the sake of half a picul of rice, (his yearly salary)?" He resigned from his position.)

Tarry not here in this place of vain hope and bondaged fame, grass has grown on the homeward path; moss and ivy have sealed the garden door. Long is the exile!

I know the past has been my unwisdom; but the future is yet in store for me. So, let me float this ship of sandalwood, safely gliding, gently swinging. To the home of boundless deep I paddle my oar. The sky is pathless; the water trackless, the unearthly beauty is calm and serene. Boatman, is home not yet?

In liquid tranquility hangs the morning star. And rilling into the dusk of night, rises the first grey of dawn. Boatman, let the ship go.

I open the gate of the garden. I walk through the drowsy orchard. I run; I jump for joy. The sound of my footsteps find their echo in the ringing of my children. (Ah, how tall they have grown!)

The garden lies in waste; but the green cypress and the yellow chrysanthemums remain. The wine jug is yet full. Ah, drink, drink, today I am the lord of my soul.

Let ambition die and fame vanish. The world and I have parted. Why seek for pomp and for glory? In the heart of my friends my voice shall strike in tune. Whether plowing the fields or driving the horse, my heart shall be gay because nature smiles on me.

Wealth I wish not; heaven I may attain. I shall not travel long in this world. Only let me live a freeman's life till, borne on the wings of the universe, I go to answer the Master's call.

## Misunderstanding

JANE LOW, '31

THIS sheet is stiff and heavy, and there's a crack across the ceiling over there. It goes all the way across, and I can't see the end because the door's in the way—

Mother was always trying to make me play with Milly because Mrs. Decoven is her second-best friend,—I don't see why that makes me have to like Milly though.

There's Polly running the carpet-sweeper in the hall. She makes me sick, treating me like a baby. First, when I came in, and Ralph carried my suitcase, she said, "Sit down, dearie"—I hate people who call me "dearie",—"and I'll take your rubbers off for you," as though I couldn't do it for myself; and then, when we were in the nursery, she came and got us to wash our hands for lunch. She washed Milly's and her face and her ears too, and Milly let her, but I told her I could wash myself. When I'd finished I looked all around for the towel she'd used on Milly, but she'd done something with it, and all the other towels were hanging there, all smooth and white and stiff, so I wiped my hands on a bath-towel where you couldn't notice it.

Milly's funny—while Polly was curling her hair—Milly lets her do that too—I put the dolls to bed for their morning nap, and I put the nice, big one, with the long yellow curls, on her side with her hand on the pillow like little Lucy Latimer next door; and then I put a boy-doll she had on his face, his arms all flopped about and one foot hanging out of the bed, as Jack sleeps. When Milly came back she was terrible mad and put them both flat on their backs with their arms under the covers and the sheets up under their chins. People don't sleep that way, and if they did, Nana says they'd have bad dreams. If Mother thinks Milly is so wonderful, I wish she'd let me have laced shoes like hers; the children with laced shoes can get dressed so much quicker after gym than when you have to use a button-hook and someone has taken it out of your locker. Milly wears big bows too. I wish Mother would let me, but she thinks they are "extreme".

Their dinner-bell rang,—it's very pretty and plays a tune—

and we went downstairs. Their downstairs is all dark with big yellow pillars by the door and dark green curtains hanging in the way of everything; and the pictures are just plain black and white pictures of houses and people's dining-rooms and that sort of thing.

Mrs. Decoven and the principal of Milly's school were waiting for us in the dining-room. Mrs. Decoven smiled at us condescendingly and the heavy, short-necked principal gave us an embarrassed grin.

They gave me a bib. Mrs. Decoven saw me looking at it sideways, and, beaming on me, said, "Would you like to have Anne tie it on for you?" I didn't say anything, but I just unfolded it and spread it in my lap like a napkin. I hope she realized her mistake, but she smiled upon me again with her white teeth.

Then the principal, Miss Ericson, asked me if I liked to read. Of course I do; who doesn't? She asked me if I'd read *Pinocchio*, some silly book about a wooden doll that came to life—I like books with real people in them that do real things. She went on talking lots of stuff to me about how it was "most delightful, quite the most striking book of the year, and she didn't know when she had enjoyed anything so much"—She's awful dumb if she liked a book like that, but I don't think she means half of what she says to me, and I don't see why she says it at all.—She asked me what I'd been reading lately, and when I told her *Redgauntlet* and *The Idylls of The King*, she gave me a silly look and said, "You're quite a little scholar," and then to Milly's mother, "Isn't it amusing the way children pick up names and weave romances?" I don't know what she meant, but I didn't like it, and I think she's a very stupid woman. Then they both sat themselves up straight, and talked with their heads held back, as though they were throwing the words back and forth in a high loop over our heads. They talked a lot about schools and different ways of sneaking multiplication tables over on "the child" without her realizing it.—I suppose Milly was "the child" but then I don't see how they expected it to work when they let her hear all about it beforehand.

All of a sudden, Miss Ericson gave me a queer look, as though she ought to be sorry for me, and having given Mrs. Decoven a sort of high-sign with her eye-brows, they started

talking French—I can't stand grown people who talk French. They look like they'd explode just before they say a word, and then when they've said it they're so tickled that they almost forget to go on.

They kept on looking at me, and Mrs. Decoven tried to cover up her pretty teeth and look sorrowful like old Danny, in fact she'd have looked lots like Danny if she'd just had long, curly ears. Then I heard them say "frère" three or four times. Of course I knew what that word meant,—any dumbbell knows that,—and somehow I knew it was Jack they were talking about. Then Mrs. Decoven tried to look at me again like Danny but she couldn't stop her smile, and she said in a low voice to Miss Ericson, "oui, le pauvre petit est mort."—mort!—oh, I hate them—I knew what that meant. I'd learned it last Wednesday. I don't think I thought anything much—I was scared to think. Then Mrs. Decoven grinned at me as she always does at everybody, and said, "Would you children like to go to the zoo this afternoon?" The zoo! She was grinning at me and showing all her white teeth—oh, I'll kill her if I get a chance—"How would you like that, Susan?—Susan dear."—Oh, her voice was sickly sweet—"Susan, won't you answer your Aunt Elaine,"—I couldn't stand it. "You're not my aunt, and you know it. No, I can't go to the zoo with you. I've got to go home right now. I forgot to feed Jack's turtle that I promised to take care of while he is at Granny's." "No, dear, I told your Granny I would keep you for a few days, so that your mother can have a nice rest." Why do people always want to get me out of the way, so Mother "can have a rest"? I wouldn't do anything to annoy her if they just told me she needed a rest.—I tried to run out and get my coat, but she caught me, and I bit her so she let me go, but Anne got me and held me tight so I couldn't get away no matter how hard I kicked and screamed. She wasn't a bit scared of my noise.

O I hate you, I hate you, *I hate you*. I can't stand you, you're killing my brother! The nurse told the doctor I am out of my head, but they're all saying it to keep me here while they kill Jack. I don't care, I'm going.

"I won't stay, I won't, I hate you, hate you, I detest you. Let go of me, you darn nurse—I'll kick you, I'll—oh, you can't keep me, don't you see you can't?— please, oh please

let me go. I won't do anything—oh, please—don't you see I've got to go?"

There's a funeral procession in the street and a big white hearse and—that's our car right behind it, and someone else is driving it. It looks like Mother and Mrs. Decoven sitting in the back, and they are crying. She must know that Jack's dead—but she doesn't know who killed him or she wouldn't be sitting there beside Mrs. Decoven like that.

## Ugly

*Seen In Illinois*

EMILY LEWIS, '31

I saw a ragged roof  
And a shambléd shed;  
A rain-barrel, empty;  
A tree trunk, dead.

I saw a small child  
Clutch the torn dress  
Of a bent woman  
In distress.

(Don't go to town, Mother.  
Such a long way!  
You can sell the chickens  
Next Monday:  
It's too cold and ugly out!  
Come in again, and stay.)



## The Seagull

KATHERINE SAPPINGTON, '31

Out above the sea,  
Wings shining in the sun,  
A sea-gull flew.  
He dipped into the water,  
And foam whitened his wings.  
The wind was cold on his body,  
And the spray froze  
Until his wings glittered in the sun.  
He swooped again on the water,  
His talons clawing for food.  
But only spray sprang to his body,  
And he was covered in an icy hood.  
His mind, a drop of water in sand,  
Struggled to make his wings move.  
But the ice stayed frozen,  
And the wind stayed cold.  
He glided to the water  
Like a bird from a Christmas tree,  
And flat on its surface  
He floated.



## Forced Laughter

EVELYN WAPLES, '31

SATURDAY afternoon birthday parties!—How treacherous is our attitude toward those helpless humans who come into the world unequipped with a protective sheath of skepticism! For two weeks the nursery threats and promises had revolved around the great theme of Maxwell's party. To attend it meant a mysterious and unqualified bliss. To be left at home meant hopeless degradation throughout life. This was impressed upon Imogen's pathetically receptive mind in a hundred dull ways. Certainly there had been the ecstasy of her mother's admiration when she walked into the living room, stiff in pink starch and white powdery shoes, and the fascinating image in the long mirror was a heaven-sent recompense for all the unfair compromises, but the party itself—!

The well-meaning females that seemed to be everywhere could induce Imogen to join only one game, and that was a hopeless failure. She held one end of a soft white string in both hands and pursued it with a dull, unreasoning despair up a narrow stairway crowded with what she had heard her nurse call "the world's worst children", who all seemed intent upon some morbid purpose of their own, and who seemed, in some malicious way, to enjoy the confusion. Imogen thought the string and the banisters far too intimately connected for her own or anyone else's good, but she worked weakly and hopelessly up to the dizzy top, where a crowd of disturbing little boys had already found a white tissue paper reward. A tense feeling of excitement and curiosity was about to overcome her natural reserve when the string turned and dived down again on the other side into the squirming mass of children and too-hilarious women. Still she worked on, fighting the awful tears that were so very near, until she saw the string suddenly slip out and end, and with no exciting little bumpy package, with nothing but an unraveled, slightly dirty knot.

It was typical that although she had never felt so unutterably sorry for herself it should still never occur to her to blame

anyone, particularly the great Maxwell himself, who was talking roughly and loudly to four admiring little boys at the top of the steps. Upon meeting him Imogen had been at once struck by his freedom from embarrassment and complete indifference to her birthday gift, a pair of military hair-brushes. However, a sudden desire to share her tragedy with him led her to climb up again and pull his coat quietly and firmly till he turned half angrily toward her.

"What do you want?"

"I didn't get anything." She was feeling very, very sorry for herself and was in some way conscious of the pathos in the tangled string she showed him, and no one in the world but an overstimulated little boy of nine could have answered her as he did then—

"Well, you got the string, didn't you?"

He laughed and the four little satellites laughed, and Imogen, seeing that the great Maxwell was doing it, laughed too, but in a small, shaky voice.

Later, the ice cream spilled down the front of the new pink dress, and her nurse was cross and silent. Yet her mother, who was not at the party at all, talked about it so pleasantly and with such inane enthusiasm that Imogen went to bed completely convinced that she had just spent the happiest afternoon of her life; and there was no one to laugh at the whole queer jest except perhaps for some special children's clown who giggles softly while they are asleep, that the precious humor may not be wasted.

Years afterwards, Imogen was to look back on that birthday party with reasoning, allegorical eyes, and behind the half-remembered incident touched by the other-world charm of childish passion, find the key to herself; was to hear in the forced laughter of the little girl holding the string, the opening theme of the whole sonata of her life.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was ages since she had been that little girl, and Imogen had loved a hundred times and laughed them all away. Friends were apt to say in speaking of her, "She laughs at everyone," and yet if they had stopped to think, she almost never laughed and seldom smiled. No party was complete without her brilliant originality and keen sarcasm; she had many enemies, a few brave friends, and all who knew her

feared her. Once she had written poetry but always turned the last line into a tumbling mockery of whatever there had been of beauty in it; and she had become passionately fond of tennis, until she beat a man one day and he cried with vexation. Then something inside of her had laughed the joy she had found in the game away, and sickened her with the knowledge of a horrible unbalance, narrowly escaped. She could laugh at God, and then turn and look at you with a shamelessness that made you ask "Why not?" and never think of asking "Why?"

And yet a superstitious fear, a dread of the unknown, could not remain in the same room with her. Moralists could not keep their minds off her, and drove her to speeches of unbearable brutality. Sometimes a man would catch himself on the point of rushing murderously at her throat, so unfeeling were her attacks upon his self-love. But every hostess owed her an incalculable debt of gratitude, and knew it; her absence meant undeniable flatness; her presence called forth the strain of competition, a rivalry of words. Somehow there was a reason for being when she sat across the table from you, if only to try once again to win some semblance of smile from her quick, sensitive mouth, or to outstare her sarcasm. Her mother used to worry in secret, feeling that when someone big enough to attract her finally came, it would go hard with Imogen; but she had never understood her daughter, and put her aside as another of those things that would have been different had her husband lived.

Of course he came at last, and she had known him all her life and loved him unconsciously but with a certain conviction that they were especially set apart for each other.

One evening he helped her into his car after a particularly passionate play, and then climbing in beside her, introduced the subject,

"Well, Jim, I've fallen at last!"

Imogen felt bored and tired but her first reaction was one of strong distaste that anything like a scene should come between them. A suffocating feeling that he was about to propose to her and that she would laugh at him made her feel sick and dizzy. She leaned back and closed her eyes.

"All right, Mac, don't boast."

But he turned off into an unfamiliar street and began speak-

ing jerkily and desperately fast. She remembered that he used to speak that way when he was driven to confess a misdeed.

Then suddenly she opened her eyes and began to take in what he was saying—

"You've got to meet her tonight, Jim."

Then Imogen laughed, and the sound of it startled him so that he jammed on the brakes and stared at her in amazement, but her face had regained its usual mocking indifference.

"Well, don't try to look as though you'd thought up the idea yourself. It's been done before, you know."

Then he turned on her.

"Jim, you've got more crust than any girl on this earth. I've known you ever since the day you burnt off my hair with the safety matches to show me they worked, and you don't even congratulate me."

"You would remember that." She smiled at him in her usual cross way, and he laughed with a sudden boyishness that hurt her so that she had to turn around and grope blindly for a lost handkerchief.

When they stopped before an unknown door he turned and laid his hand on her arm.

"If you love me, spare her, Jimmie, will you?"

And she found herself saying, "I can stand anything this side of a pink georgette."

And again he laughed, "Even yellow organdy?"

"God give me strength," she laughed, and thought, "I am speaking truly for the first time in fourteen years."

\* \* \* \* \*

That night Imogen lay awake and thought. She puzzled until her brain ached with weariness, and always she came around hopelessly to the words, "Fool, the poor fool, he doesn't see."

There was neither jealousy nor anger; only a dull, feeling of bewilderment. And although she saw the incongruity of his attachment it made her feel tired instead of fierce. The lucky little girl had been remarkably sentimental and much too obviously in love with Mac; Imogen felt intuitively that he wished he had not brought them together; and yet she had forborne to comment on his choice at all. She went to sleep with the hopeless triangle still chasing itself round and round her pillow: He won't be happy with her, I won't be happy if he's not, and she's too stupid to hurt.

Next morning she looked at it by the light of day. Slowly it dawned upon her that Fate was perhaps a cleverer clown than herself, that a supercomedian above the world was perhaps to have the last laugh after all. She thought back over the queerly distorted years of her life and stared at them until they shrank to a pitiful joke, in which she stood the central figure. Long ago when she and Mac had played together, big hero and little worshipping girl, her worst torture had been his teasing laugh; it used to ring in her ears at night, and the fear of it had outweighed all pleasure in his company. Then she had suddenly grown up in the three years while she was away at school, and during that time she had become the unapproachable jester that stared at her now so vacantly from the mirror. Slowly she had strangled one by one each external symbol of her real fineness of character, had scorned to stoop to the sentimentality she so despised in others. The horrible loneliness of being entirely misunderstood by the one who knew her best, that had so crushed her before, gradually gave way to the realization that Mac had to demand more than she could give. She recalled her own terror when he had begun to talk to her so seriously, and she experienced the same feeling once more, but it made her sick and faint. In perfecting her genius for amusing and entertaining she had sacrificed all that was sweet and naturally gentle in her to the great god of Humor—and yet she knew that Mac became bored to tears without her; it had happened a thousand times! A faded picture of the little girl she used to be, suddenly began to cry.

Imogen got up, walked over to the telephone and called up Maxwell. For the first time in her life, she asked him to come over as soon as possible. He came, surprised and surly, and she met him at the door.

"Well," he said, "have you deigned to form an opinion?"

She stood facing him, with her hands behind her back, and smiled.

"I hardly thought you were serious, last night. I think she's a rather sentimental little idiot. You're not really dense enough to think that she takes you seriously?"

He turned suddenly very white.

"You are a cad, Jim."

The door slammed, and she heard the sound of the depart-

ing car. Imogen threw herself into a chair and laughed until she was shaken with great sobs. Her mother came running down, pale with concern, and begged her to stop, or at least share her mirth.

"Oh! Mac is so funny," she gasped, "I've just been bracing him up for a big proposal and I'm weak. Oh! what a dear, dear fool!" And still laughing and crying she walked slowly upstairs. Once in her room she picked up the dryest looking book she could find. It was a collection of John Donne's works, and the first words her eyes fell on were these:

"I have done one braver thing  
Than all the sages did,  
And yet a braver thence doth spring  
Which is to keep that hid."

## Evolution

BARBARA KIRK, '31

Earth, with her dear hands  
Outstretched and waiting, stands,  
And takes of God new hearts and minds  
And makes of them  
Through growth, the souls of men.  
She wearies them with her sweet rough caress,  
And tries by her duress  
To challenge courage, and so make them dare  
To know that they are one with Him  
Who sent them there.

## The Chalk Line

KATHERINE BALCH, '29

“IT WOULD have been so damned easy to steal one of those diamonds. Be easy to steal almost anything as a matter of fact. You just walk through a store and any number of small things are lying all over the counter waiting to be pocketed. The salesgirls, salesladies, *excuse me*, don't bother to watch everyone suspiciously. With decent clothes and a decent-looking face you could get away with murder. Funny thing the way most people think that only the unshaved and unwashed and baggy-trousered gentry are capable of doing anything bad. I could cash a bum check, cut a kid into twenty-odd bloody pieces, or any other old thing, and no one would throw me a look. I would inquire politely about the atrocity, and the public-spirited interest of Mr. Babbitt, Bond Broker, would be applauded by all. If I didn't shave for a week and wore some junk from the rag-bag I'd be spotted at once as a suspicious character though my soul within were as pure as a newborn Lamb of God. Why the hell don't I ever try any of these stunts? It certainly would be a relief to try something different for a change. This damned old junket of going to the office, going to the club, going home again. Why bother? That bloody bore of a telephone at the office. Yes, Mr. So-and-So. Quite, quite, *quite*. Yes, I absolutely agree with you. Yes, I absolutely disagree with you. God, what a bunch of fools. Well, why the hell not do something then, idiot. With an irreproachable exterior like yours, dear sir—It is pretty irreproachable isn't it?”

He looked at his reflection in the misted rectangle of the driving mirror above the windshield. He saw eyes and a face, a calmly conventional tie. They looked so familiar, all of them. That silly face, he knew it all by heart. Every contour, every feature of it was so boringly recognizable. Hadn't he shaved the damn mug every day for twenty-odd years. And yet, in spite of his intimate acquaintance with this face, he felt no connection with it.

It might have been a mask, familiar as the features of a painting hung above one's desk are familiar. He could make it wiggle however. To prove this he smiled at the reflection in the mirror. Funny the absolute control you have over a body that you aren't even friendly with. The eyes fascinated him the most. Gray, with a dark peep-hole in the center, they seemed so alive and important. And they might as well be glass. They must have some connection with him. Little pin-pricks in the veil, through them he saw the world, and all the fools around him, and all the fool things they did. As eyes, from the point of view of comparative optology or whatever the word was, they were exceptionally honest-appearing little tabs of character; as useful as a Legion of Honor ribbon in the button-hole. Nobody would suspect anything but the most leaning-over-backwards virtue of eyes like those.

That diamond would have been a swell chance to show up all those sloppy, slobbery fools. The man at Carter and Carter's was such a trusting idiot. Done so much business with him that he considers himself almost a friend of the family. "How do you do Mr. Rutledge. What can I show you today? For your wife's birthday is it? And how is she, Mr. Rutledge? She is a grand lady all right; sweet and pretty and all the rest of it. I'll never be able to thank her enough for sending my boy to the hospital when he got that infected leg last year. How about something in diamonds? All women like them." And then he had set out a glittering tray and gone off buzzing with good-will and efficiency to get some extra-specials from the safe. Simplest thing in the world to slip one of the dazzling, icy particles into his pocket, tell the men he'd come some other day, and then leave with a good laugh up his sleeve. Simple, simple, simple. He could feel the sensation: his arm slipping out toward the tray as easily, as smoothly as a snake's forked tongue darting. Then slipping back, the hard, cold lump clenched in his fist, its sharp outline biting into his flesh like a tiny jagged ice-berg. He lifted his right hand from the wheel and clenched it. Vividly he could feel the burning impress of the diamond on his palm. He could almost believe that it was there, that his thought had summoned it from the



thin grey drizzle of the afternoon. Flattening out his hand he was surprised not to see the stone gleaming balefully at him from the wrinkled cushion of his palm. Simple, but he hadn't done it. Or had he? Why in the name of hallelujah's puppies hadn't he? Think what you do; do what you think—the youth replies I can. Or hadn't he been in the old store at all? Everything was so silly—today, tomorrow, yesterday, they were all exactly alike. They never stayed in order, one, two, three, but changed position, like cigarette smoke drifting, irresponsible, towards a high ceiling. It was so hard to keep track. The store seemed real, every detail of it was clear and fixed. But the whole picture had no place, it floated unattached like last night's dream, or that of the night before.

Silly eyes staring back from the mirror, silly fingers curled about the steering wheel. There they were, they were his. Nobody could deny that; but why in thunder didn't they feel and act as he did then. His body seemed like an automaton, far away as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope. It had no real connection with him at all, and went on making silly movements all by itself; silly movements he didn't want made, following habits he wanted to break away from. If only he could free himself from this meaningless relation with a mechanical body that wouldn't pay any attention to his wishes. The pin-pricks in the center of the eyes seemed the only connection with the outer freedom—could he slip out through these tiny holes—like steam seeping through cracks in a bridge.

Looking through the misty windshield he focussed on tangible reality as it was unreeling past him. A little car like a bug, it grew bigger and bigger until finally, about to blot out his eye, it was past and disintegrating in the distance. The wet road slipped towards him like an unwinding ribbon of black satin. It came from a long way away, this ribbon, from a pin-point on the unthinkable horizon. Unwinding monotonously, it seemed of endless length. He closed his eyes and tried to think of endless length, of infinity, but the effort was too great. He could think no further than the next corner.

Absurdly solemn telegraph poles stalked up the road to him, passed on arrogantly. These neat ranks moved with

an unhurried precision which maddened him as a drop of cold water falling regularly on the head might have done. He wanted to ram one of these solemn poles, to crash into its unheeding self-absorption. A slight pull of the right arm and he would leave the gleaming ribbon of the road empty and pure. Crash—a shuddering, jarring shock. A heavy splintering noise, metal meeting metal, the dull thud of wood resisting. The aloof stiffness of the pole had been shattered forever. Broken, it lay on its side, the raw splinters of the stump still standing upright. He could feel himself crushed between the steering-wheel and the seat. A heavy unyielding weight pressing on his chest, pressing harder and harder with slow exquisite insistence. He felt no pain. Gradually, as if by a steam-roller, he was being pressed down. Soon he would lie, smooth and flat and endless, one with the heedless ribbon of the road.

Again his surroundings seeped into his consciousness. The road was still unrolling steadily. Ahead he saw the lights of the suburban town. The rainy day was sinking into darkness with a despairing abandon, like a drowning man letting himself merge into green depths. Bare trees, with blurred grace of outline, cut brave patterns on the desolate despair of the twilight. Lights glowed through the mist. Red—automatically he stepped on the brakes and slid out of gear. Rubies in rain, sermons in stones—green; the car purred into motion again. Second left, first right; gliding easily along the familiar route the car stopped itself when it came to the destination.

“Well, well, here we are.” He pulled on the emergency brake and switched off the lights. At once the darkness of the garage crept up to him, wrapped itself about him, soft and insinuating. He wanted to stay there and sleep in the heavy, gentle dark.—He untangled himself, groped for his office-bag, and stepped out into the watery half-tone of the evening. Plodding up the path, clicking open the door. Here he was, but how in hell had he gotten here. The house seemed miles away from any other fixed spot; on a planet; he had come millions of miles through space to reach it.

“Hello, dear.” His wife came into the hall, smiling. He kissed her. Her face felt cool and unreal. It wasn’t

real; soft leather on the outside and sawdust inside. He wondered what the expression on this silly, stuffed face would be if he should put his arms about her and squeezed with all his force until her breath stopped and her ribs cracked. He wanted to do this; he could feel terrific power surging down into the muscles of his arms.—He turned away, and found himself in the living-room. Had he flown in like Peter Pan?

He sank into his chair, the deep, shabby leather chair which no one else ever dared usurp. This room was so damned shiny and neat. The floor gleamed with subdued and well-bred lustre, every chair was sitting with folded hands in its own proper place, the pictures were all hanging mathematically straight. A horribly smooth, rounded room. No edges to fall off of or to cut yourself on, no irregularity of line or position to keep you from going crazy from the monotony and the constant anticipation of monotony. The walls and floor were so smooth, you couldn't get a grasp, nothing to keep you steady, you went whirling round and round in rhythmically enlarging circles. If only there was some roughness you could grab to pull yourself out of the dizziness.

His wife was talking to him pleasantly. He answered her. He could hear his voice answering, it sounded pleasant too. He picked up a book and opened it at random. Funny black marks, so clear and individual on the glaring white background. They made no sense. How could anyone get thoughts from artificial little black figures. He could name the letters, name the words that collections of these letters made. "Potential"; he said the word to himself but no meaning leapt forth to give it life. He tried to focus on the meaning of "potential". The focussing reached a point in some vague part of space but it was dead, merely a molecule of fog, not an alive and vital point connected with "potential". Giving up the attempt to focus, he repeated the word to himself again and again, trying different pronunciations each time; but no spark of possible thought or meaning evolved from the mist. It was useless to go on reading if the words continued to be so baffling. There they were, black on white, staring at him insolently from their two dimensional shallowness. Printed words

needed a depth, a third dimension, given them by meaning before they could escape the bondage of mere inanimate materialism.

He dropped the book to the floor. At the thud his wife looked up from her magazine, smiled, then was absorbed again. A good wife, yes; he knew that all his friends admired her, and liked her. They liked to come to his house for dinner and to play bridge. What would they all say if some morning she were found dead, brutally murdered. "Wife Cruelly Murdered by Prominent Broker". They would read about it at the breakfast table, shudder, call him inhuman and say that he had gone suddenly mad. Nobody would understand that it was all her fault. Oh, no, she was always perfect. Yes, yes, quite so. They wouldn't realize how impossible it was to live with someone who always kept everything polished and smooth, who was always smooth and neat herself. And always good, and sweet, and unselfish. A perfect wife! Her very perfection was what was so unbearable. Her perfection was as neat and polished as the living-room itself and afforded as little protection from dizzy spinings into space; there was nothing to grasp.

He felt his chair slipping sideways and beginning to whirl. By God, he would like to grab the woman, hammer in her skull with the paper-weight, tear her skin into ribbons, scratch up the damn smoothness of her. It would only take an infinitesimal breath of command to his muscles. But he could not quite give the order. He looked at his fingers; thin and brown, they were surely strong enough. The finger-nails were so clean; afterwards they would be broken and filthy with blood and scraped fragments of skin. He shuddered.

His wife looked up. "Darling, why don't you go to bed now? I'll bring you up some dinner. You look frightfully done in. You've stayed up to unearthly hours lately working over that old commission. Don't you think bed would feel good?"

He nodded. "Yes, I guess it would be a good idea. But don't bother about any dinner, thanks just the same." He tried to rise from the deep chair but the command he sent his muscles had no force in it. He still sat slumped:

he had not really meant the order, he had just tried it out in imagination. A second time he commanded; this time he forced himself to put meaning and conviction into the impulse. He dragged himself to a standing position. "Good-night."

His body merged with the softness of the bed. All strength melted away; it lay there an exquisitely heavy, an exquisitely inert mass. He was vaguely conscious of himself flowing out in a slow irresistible ebb, like a tide just after the turn. This smooth, black stream flowed out into the unfathomable darkness of the night, and was lost.

He swam up and up through infinite depths of green sea. Cold black marble, smooth and cruel; then a deep gray-green. Up, up through years of a pale mysterious green, opaque as a piece of wave-worn glass. This serene opaqueness was shattered by a bright burst of light; Exquisite shimmerings and sparklings.

He looked up and saw the ceiling, soft and mobile in the sunlight. Lying stretched out in bed he felt clean and smooth, and immensely powerful. He slipped a hand inside his pajamas and caressed his ribs. The skin was so soft and silky, but underneath there was the thrilling rounded hardness of bone. He smiled. It was wonderful just to lie there, to feel yourself and everything around you exultantly and exuberantly alive. He tightened his stomach muscles, concentrating there the immense power he felt surging through him; proud of his strength he beat a tattoo on this hard smooth surface.

He turned over. The sky was so blue. You could fly through it for miles and miles. It reached so far. And it was alive too; he could almost hear the beat of its pulse. His eyes and mind were powerful this morning. He could see a molecule quivering miles away in the blue. His perception was sharpened to a keen, eager edge which pierced easily to the heart of both the tangible and intangible. He heard the wind outside, a vine rattling by his window, saw the gay light flooding every cranny in the room. And he understood these things, felt them for the first time. Never had he been so alive or so attuned to life.

Whistling "We Two" he kicked the blankets off onto the floor. He jumped out of bed and stretched himself,

trying to touch the ceiling. The strong smooth obedience of his muscles filled him with a spreading glow of pleasure.

He started to take off his pajamas. "What shall I wear in the way of a shirt today?" He looked over at the chair where a pile of clothes lay untidy and stagnant. No, not that old suit. It was as ugly and depressing as a snake's discarded skin. He got his new suit out of the closet. This was alive, this had significance. Not a wrinkle or a stain on it. The sharp clean crease of the trousers had the vitality of line of a rapier blade. The "singing line"—no, that was something else.

From the untidy heap on the chair he disentangled the crumpled trousers of his old suit, and began transferring the contents of the various pockets. Jack-knife, keys, rubber-bands, cigarette lighter, a red-tee. "A good day for golf; I wonder if I could get away from the office." He thrust down into the other pocket and drew out another assorted handful. What the hell—glittering out from among the dull dimes and nickels, the flotsam of dust and tobacco, was a diamond. It shot icy daggers at him, cruel and aloof in its nest of tawdry rubbish—what the hell—. He plumped down heavily on the crumpled bed, and sat staring. The springs creaked beneath the dead weight of his body.

## A Fern

LOIS THURSTON, '31

With delicate light tracery it stretches out  
Over cool mould.  
Soft green is in the fresh young shoots,  
The dead are gold,  
For sunlight, life-absorbing, drifted through  
And left its trace.  
It stayed for one rich moment, then was gone,  
And in its place  
Left only gold.

# The Half-Gods and the High Gods

SYDNEY SULLIVAN, '31

IT HAPPENED that after many years, the greatest goddess of all the high gods, Education, came to be worshipped throughout the length and breadth of America. And in her worship, night and day the children of the land tired their eyes in her service. Soon therefore in all the country everyone was wearing what were in those days quaintly called glasses, great affairs of glass and tortoise-shell that fitted over the eyes and were held on by hooks over the ears.

About the same time it came to pass that all the animals grew strong and plentiful, for the people had no time to spare from their books to persecute them. In the far north the prosperity of the beasts and birds extended even to a curious sort of fowl called Penguins.

These grew and multiplied and waxed strong and the strongest of them was chosen leader. The leader at this time, the records tell, was a wonderful bird, six feet in height and handsomer than any of his subjects. After ruling many years, he grew tired and determined to go on a voyage of exploration. To this end he started out on a sunny September morning.

For several days he journeyed south and finally came to the strange country of the Americans. Here he went to a great city and seeing many men convened together, he joined them, following them as they went about. Owing to the excessive vanity of this remarkable race, they went without their glasses whenever they were among a crowd and though no one saw anything very clearly, neither did anyone else. So the penguin, who was not unlike the other men in evening dress, was unnoticed. He followed the multitude into a great hall and seeing every one else sit down in the rows of chairs, himself sat down.

This meeting was a convention of the people to elect for themselves a ruler, and the penguin, though not at all understanding the words of the men about him, sat quietly watching them. The people were undecided about two candidates

and there was a great deal of discussion, and talk back and forth. Towards the end, one of the men said: "Is there no other possible candidate?" Just here the penguin could not keep himself from rising to stretch, and as he did he called out, as all penguins do, "I-Yak!" The men about him understood him to mean, "I, Yak, am a candidate for the Presidency," and accordingly clapped very politely. The penguin, undisturbed, sat down again and the name "Yak" was entered in the rolls.

After the meeting one of the men came up to the bird and invited him to spend the night at his house. Yak, as he was afterwards to be known, interested in the man's strange actions quietly followed him and when introduced to others of the crowd, seeing them bow, bowed also. Thus he passed as a very pleasant, though very quiet stranger; for the half-blind Americans saw no difference between themselves and Yak.

Since the other two candidates were evenly matched and no one, no matter how great his intelligence (as was called the miscellaneous information crowded into his head) could decide between them, many voted for Yak, so many in fact that in due course he was elected to the Presidency.

As president he was very popular and performed his duties handsomely. He soon learned from observation to hold a pen between the feathers of his wing and scrawl a blot of ink across a page, and the more shapeless the blot, the more pleased were the Americans, for they thought that this showed him to have many weighty matters on his mind. His silence and his continued appearance of being in evening dress were also taken as marks of his superiority.

When the elections again took place, Yak was again elected and so it continued for two elections, at the end of which he died.

And it may well be that the undertakers, or "morticians" as they called themselves, wondered a little when they prepared the body for burial, but their education had been so thorough and their respect for a great man was such that they were unable to think very much. They simply carried out their duties and the body was interred with lines of soldiers and waving flags and gleaming sabres and drums and saxophones and speeches from prominent men.



And those eight years are looked on as the happiest in America's history.



## Aunt Sara Sturdevant

MARGARETTA SALINGER, '28

THE black taffeta folds of the large silver-handled umbrella fluttered and swished when first released, and then, subsiding mutely and patiently, allowed themselves to be pressed once more into a chaste black casing. Maybe the sun was shining; was that any reason for supposing that it would shine all day, and in New York as well as in Philadelphia?

Miss Sturdevant balanced the subdued umbrella against her knee, removed one of her gray cotton gloves and with her free hand pressed the mysterious button which released her pince-nez and allowed them to dangle from a long gold chain. Having placed them carefully upon the thinly covered bridge of her nose she consulted the chatelaine watch which was suspended from a large fleur de lis pin upon her bosom. One quarter before eight. And the first section leaving at five minutes of eight. Good gracious!

She opened her bag, drew out of the crocheted purse within, her smaller pocket-book, and unsnapped the clasp of the inner pocket. Yes, the ticket was there,—quite safely between the two folded five-dollar bills. No need to spend them but Em had said it would be better to carry the extra one.

"Excursion train to New York. Special train to New York. Track nine, first section, leaving at seven fifty-five."

Miss Sturdevant rose. And once having renounced the stability and the comparative calm of the waiting room benches, she was caught up and thrust into the center of the hoarse-voiced eddying mob which surged through gates in both directions. Everyone else seemed to know where he or she or their children were going. Frightening, a little, to be alone getting on a train from which one could not escape and which might be bound for Pittsburgh and points west. But no, track nine, plainly enough marked, and beneath the large numeral, First Section Excursion to New York.

What crowds of colored folk. Were there more colored people permanently in Philadelphia than in New York? There had been enough there twenty years before when Ida had first gone up to live. Too bad not to have got on in time to have a seat by the window. Miss Sturdevant had been tramping through with the determined tread and the wary eye of all who search in vain for a seat beside the window. But seeing no vacancies, she began trying to choose a suitable seat-mate. The young woman in the red hat might do. Too late. The young man in the derby had thought the same thing. A little girl sitting alone,—but at that point the little girl's mother appeared and dumped a little boy beside his not very protective sister. The man on the left,—well he did look like a prize fighter, but then,—and in the moment of hesitation a very stout female had appropriated not only one half of the seat but one half of the poor overwhelmed pugilist's section as well. So there was only one vacant seat in the car, and Miss Sturdevant's arch-supporters were a little too stiff for further walking and anyway, nice people don't make themselves too conspicuous in public conveyances. So she sat down beside the fussy little man whose hands were folded upon the *Public Ledger* in his lap.

Miss Sturdevant did not look at him as a brazen woman would. She stared out of the window on the opposite side of the aisle. So many tracks. It was always a wonder to her. And so many trains carrying so many people to such strange places. Not that she herself had spent her entire life in Merchantdale. Jacob Sturdevant had tried to give his children the advantages of seeing other cities and had taken them frequently from Philadelphia to Baltimore and several times even to Boston. Probably it all depended upon whether one enjoyed being moved about. Now there was Em who really preferred to stay in one place. She liked getting to know the folk around her. And the tea-pot with the knitted cosy made better tea than any other, and she preferred worship in their own pew in the old church. Neil on the other hand had always liked strange places naturally. He hated looking at the same old roof-tops all the time and any chimney was better than the one he could see from his attic-bedroom window every

morning. Neil just naturally loved variety and so he loved travelling and no one had really been very much surprised when he signed himself up for a South American cruise on a fruit steamer. But as for oneself,—(Miss Sturdevant leaned back against the green plush chair and relaxed as much as her straight spine and stiff neck and lavender velvet hat-brim would permit.) As for oneself, well it was strange. It was pleasanter sometimes to see and to hear different things; a change in chimneys makes one glad to look at the Harris's again when one gets home. But big boats, certainly excursion boats, are frightening; and railway stations are always so crowded with people who seem to have the knack of finding the ticket-office without inquiry. Now at home one could go about as determinedly on the Green and through the Center as these people had seemed to be doing in the railroad station. A package left at the butcher's would be sure to find its way back to the house when the clerk got out to deliver orders. Mr. Mix had known the Sturdevant boys for years, but all the store-keepers were like that. People in a small town had time to care, and knew how you'd feel about losing things.

What about the package for Ida? Where was it? Miss Sturdevant jumped and her bag and umbrella clashed into the aisle. There was the filet yoke for Ida and the wooden beaded bag for the girl. Em had taken so much trouble with that yoke pattern,—wild roses. It would be too bad. Miss Sturdevant's gray hands trembled a little as they fluttered futilely about the seat and on the floor. She was not aware that the silver-rimmed spectacles had been deliberately removed from the nose beside her; the *Ledger*, rotogravure sheet on top, deposited upon the vacated cushion; nor that the baggy knees were about to kneel beside her in the aisle until she heard: "You've lost something perhaps?"

Miss Sturdevant colored. First her lips felt hot, but she pressed them together; and then her cheeks felt hot and the color glowed on the thin shiny skin beneath her eyes.

"Yes. A small, medium small, white parcel."

"That's too bad. Perhaps—yes, here it is; under the seat. Isn't that curious? How could it have ——"

"Oh thank you, my sister would have been so upset."

"Is your sister with you?"

Miss Sturdevant slipped the handles of her bag over her wrist, and folded her hands upon the retrieved package.

"No."

She looked out at the fields which glided past the window. Blue sky, white clouds, red earth and white fruit trees. Blue sky, white clouds,—

"A fine spring."

"Yes."

"Tickets, all tickets please."

Miss Sturdevant carefully placed the package at her side and opened her bag. The ticket had been collected before she thought to ask her question.

"Conductor."

But he had gone on. Everybody was staring, too. Gathering courage from necessity:

"Conductor." And he heard.

"Conductor (with a discreet lowering of tone) will this train get to New York on time?"

"Can't say lady. We generally pull in about ten."

"But not later than ten-thirty?"

"Never lady. Tickets, all tickets."

Miss Sturdevant settled back.

"Are friends going to meet you, Madam?"

This seemed to be an occasion which demanded looking her companion full in the face. He quailed a little at this as if he were not accustomed to being regarded as the author of a question. And then he slowly repeated himself:

"I said, pardon me, are friends going to meet you?"

What should one say upon finding oneself in conversation, on a train, with a stranger?

"Perhaps. I wrote. But I'm not sure at all that they will. (He had been kind about the package, so she smiled.) New York folk are always busier than we."

Personal conversation is bad. Committal and ill-bred. She looked again out of the window. Ploughing begun: red earth; white fruit trees; not much pink; a little early for peach blossoms; red earth, white fruit trees all the way up to New York. And the silver-rimmed spectacles went back on the nose, and the *Ledger* rustled between them.

Miss Sturdevant began to fidget a little as they got nearer the station. Suppose that Ida hadn't got the letter. And suppose that they were having guests. Mildred probably had company quite often on Sundays. Neil had seen her the year before and had said she was pretty: bright eyes, chestnut hair and a red mouth.

Then the train lurched forward and came to a full stop. Miss Sturdevant gathered her things: she folded her scarf about her neck and placed the package under her arm, and the people behind pushed her forward a little bit more successfully than those in front held her back, and she found herself breathless and rather uncertain, talking to Mildred and Mildred's derbied young man.

"Aunt Sara. We wondered if we'd know you. But you do look just the same. Louis has his car here and I have to stop at the delicatessen. Do you mind if I get in front with Louis?"

Aunt Sara was packed into the back seat of the Chevrolet and Louis skillfully guided the car through the traffic and over to Flushing. He chattered with Mildred and waved to all the policemen and evaded all the cars that crowded the streets that Sunday morning. He was a pleasant enough young man and Mildred seemed to like him quite a lot. She too waved to the policemen at the corners as they got nearer to Flushing. Neil had said that she was more like Ida than the rest of the family,—not very shy, but jolly and happy.

Ida had a lot of strangers to dinner. They talked a great deal. There was the sister-in-law Mame and some of her family. Mame's husband was quite clever and laughed heartily at small jokes he made with first one and then another. He asked Miss Sturdevant in an aside whether she, as a good suburbanite, foresaw the doom of the modern Sodom. Miss Sturdevant saw no reason for expecting the doom of anything. He obviously awaited an answer however, and she was going to say that the inhabitants of New York seemed quite able to protect themselves from doom so far as she could judge. But feeling that others were waiting for her answer she stammered and tried to smile intelligently.

She couldn't decide either just what was best to say to

the neighbors who came in to meet Ida's sister. Nor to the two engaged cousins who dropped in late in the afternoon to exhibit their fiancés. They laughed in high-pitched voices and the men seemed so able to keep them laughing and had so much to say to them that they hurried away to go on talking without interruption.

Ida was kept frightfully busy and scarcely sat down to talk. Some of the crowd was staying to supper but Aunt Sara couldn't wait. So they packed a few sandwiches for her and two cakes and an orange.

Mildred said that for her part she wouldn't be seen eating sandwiches in a sight-seeing bus, much less on a train, but her mother reminded her that her Aunt Sara probably wasn't as snippy. Aunt Sara said nothing but mutely accepted the waxed paper and its contents. Mildred had a date with Louis for Sunday evening so it was decided that they should drive Aunt Sara back to the station.

"Goodbye, Sara. Tell Neil we've got a couch and an extra dinner plate when he comes up to New York."

"And thank Em for the filet."

Miss Sturdevant got into the sedan nimbly enough but was glad to lean back and close her eyes for a moment. The young people didn't talk much on the way. It was a gray spring evening and even the city air smelt soft and a little fragrant. There wasn't much traffic and Louis kept stealing glances at Mildred who took off her hat and leaned against his shoulder. Aunt Sara watched her smile as all the girls crossing streets with their hands on young boys' arms were smiling. Aunt Sara leaned back and stopped looking at the passers-by and the sleepy children on the curb, and she smiled too in the dusk.

The station teemed with people just as the other station had seethed twelve hours before. They were early; early enough to get Aunt Sara a seat by the window. And would she mind very much if they didn't wait until the train left? Louis bought her a large milk-chocolate bar and *Judge*. They waved to her under the window and then Mildred seized Louis by the arm and they went back to the front seat of the Chevrolet.

Only a few other early comers were seated in the car and one of them had thrown up a window. The same soft

odor of spring now mingled with smoke, penetrated the air and Miss Sturdevant sniffed and smiled to herself.

"Pardon me, are you saving that seat for someone, perhaps?"

Miss Sturdevant looked up and saw again the silver-rimmed spectacles which she had seen in the morning and the blue eyes which she hadn't noticed. And she continued to smile.

"No indeed, if you like,—Did you do a great deal of sight-seeing?"

"Oh, not so much. I visited. Did you?"

"Yes, my sister. And that reminds me. Have you had supper?"

"Not a bite."

"Nor I."

The gray cotton gloves came off very quickly. The waxed paper torn in half did very well for napkins and the back cover of *Judge* was put to use as a container for the orange peel. The sandwiches were chicken and the cakes had thick white icing.

As the train began to glide Miss Sturdevant remembered her umbrella. Where could she have left it?

"Do you think in the waiting room? Or possibly on a bus? I'm so sorry."

Miss Sturdevant sat back and ate another section of orange.

"No matter. It won't be raining in Philly and Louis will find it in the car and send it on to me."

---

## Rain

ROBIN KREUTZBERG, '31

Umbrellas, round,  
square, oblong.  
Umbrellas, purple,  
gray, and black.  
Rain, loud, cold,  
and splattering,  
Rain, soft, misty,  
and pattering.



## Adolescence

KATHERINE BALCH, '29

The scrawny, adolescent trees no longer sprawl across the sky;  
Their hard lines veiled with green, they feel the spring.  
Dead they were before in life.  
New softness now,—and vague troubled stirrings.  
The hills surge with a faint and half-felt hope.  
Misted, their curves melt back into the deep tenderness  
Of blue,—blue trembling with sharp mystery,  
Where yesterday was but a grim, grey curtain dropping  
straight.

\* \* \*

The seed of sadness is in everything.  
This quivering life pierces through apathy.  
In the soft atmosphere each sound, each sight,  
Is sharpened to an aching fineness.

\* \* \*

Oh for the deep, heedless sleep of winter,  
As far from life as death;  
Or summer's sleep, dreamless, and drugged with heat  
And cloying, too-sweet perfumes.  
Untroubled depths where no stone starts a ripple.

\* \* \*

Kittens, buds, and blades of grass.

\* \* \*

Why should one weep because the year is growing,  
Why should one weep?

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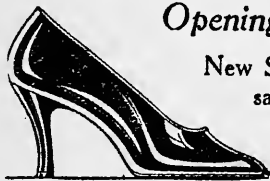
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# Occident

MARCELLA PALMER, '29

I've lost all touch with Oriental things:  
I loved the ancient idols of Japan,  
The sounding brass that came from Singapore;  
I loved to close my eyes and hear again  
The call of coolies, coming from the shore.  
I've lost the string of trinkets I adored,  
The story of this bracelet I've forgot;  
I once could count in Chinese up to ten.  
But then I was a child and I absorbed  
Everything that I had never known  
Before; I knew all things and loved all things  
Foreign, but I've lost, I've lost it all.

I've lost it all because I've buried it  
Beneath ten years of occidental life,  
And *yet* there's one thing left within me still—  
The knowledge that a thatched roof and a vine  
Of tangled roses close around a cottage  
Wherein to live and love eternally,  
Are not for me. Some day, and soon,—ah, soon,—  
The sound of temple bells, that is unending  
As life itself, shall dim my recollections  
Of thatched roofs and green shutters, . . . it shall drown  
All thought of vain ambition, only leave  
A feeling that all time has now been merged  
Into an all-embracing Present where  
My dreams are the reality, and I  
Have found the only happiness there is.

# The Greatest Man That Ever Lived

HELEN MCKELVEY, '28

JOHN DEERFIELD was happy; he was in love. He was exuberantly, extravagantly in love, truly never had any one been so in love before. John felt instinctively that he had an unprecedented capacity for love and now he had found an object for his adoration. He had not yet told Her about it,—he was a little afraid to,—he would wait until he had achieved something really worthy of Her, had published his book,—had become famous. And then suddenly he was miserable.

"Nothing is worthy of Her,—no one except someone who is greater than anyone alive,—or dead for that matter. She deserves the greatest man who ever lived. And how can I become that?"

With this question in his mind he walked to the window, and looked out over the roofs of New York. The steel, the smoke, the lights,—it was a little odd to turn from that to face anything so mediaeval as the Devil. And yet that was what John saw when he turned around. He was hardly surprised; love does things like that to your sense of proportion.

"How can I become the greatest man that ever lived?" he repeated aloud.

"Is that what you want more than anything?" asked the Devil.

"Yes. That is, more than anything except Her."

"I think we can fix this up for you. What you really mean is that you want her."

"Yes. No, I want to be worthy of Her first. I could not ask for Her in my present unworthy state."

"Why not? You are strong, good looking, and have money enough to support her. What girl could ask for more than that in a husband?"

"But you don't understand. You don't understand. She isn't an ordinary girl at all. She is,—she is—"

"Yes, yes," the Devil interrupted hastily, "And I do understand. She deserves the greatest man that ever lived."

And you love her so much that you want to offer that man to her. Am I right?"

"Yes," John was amazed at the Devil's perception.

"I know all about love. Yes, I know all about it but I am incapable of it. I think I understand your case."

"You do. But what would you suggest? What can I do? You have a great deal of power, haven't you?"

"Power is one of my essential qualities."

"Could you make me the greatest man that ever lived?"

"I could."

"Can you? Will you? Oh, sir,—Mephistopheles,—whatever I should call you. Will you?"

"I will. If—" the Devil paused. John waited a minute and then burst out.

"I'll make any bargain with you. Really I will. To be famous—to be great—to excel Shakespeare—to excel Homer. Can you do that?"

"I can. If—"

"I will give you anything in return. I will. Anything, that is, except Her."

The Devil laughed. "I don't want her."

"Name your price. You can have my soul, gladly."

Again the Devil laughed. "I don't want your soul. I have a soul. Yes, even the Devil has a soul. I bought it from a man named Faust."

"Well what do you want? Name anything. Only ask."

"I want what will make me equal to God Himself. What will make me greater than God,—for I already surpass Him in possessing the power to hate. My triumph will be complete if you will sell me—your power to love."

The eagerness died out of John's face. This power of his to love—he knew it was unusual, unprecedented. It was wonderful—and it was so new. Could he sell it? The Devil read his thoughts.

"I shall not take it tonight. It is new to you. It is wonderful. The Devil, you know, is a gentleman. I shall not ask for my price, until I have delivered the article. I shall not demand it until you are the greatest man that ever lived."

John was radiant again. "You shall have it. Give me your hand. The Devil *is* a gentleman."

"These bargains are usually written in blood."

John laughed, too happy to care, and cut his finger. The signature on the Devil's parchment looked somewhat blurred, but there it was, and it was indelible.

\* \* \* \*

The rapid rise of John Deerfield from an obscure novelist to a literary star of first magnitude is historic. He was acclaimed on every hand as the greatest figure in the literary world, the greatest living man in any field. Through it all he remained a charming, unspoiled young man a little dazed by his own success, yet always striving to surpass himself, so that he should be worthy of the girl he loved. The last thing he wrote was an epic poem. It had just been presented to a breathless world.

John picked up a newspaper to glance over the reviews of this work. "Shaw puts Deerfield at head of Immortals," he read. "Bernard Shaw, aged playwright and critic, broke his silence for the first time in many years. In an interview to the *London Times*, he is quoted as saying, 'America has done something. I bow before an American. John Deerfield, in his latest work, has shown himself to be greater than Shakespeare, greater than Homer, the greatest man that ever lived.'"

"At last! The greatest man that ever lived! Now, now I am worthy of Her. Now I can offer myself to Her. Thank God."

"Thank the Devil."

John turned. There was his old friend, the Devil, with his parchment in his hand.

"I beg your pardon most humbly. It was merely an exclamation. I fully realize that it is to you that I owe all this."

"Of course it is to me. It was I that turned a moderate talent for self-expression into genius surpassing the ancients, I am glad you remember that much. I have come to remind you of our bargain."

"I have not forgotten that either. You have come to demand my power to love."

"Yes. I have done my share. You are the greatest man that has ever lived. You are about to offer all that I have made you to the girl you love. Am I right?"

"Yes. I am going this evening. Right away." He took up his hat.

"Before you go, I must ask you to pay your debt." The Devil unrolled the parchment. "Will you give me your power to love?"

"It is yours."

The Devil disappeared.

John walked to the window. As he looked over the roofs of twentieth century New York, it seemed preposterous that he had been talking to any one so mediaeval as the Devil. Perhaps it was only his imagination. He tossed his hat and gloves on the table. Funny, he felt ridiculously happy to-night. With a sigh of content, he settled down with his pipe for the first quiet evening in many months.

---

## Impotent Evening

KATHERINE BALCH, '29

Smooth on the slope I lie,  
Knowing the deep-stretching density of earth beneath,  
Breathing with its slow, heavy rhythm.  
Part of this close reality, the dark trees climb;  
Defying emptiness, they fill the blank sky  
With slim, black fingers,  
Weaving a brave but futile screen.  
They cannot bar the sweep of thin eternity,  
Which, flowing through, leaves one stirred and dissolved  
As sand after a wave has passed.  
Each star stabs me alone;  
Silver needles piercing the pale immensity of space,  
They pin me down,  
Pressed to the hill's familiar strength.

# Locomotive

MIGNON SHERLEY, '31

## CHARACTERS—

Maggie.

Sam, her husband, a porter on the Chicago Limited.

Mammy, Sam's Mother.

Two Policemen.

## Scene

*A room above a cheap garage on the southeast side of Chicago. In the background there is a window with a bedraggled curtain hanging over it, and a door leading into an adjoining room. On the left is a cot over which is spread a quilt of gaudy colors. Next to the cot is a chair. On the right there is a door by which the characters enter and a coal stove with its black pipe reaching up to the ceiling, and in the center of the room is a table with a red and white checked tablecloth spread over it.*

*It is about six o'clock in the evening of a winter day. The room is dimly lighted by a gas jet protruding from the wall near the cot. Everything is quiet except for the sound of the trains which pass near the garage. This noise continues more or less throughout the play. The shrill whistle of a locomotive is heard at intervals. Mammy is seen bending over the stove. She is a large negress of about sixty-five years with snow-white hair and a dusky face. She appears to be expecting someone. At least, every now and again she glances at the door with a worried expression.*

*The door is quietly opened and Maggie enters stealthily. When she sees that there is no one but Mammy, she looks relieved. For her type Maggie is handsome. She looks about twenty-five with a lovely figure of which she is apparently aware, judging by her dress of black satin which clings to her body. She wears a necklace of big pearls and her yellow skin is highly rouged and powdered. She walks as if she were not at all well, and there is a decidedly feverish look about her eyes.*

MAMMY (looking at Maggie with an expression of mingled relief and distress): Well, de Lawd be praised! Heah yo'

is at las'. 'Bout time yo' was comin' home. This week's mos' gone an' yo' h'ain't set yo' foot in heah onct. All de day long Ah'se been aprayin' fo' yo' ter come home, an' de blessed Lawd done heared me, fo' heah yo' is, an' Ah mean yo' h'ain't nary a bit befo' time.

MAGGIE (*who has paid little attention to Mammy until she heard her last words, now with feverish excitement*): What yo' mean, Mammy, Ah h'ain't nary a bit befo' time? Tell me dat quick, yo' ole woman.

MAMMY: Hush yo' sass, yo' low flung niggah yo', an' go wash dat paint offer yo' face. Enuf fo' de side of a house! My boy Sam's done sent me word dat he's comin' home, an I swear dat if he ketchs yo' lookin like de trash yo' is, Ah'll bust yo' face clean in.

MAGGIE (*relieved but still with a frightened look*): Dat all yo' been makin' such a fuss ovah? (*with studied indifference*) Ter heah yo' talk Ah thought somethin' turrible was 'bout to happen. What's Sam comin' home fo' ter day? De boss fired him? He h'ain't due befo' Sat'day.

MAMMY (*fervently*): De Lawd have mussy on yo' wicked soul! H'ain't yo' glad yo' man's comin' home? Yo' oughter be ashamed of yo'self, runnin' like a dog all day an' all night, too, wid dem good fo' nothin' big town niggahs an' dat po' white trash, wid Sam gone mos' all de time on dem dere locomotives an' de little while dat he is home havin' ter sleep. (*Maggie has walked over to the window and is looking out intently into the dark alley below. She leans weakly against the window, coughing. In an undertone.*) De police is on mah tracks.

MAMMY: Answah me! H'ain't yo' glad yo' man is comin' home? (*Maggie to calm Mammy nods her head in assent.*) Yo' oughter be, but Ah don't lay no faith in de like of yo'. Yo' was de one wanted ter leabe de country in de fus' place. Mind yo', Ah was always agin it. An' Sam half out of his min' 'count of lobing yo' done jes like yo' said. An' now look whar yo' is wid yo' high-flutin', new-fangled notions mixed up wid dis heah gang ob boot-leggahs. (*With sudden feeling*) If yo' don't watch yo' step yo' gwine ter bust Sam's heart wide open.

MAGGIE (*with genuine feeling*): Don't say dat, Mammy. Yo' knows well as Ah does dat Ah lobes my man, but wid

- him away on dem trains mos' all de time, Ah gits powahful lonely. (*With a despairing look.*) But Ah reckon everythin's all ober now. (*In an undertone*) De police gwine ter ketch me sure. (*Steps are heard coming up the stairs.*)
- MAGGIE: Oh, Lawd Jesus, save dis chile! (*Maggie starts toward the door, but before she gets to it Sam bursts into the room. Sam is a powerfully built negro, black like Mammy, with coarse lips and very white teeth.*)
- SAM (*joyfully*): Maggie gal!  
(*The shrill whistle of a locomotive is heard.*)
- MAGGIE (*with mingled dread and happiness*): Sam! (*Sam takes Maggie in his arms. Mammy looks at Sam lovingly and at Maggie perhaps a little enviously.*)
- MAMMY: Ah'se gwine ter leabe yo' chillens by yo'selves. (*lying*). Ah seen Lily dis mawnin' an' Ah done promised her Ah'd nuss de baby while she toted de washin' ovah ter de Missus. Her boy, Arthur, am in de bed sick. (*Exit Mammy.*)
- SAM: What's come ovah yo', gal? Yo' is all ob a tremble. Dat cause yo' so berry glad ter see yo' man? (*Suddenly holding Maggie off.*) Ah smells liquor on yo' breath again. Lawd Jesus, whar yo' been, Maggie? Yo' h'ain't been wid dat low down trash again, has yo'?
- MAGGIE: Ah's jes cold, dat's all, Sam. (*Sam puts some coal in the stove. In the meantime Maggie walks across the room somewhat unsteadily and locks the door. Sam looks at her in amazement but says nothing. Maggie walks back across the room and sinks on the cot.*)
- MAGGIE (*in an undertone*): Oh, Lawd, help me ter tell him de trufe.  
(*Sam goes over and sits down on the chair near the cot.*)
- SAM (*in a tone of sadness*): Maggie, yo'se gwine ter kill me, 'deed yo' is, if yo' don't quit dis carryin' on ob yo's. (*Hoping his words will have the proper effect.*) An' yo's gwine ter die yo'self, if yo' don't set about mendin' yo' ways, an' de Lawd will punish yo' fo' sinnin' agin' him. (*with real concern.*) Yo' looks powahful sick dis berry minute. Ah declare ter goodness yo' does.
- MAGGIE (*who has been twitching nervously and looking toward the door every few minutes as if she thought someone were going to enter, despite the fact that it is locked*): Don't yo'



bothah studyin' 'bout me, Sam. Ah h'ain't wuth it. Ah h'ain't wuth nuthin' now' cept ter croak. De blessed Lawd knows Ah h'ain't.

SAM (*with his face in his hands.*) Fo' Gawd's sake, Maggie, stop dat foolish talk ob yo's.

(*Maggie is moved and reaching out her hand lays it on Sam's shoulder. Sam looks up and falls on his knees by the cot.*)

SAM: Maggie gal, when Ah recollects de fus time Ah ever saw yo' Ah could lay down an' neber get up no mo'. Yo' was all in white in dem days wid magnolias in yo' hair an' yo' big black eyes dat shiny.

(*There is quiet for a few seconds except for the noise of the train which is passing outside.*)

SAM (*as if reminded of something by the sound of the train. A little disappointed*): But, Maggie, yo' h'aint neber inquired ob me how come Ah's home a day befo, Ah's due.

MAGGIE: How is dat, Sam?

SAM: It happened like dis. It done come ovah me one night when Ah was shinin' de shoes of de white folks, dat it was dat big black debil called locomotive, dat spits fiah, dat was changin' yo' an' stealin' yo' from me. Eber since dat night Ah h'ain't been able ter git rid ob dat dere notion. It jest haunted me. So Ah plum decided ter gib up de job eben though Ah was gittin' right smart pay. Dat's what Ah did an' now, Maggie, Ah's got another job in view. Dere was a gentleman dat used ter make de trip from Chicago ter New York ebery week an' he kind ob took a shine ter me, 'cause he done told me one time when Ah was brushin' off his coat dat if Ah was eber in need of a job, Ah could be his chauffeur, an' dribe a swell lookin' automobile. Ah's gwine ter pay him a visit ter morrow mornin', an if Ah gits de job we won't eber be separated no mo'. Ah'll be wid yo' ebery night, Maggie. Is yo' listenin' ter yo' old man, honey?

(*Maggie has listened intently to what Sam has been saying. She seems particularly relieved by the idea of the locomotive as a sort of evil genius that has been hanging over her, and that is now appeased by the fact that Sam has given up his job. She seems to have forgotten her fear for the time being.*)

MAGGIE: Do yo' mean dat, Sam? Ah'd be a diffant gal, Sam,

if Ah' knowed yo' was gwine ter be home ebery night, 'deed I would. Everythin' would be like it was at fus'.  
*(Sam takes Maggie in his arms. They are both very happy).*

MAGGIE: Ah would wear dem white flowahs what yo' like in my hair agin. Praise de Lawd, Sam. *(A locomotive's shrill whistle is heard. As if foreboding some evil, Maggie clutches Sam's arm).*

MAGGIE: Sam, Ah's a berry wicked sinner. Ansawah me quick, Sam. Do yo' lobe me no matter what Ah's done?

SAM: Yo' knows Ah does, Maggie. *(Steps are heard coming up the stairs. Sam kisses Maggie.)*

SAM: Ah reckon dat's Mammy comin' home.

MAGGIE *(not hearing Sam's words)*. Oh, Lawd, oh, Lawd! Pray fo' me, Sam.

SAM: Gib me de keys, Maggie.  
*(Maggie holds the keys out in a sort of stupor. Sam takes them and goes toward the door. Maggie is hugging her knees and rocking back and forth.)*

MAGGIE: Oh, Lawd, have mercy on dis sinnah. *(Sam has opened the door. He is faced by two policemen.)*

FIRST POLICEMAN: Good evening.

SECOND POLICEMAN: Is this where Maggie Lee lives?

SAM *(quite frightened and impressed by the policemen's authority)*: Yes, suh.  
*(The policemen enter the room, and before Sam realizes what has happened, one of them has handcuffed Maggie. Maggie makes little resistance.)*

MAGGIE: Lawd Jesus, it's gwine ter kill him.

SAM *(dazed)*: Mistah Policeman, what yo' got ter do wid Maggie?

FIRST POLICEMAN *(addressing Sam curtly)*: I am arresting Maggie Lee of this Larder gang for the murder of Robert Harris which happened Wednesday night. *(Sam at first doesn't believe the policeman's words but slowly begins to take in their full significance.)*

SAM *(tensely)*: Maggie, say yo' h'ain't done it.

MAGGIE: Ah done it.

SECOND POLICEMAN: Come, no talk.

MAGGIE *(tearfully)*: Please, Mistah Policeman, lemme tell my man how Ah come ter do it.

FIRST POLICEMAN *(hesitating, then gruffly)*: Well, be quick about it.

*(Sam has sunk into a chair, with his head on the table. Maggie kneels by him.)*

MAGGIE: Sam, fo' Gawd's sake listen ter yo' Maggie. It done happened like dis. Seemed like de debil had got hold ob me, maybe dat great black locomotive debil yo' was tellin' me 'bout, 'cause when yo' used ter be away on de trains somethin' jes got hold ob me an' made me go out whar dere was folks. An' den Ah got mixed up wid dem dirty niggahs an' po' white trash dat am bootleggahs. Ah 'spect dey figured dey could do 'bout what dey pleased wid me 'cause Ah was young an' from de country. Anyhow dat's what dey was aimin' at. But Ah was purty smart an' Ah soon got on ter dem dere new ideas. Ah begun ter dress like de gals dey went wid. Ah 'spect yo' recollect when Ah begun ter change. But Ah weren't like dem other gals *(with heat)*. Ah swar ter Jesus Ah weren't. So, Sam, it was cause Ah lobed yo' an' obeyed de Lawd's commandment dat Ah killed dis heah Robert Harris. De gang sent me ter see him 'bout some business wid him, but dis time it 'peared like some how Ah couldn't git nowhar wid him. Dat low-down nasty niggah thought Ah was like dem other gals, but Ah weren't, by Gawd, no. Well, dere wasn't no way out ob it 'cept ter kill him, an' dat's what Ah done. Oh, Sam, Ah knows Ah sinned by runnin' wid dat dere gang, but dat Robert Harris croaked 'cause Ah lobed yo'. *(Here Maggie breaks down and sobs.)* But Ah'se gwine ter pay fo' it. Oh, Sam, forgibe yo' Maggie. Seemed like some ob dem nights when all Ah would heah was de trains runnin' in de blackness, seemed like Ah jes had ter leabe dis room. Dat black debil made me do it, an' now Ah'll never see yo' face no mo'.

*(Sam is shaken convulsively by sobs. Even the policemen are moved. Sam throws his arms around Maggie, but is dragged away by the policemen.)*

MAGGIE: Sam, Sam!

SAM: Maggie gal, don't leabe yo' man! *(Exit policemen with Maggie. Sam sinks once more on the chair with his face in his hands. Silence. Mammy enters noiselessly. She walks over to Sam and puts her arms around him, crooning softly. Trains are heard in the distance.)*

Curtain

## Plea

MARTHA GELLHORN, '30

I sit listening  
To the wind  
Weaving round the stars:

Will you welcome me  
When I come back?

Will we smile and chat  
Mockingly, of bright and brittle things?

Will mundanity serve as guide  
Leading us back to  
The fork in the road?

Say, "Yes".

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## Lament

MARGARET HALEY, '28

I am stagnant,  
And dull, and strangled  
By fingers weedy  
And rusty-spangled,

As thick green water  
Where fevers rally,  
Though I'd be springing  
Down some bright valley.

# Imagination

SYLVIA SCOTT, '31

RECENTLY I heard a psychologist deplore the poverty of the human mind. He maintained (and no one can disagree with him) that the mind can create no new thing. Nothing can come out of the mind which has not previously been experienced. All of what we call creative thought is merely a giving back and recombining of old ideas and impressions.

All too true. But still it seems to me that this much abused mind of ours has aeons and aeons in which to do productive and profitable labour before it is relegated to the poorhouse. Mental riches have the same dual function as worldly riches—to make easy the business of living, thus increasing leisure, and to fill that leisure time with pleasant occupations. As to the first, it is sufficient to say that our minds have erected for us, or rather “combined” for us, all of the scientific principles on which our civilization rests. The second function that this kind of wealth performs is much more important, because whatever the condition of living may be, there will always be some moment set aside for pleasure. If the pleasure is not forthcoming, that life is miserable. But if it has a mind, and a human mind, it can never fall into such straits.

Just sit down for a few moments and let your imagination come out for an airing. Before long you will be roaring with laughter at the pictures that present themselves as a combination of images suggested by random words.

“Doctors in shocked heaps on the floor.” Everyone knows what a typical doctor looks like, and an expression of shocked surprise. Everyone has seen mounds of humans collapsed on each other at a football game. Combine all these elements—what a charming picture! The next step is a reason which immediately suggests itself for the above situation. Thus is great literature born. A fair and frail young lady having been in bed for two weeks with influenza desires to go out for a walk. The doctors (their number seems to increase rapidly as we think about them) throw up their hands. “Why, my

dear, you have been in bed for days. You will be too weak to move a step." Whereupon the young lady throws them a scornful glance, tosses back her thick hair, marches over to the curtain rod and chins herself three times, then walks out of the door, leaving the doctors in shocked heaps on the floor.

Now change the words a little—"Flocks of proctors leap on the door." In a female conservatory, say. There is a suspicion of wrong doing behind some closed door, and proctors can flock if no one else can. As they descend steps and flutter down halls, the down floats from their negligées and little tendrils of ostrich plumes are detached, making everyone sneeze. And imagine the feelings of the wretched sinner when this avifaunal multitude leaps on the door!

But this could go on forever, and a very good thing that it could. No moment can be barren to a man, because a man has a mind. The poverty of the mind—why, the mind is richer than the whole universe, because, if properly inebriated, it could conceive two universes!

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## The Book

EMILY LEWIS, '31

I read from an old book  
Mellowed by age.  
Rare illuminations  
Adorned each page.

A cowled monk had penned it;  
And its great size  
Made it look precious,  
Made it look wise.

I sat upon a tall stool  
And felt very old!  
But it was almost like the tale  
My Mother Goose had told.



# Manny Plaut

DEIRDRE O'SHEA, '26

MANNY PLAUT whistled "Sometimes I'm Happy" as he walked across town on One Hundred and Seventeenth Street. And how happy he was just then! Back in New York, and everything set.

It wasn't six o'clock yet, but perhaps Leah would be home if she had gotten a little ahead of the subway crowd. Manny wondered if Leah still had the same job. Selling stockings at Saks', Herald Square, was good paying work, but now, he proudly reflected, "Leah won't have to work any more—just help in the store!"

*His* store! It had been a fine thing going over to Philadelphia to help Uncle Louis. The old man had needed someone around with him. Manny had been useful, and when old Louis died, naturally he got the business. That had been a good deal, too, selling out right away to the Katz Brothers—and now he was to have his own store in New York!

Tobacco, stationery, magazines, and newspapers. It wouldn't be more than a couple of months till he'd have a regular trade. Some good location uptown. Start in by stocking good candy to catch the children's penny trade—they told the folks at home. Near an even numbered corner on Lexington Avenue—by a car stop so as to be handy for the men on their way home. He would have one of those green awnings with "M. Plaut" painted on it in white. Perhaps a circulating library, too, when he got people coming in regular. With Leah to watch the store when he was out, he'd get on fine!

Manny's calculating dreams were broken by a brisk,  
"Lo, Manny Plaut."

It was Jack Straus and Sam Rosen. Jack looked just the same, Manny thought, but Sam had surely been good to himself in the last little while. Always a short man, since Manny had last seen him he had grown plump as a pigeon. He looked sleek and prosperous, content with Sam Rosen and avid for life. "He's a great one," Manny thought warmly. Once not so long ago Manny might have envied Sam, but now



as he echoed the other's greeting, his own good fortune, past and to come, so much in his mind, he assumed an air of easy equality.

"Back for a few days?" Sam asked.

"For good now," Manny beamed. "I'm all set!"

"Seen Leah Kauffman yet?"

"I'm on my way now—first thing—just got to town an hour ago."

"Heard from her lately?" came Sam's rather cautious question.

"No, we aren't so strong on letters, Leah and me—don't need to be—that's how it is with us, you know." Manny answered with all the assurance of being already betrothed.

Sam cupped his hands before his face as he lit a cigarette and said,

"She ought to be home now, if you hurry."

"Aw, Sam," Jack Straus said slowly, "why don't you tell Manny the glad Hurrah?"

Sam blew a long deliberative string of smoke rings into the air. Manny waved a glad hand to his two friends and declared,

"Whatever it is, Sam, I'm with you."

Then, resuming his whistling with more zest than ever was off up the street toward Leah Kauffman's house.

Suddenly a cog kicked back in his jungling train of thought. It was really only a suspicion of trouble, but required attention. Would Leah be glad to see him again? She had let him kiss her before he had gone away, even though they hadn't been really keeping company. Perhaps he had been mean not writing all this time, but he hadn't wanted to. Leah Kauffman had education, her high school diploma was framed on the parlor wall. He hadn't wanted her to know that he spelt like it sounds, not like it is in books. Leah was refined; she might think less of him for it.

Yes, she was home. Already he could see the light in the Kauffmans' ground floor flat. Suddenly, he felt a little abashed. She wasn't expecting to see him. After all he should have written to her, but, he reassured himself, that will be all right by Leah—she has sense. He stood outside a minute to look in.

Old Mrs. Kauffman was sitting beside the window. Her great head, heavy in its ungainly black wig, was bent over the

sewing in her hands. Her thick fingers held the needle clumsily and moved stiffly over the fabric. She was very intent on her work. A little behind her in the room was a girl. Leah! It was Leah! Wrapped closely in a cherry-colored dressing gown she stood there, perfectly still, her hands pressed hard upon her breast as if to contain there some sudden surge of delight.

Never before, it seemed to Manny Plaut as he stared at her, had he seen her full beauty. Black hair, white skin, round, promising body. Leah! The quick thought came, ah! how she will attract customers, such a fine girl—he must have Leah with him.

Now she moved a little to one side, lithe and sudden like a cat. He easily saw her soft muscles moving under the flimsy red silk. What a fine girl!

She was looking at something. Manny's eyes followed hers.

It was a dress. A white dress hanging stiff and frilly on a dress-maker's dummy. The fabric gleamed like snow under the harsh electric light.

"Mmm, what a dress," Manny murmured and looked at the girl again.

Mrs. Kauffman said something to her daughter. Leah turned a brilliant smile in answer. Then a bell sounded. Manny could catch its shrill imperative clang. He looked quickly at the front door. A dark figure stood there, waiting—someone had passed him as he stood. A sudden flood of light came jutting out as the door was opened. There was a bang as it closed.

A man entered the front room. Leah took two little running steps, he spread his arms out wide, and closed them possessively around her. With Manny Plaut surprise outweighed both anger and envy. Now the man turned with his face full toward the window.

"God!" Manny whispered, "It's Sam Rosen."

How could he have failed to recognize that short stout figure—Sam Rosen! Leah picked up a pile of white stuff from the sofa. Tenderly she held it out to Sam; smiling into his eyes, she carefully put the mass of fluffiness on the neck of the dressmaker's dummy. It floated out, wavered a moment, and then fell gracefully into place.

It was a wedding veil!

Manny stood in amazement. There was nothing to do now that he had seen—why should he go on into the house to be told again that Leah was going to marry Sam. Then, as if he were hypnotized by what was going on behind the window, Manny moved in nearer the house. He could still see inside, and now Sam's guttural voice came out to him—faint and almost unreal, but still audible.

"Saw Manny Plaut down street just now."

A quick look from Mrs. Kauffman met a slower one from Leah. It was as if that onset of glances had made an audible crash. Then silence. Manny remembered that Mrs. Kauffman had never favored him.

The old woman spoke.

"I was by Rabbi Simkowski's this morning, Sam."

"What was it he had to say?"

"That everything is fixed fine—even the cantor is chosen." And then with satisfaction spreading over her like a great cloak, she went on, "The wedding will be Sunday night—the best day!"

Manny heard Leah's voice now for the first time.

"Ain't the dress swell, Sam?" she said proudly as she caressed the soft stuff.

Sam pinched her cheek, flicked a ruffle of the dress with his forefinger, winked over at Mrs. Kauffman, then said,

"A fine piece of goods—and it should be for a bride."

"My little girl is getting married elegant," the old woman gloated.

"Manny said he was coming by here tonight," Sam remarked.

The recurrence of his own name in this conversation, which was so alien to him, fascinated Manny Plaut. Now he heard Mrs. Kauffman grunt,

"Ach, that one!"

"Now, momma," Leah put in, "Manny's a real nice boy."

"Working in his uncle's penny store, Ugh!" her mother retorted.

"It will be a swell wedding, Sam," Leah cooed, "with this dress and all!"

Manny retreated down the street thoughtfully. It was a fine dress, Leah's wedding dress, and she would look good in it too—it shone so. Hm, he thought—Leah had kissed him

when he went away. He should have written. Leah and Sam—Sam was a good provider, he had his own electric supply shop—

Well, he was going to have his own store too, with Uncle Louis' money. Manny's heart went up. It did not seem exactly the same now that Leah would not be with him, but still his heart warmed as he thought again of his green awning, his regular trade, his lending library. The only trouble was that with each bright vision of his coming glory the motif of a Leah persisted—the store needed a woman's hand—his brother's wife was such a helpful girl to Herman.

"Lo, Manny Plaut," a soft little voice came.

He looked up. Meta Golden.

"Lo, Meta," he answered. "How is it by your father now?"

"He's not so well at all. We are afraid for him."

"That's bad—but he has had a good life too," said Manny mindful of old Abraham Golden's successes.

"Isidore will keep the store, of course," Meta volunteered.

"And what will you do, Meta?"

"I'll help Issy, like I have been doing—I know the stock now better than either of them," the girl declared proudly.

"Meta," Manny said suddenly, "are you dated up for tonight?"

"Well, not exactly," she admitted as she flung him a challenge from her full black eyes. She took out a powder compact and rubbed her nose hard with the puff while she waited.

"Then how about going to Loew's with me?" Manny asked.

As they went slowly down the subway steps, he tucked his arm through Meta's.

## Old Luggers

VICTORIA BUEL, '29

Old luggers lie buried in sands of gold  
With rotted hulk and shattered mast.  
Dauntless they guard a treasure untold  
Where dark eels pause, then glide on past.

Shapeless hulks of a by-gone day  
Dream of a time when they used to roam.  
Graceful, they leapt on a crest of spray  
To toss it aside in a path of foam.

Along their decks pale seagrasses grow,  
Ghost lights filter with watery gleams  
Through monstrous caverns in holds below,  
Where molten amber reflects their beams.

Old luggers sigh for a whistling breeze  
To drive them along on a purple swell,  
Towards a distant harbor of quiet seas  
Shrouded in darkness, pierced by a bell.

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## Trees After Rain

BARBARA KIRK, '31

The fat tree squats  
In his sleek black coat  
And lifts his paws  
Like a bear;  
While the thin tree  
Quivers her coral leaves  
And wrings the storm  
From her hair.

## Night at the Vakzol

SADIE ZEBEN, '31

IT WAS during the war, yesterday—or was it some years ago? The three of us, Matushka, Luov, and I were sitting on the *vakzol* in Moscow.

Luov and I looked up at our dear little Mother. She was so pretty. We wondered why she felt sad and why she watched the hurrying soldiers so sorrowfully. The sun sank rapidly and soon we were being covered with Matushka's coat. "Sleep, love, sleep," she whispered, "and tomorrow early in the morning, we'll be on the train." But sleep I could not. Luov drowsed off immediately,—the baby! Slyly I pushed my covering off my face and looked at the life around me. Little Mother was leaning against the stone wall, her eyes half-shut. I couldn't sleep. Why should I anyhow? It was stuffy; the stone pavement was hard and cold; the people about me smelled of dirt and perspiration. I wondered why it was so foul,—the *vakzol* was open to the air.

There were hundreds of men, mostly soldiers, pushing, running, yelling, lying all over the station-floor. So many soldiers in tatters—a few nurses in blue—all tired-looking, just like Matushka. The twilight deepened. More and more soldiers appeared from the in-coming trains and crowded the place. There was no space for walking. The three of us, as we lay there huddled, gradually were pushed into a corner. It was a fine vantage point for outlook. Besides, Matushka could not see me. Poor Luov—he snored all through the night.

Soon the sky became quite dark. Then the lights went out one by one. Far away we heard the bells of the Great Church. Their sound came strangely at a moment when all was silenced. As the mellow peal faded away,—a thin note pulled out by the wind,—a steady hum arose, a murmur of voices from the soldiers as if they were just awakened, a murmur that waxed continuously into an impenetrable din. From my corner I watched as the night moved on. Cautiously I ventured to look at my wrist-watch. Matushka must not know I was awake. It was getting late. About eleven o'clock there was a change in the men as they lay there, hushed together, smoking reeking tobacco, covered by their torn clothes. Every now and then

I saw a face. The men's faces shone unnaturally in the half-light. All wore the look of lassitude, of bitterness, of fatigue,—many of disgust, several of brute ugliness.

From somewhere in the dense mass there came the voices of a straggling few singing,

“Hey, Hey, from the mowing of the hill grass  
Peasants pause to watch the Cossacks march past!  
Here's a soldier smoking 'baccy,  
Took a pipe and left his little wife behind,  
Took a pipe for her in exchange.”

Then the whole crowd joined in. The music swelled with the passion in their voices, a passion intense and real. It seemed as if a choirmaster had taught them the harmony of song. Matushka was shaping the words with her lips; I saw her. . . . With a gusto they chorused; until long after midnight the singing continued,

“Came the Poles adown the three roads,  
And the Tartars came down four roads.  
All the fields with Swedes were covered,  
But the Cossacks looked and shouted.  
Tartar, Pole, and Swede he flouted,—  
With his cry their hosts he routed,  
‘I am red-haired and my wife  
Will be red-haired all her life’.”

About two o'clock, again I noticed a change in the vast crowd. Matushka knew already that I was not sleeping, but she seemed too weary to admonish me. So, I sat taut and wide-eyed, with a strange tugging at my heart. They had just finished singing “Stenka Razin,” that glorious ballad. Then unexpectedly I heard an outburst of not very hearty laughter. I peered through the dark and saw a small group of men, sitting close-packed, shaking with mirth. Leeringly they turned their eyes on Little Mother. They were ugly men—ugly faces, ugly eyes. I grew hot to see dear Little Mother turn her head. Presently, all the soldiers began to nudge one another, shouting hilariously, nodding to Matushka, addressing themselves familiarly to her, smirking, making derisive

gestures. Semi-consciously I felt that little Mother was the only woman on the *vakzol*. I looked around for the few nurses who had been there. I felt bitter when I saw them all dispersed, sitting in the dark corners with selected soldiers in amorous positions. It was ugly. I hated it. The soldiers about me nauseated me. Why was I not sleeping like Luov? Their brutal jokes, their coarse railleries made me ill. I asked myself whether these were the men who had sung so beautifully, whose melody had made me catch my breath.

The rancid odor of bodies closely compressed filled my nostrils. I suppose I dozed off. When I awoke it was dawn. The rising sun seemed the signal of departure. Instantly, the *vakzol* was emptied as the soldiers ran to the waiting trains. We were the last to go—Matushka, Luov, and I.





# Doomsday

EVELYN WAPLES, '31

*The scene is laid in an old farmhouse. When the curtain rises there is no one on the stage. The blinds are drawn, but the sun shines through in cracks around them, making white lines on the faded carpet and large empty fireplace. Doors open right on a porch and left into the hall. There is the sound of approaching steps and voices, followed by a continued heavy knocking from outside.*

GIRL'S VOICE: Break it, Pest. Here—wait!

*(There is a ghostly creaking followed by a heavy crash and laughter. Enter four girls from the hall. The first, Jill, is dark haired, small, and vivid. Mart is large and healthy. Pest is dressed in a brown riding habit, and you like her at once. Shirley, who is Jill's cousin, is quiet and arresting. All but Shirley come forward eagerly and wander around the room.)*

MART: This is too perfect!

PEST: Look at that heavenly fireplace!

Mart: Can we have a fire, Jill?

JILL: Sure.

*(Shirley has stood still in the doorway, and is taking in every detail of the room almost hungrily.)*

SHIRLEY: Jill, it's exactly the same. Remember the desk, and that picture! Look!

JILL: Who? The Divine Shepherd? Do I?

SHIRLEY: The child is adorable, but the lamb always looked sick. *(To the picture)*. I've never really forgotten you.

PEST *(who has been building a fire)*: Anybody got a match?

MART: Here's some. *(She throws a box, and they all watch eagerly. The fire draws perfectly. Shirley pulls up the blinds letting in the late afternoon sun, and gazes breathlessly at the bare trees and distant hills.)*

MART *(vibrating)*: Every corner brings back some dear remembered scene, some childish passion half forgot.

SHIRLEY: Absolutely, I feel like the cherry orchard of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mart: And fare you well for ever more,

O ladder by the hayloft door,  
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling  
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything.

PEST: Got the cigarettes?

JILL: Here. (*She takes one herself and then hands them to the others*). You know, this is really *too* perfect. I'm frozen to death, though.

MART: When shall we eat?

PEST: Oh it's still early. We don't have to start back for hours yet. (*Every one lies down around the fire, their backs to the audience, except Shirley, who sits on a large copper box near it.*)

PEST (*lazily*): This is my idea of heaven. Fire—cigarettes—college 70 miles away.

JILL (*to Shirley*): You know it's funny that this is the first time we've both been here together.

MART: Honestly?

PEST: Couldn't your families both rate an invitation at the same time?

SHIRLEY: No. Grandmother had to average up the laundry bill by strict living for a month after one visit.

JILL: The real reason is that father and Aunt Al used to fight so much in their youth they're afraid of becoming sentimental.

MART: So you two cousins never met till you came to college?

JILL: Think what we missed!

SHIRLEY: Speak for yourself.

JILL: I used to think you were too horrible. I still have a letter from you telling me to keep my lamp trimmed and burning bright, against the day.

PEST: What day?

MART: Doomsday, idiot.

PEST (*with anxious incredulity*): You didn't, did you?

SHIRLEY (*calmly*): Well, Jill sent me the Bible for my fourteenth birthday.

JILL (*reddening*): With my own name printed in front.

MART: I bet you got it for attending Sunday School.

SHIRLEY: For fourteen years.

MART: Can't you see the minister presenting it to her?

PEST: Jane Louise, it is with sincere pleasure that I present to you—as a reward for 700 steady attendances at this or

other Sabbath Schools—one Bible. May you use it wisely and well.

SHIRLEY: She did, it's in my room at college now.

JILL (*overcome*): Let's eat. I'll get the food. (*Exit left.*)

MART (*wandering around and looking at the bookcase*): What weird books. "Cosmic Echtopology," "The Trumpet of Gabriel," "The Curtain Lifts."

PEST (*becoming interested*): "When and How," "New Jerusalem." "The Straight Road"—(*suddenly breaking off*) Heavens! I have to write my paper on "Free Will" tonight!

MART (*impatiently*): Well, you know you can't do it. Why in the deuce did you leave it till now?

PEST (*writhing in agony*): I haven't handed a paper in on time once this semester.

SHIRLEY: Go ahead and write it now. We'll tell you what to say.

PEST (*wailing*): I haven't a pen or—

SHIRLEY: Here's a pen.

MART: There's a pad in the car.

SHIRLEY: Run!

PEST (*going to the door right*): It's getting dark already. (*She tries an electric light and it works*). All the modern conveniences! (*Exit right.*)

MART: Why's this place kept up so well? Or rather why doesn't some one come live in it?

SHIRLEY: Too lonely.

(*Enter Jill left with a coffee percolator, potato chips, and a platter of cinnamon buns.*)

JILL: Look what I found! Coffee and a percolater.

MART: Oh, Bliss! This is too divine! (*Jill fixes the coffee. Mart helps herself to potato chips. Shirley goes out left and comes back with cups and a spoon.*)

SHIRLEY: Everything seems as though it were waiting for something to happen.

(*Pest runs in panting, with the pad. She slams the door and leans up against it.*)

PEST: I wouldn't live out here alone for a fortune! The place is as desolate as an old playground. There's the most awful wailing going on down in—Coffee!

JILL (*excited*): Yes—the kitchen's full of canned fruit and cereals.

MART: I tell you, you're holding back on us, Jill. Why's the place so clean if no one ever comes out, and whoever collected these ghastly books? "Satan's Claws," that's too awful.

JILL (*thoroughly enjoying herself*): Shall we tell them about Uncle Jim, Shirley?

SHIRLEY: We can't help it now.

MART: What? Oh please!

PEST: Go on, Jill.

JILL: Well, we had an uncle who got to thinking about religious things till he got a little loose. (*She indicates the top half of her head.*)

PEST: I don't blame him.

JILL: He got to thinking there'd be a judgment day, and he worked out just when it was going to be, and came out here alone one night.

MART: With the books.

PEST: Shut up!

JILL: The next day he was nuts.

MART: Honestly?

JILL: I cross my heart. He used to stay here alone with a caretaker within reach. Did you ever see him, Shirley?

SHIRLEY: No.

JILL: I didn't either. He committed suicide a year ago, in this room.

(*The effect of this speech is appalling. Mart and Pest fall over backwards. Shirley looks at Jill, half-angry. Jill in her element picks up Pest.*)

PEST: Let's get out of this place. Come on!

SHIRLEY: Don't be dumb. Jill, you're a fool.

MART: I'm not going till I've eaten that cinnamon bun.

PEST (*putting a log on the fire*): Well, I'm in a wonderful humor to write about free will, I must say. (*She sits down and writes the title, eating potato chips.*) Come on, you said you'd help me. Is there free will, or is there not?

JILL AND MART: There is.

SHIRLEY: There is not.

PEST: Oh, come, come.

JILL: What do you mean by free will?

SHIRLEY (*slowly and thoughtfully*): Well, I don't believe that we really and truly do choose anything we do. We think

we do—but honestly it's all done for us. Psychologically we can't help ourselves.

PEST: That's rotten. Do you really think that, Shirley?

SHIRLEY (*rather miserably*): I wish I didn't, but I do.

MART: Well, for all practical purposes it doesn't matter. Whether I choose to smoke or eat cinnamon buns is relatively so small a thing that the Cosmic Fire let's me think I'm choosing.

SHIRLEY: It *does* matter. I hate to be so damn helpless.

JILL: Don't get so passionate.

(*There is a short pause. Then Pest gets up, walks over and offers Shirley a cigarette. Then she sits down on the floor and leans against her.*)

PEST: I think you're all wrong, Shirley. What would ever be the use of (*she reddens*) well, of doing a brave thing?

SHIRLEY: There isn't any. It's all impersonal, according to that. Just habit of mind.

PEST: Well, I don't agree with you.

SHIRLEY: I wish there was just one day when we could choose. Or even one hour of really free will. No heredity—no environment—just us.

JILL: We'd all go insane.

SHIRLEY: Suppose the hour out of all our lives were right now; here!

JILL (*looking around nervously*): You do have the most cheerful ideas.

PEST (*interested*): What would you choose, little girl?

SHIRLEY (*helplessly*): Oh, I don't know—but something—different.

MART: I've always had a pet idea about Doomsday. Till I came to college, I used to count on it.

JILL: Disillusioned?

MART: Well, you know I'm really awfully big-hearted. I used to do little good things, and not tell about them.

PEST: Thoroughly convinced that a saintly clerk wrote it down?

MART: Yes.

JILL: Gee, that's tough.

MART: Well how do you know whether you're right? I wish Doomsday would come right now.

PEST: Put in a good word for us, Mart, and get me a house on your street, will you?

JILL: Me too, ivory and gold—I have a harp.

MART (*amazed*): Well, if it did come, do you think He'd find us in this forsaken hole? He would not. (*Suddenly nervous, her mouth full of cinnamon bun.*) Say, what if it really was tonight? I mean, just suppose.

JILL: I signed you out.

(*Mart becomes really upset.*)

MART: Gosh, you all are reverent.

SHIRLEY (*suddenly sitting up*): Everybody shut up! (*There is a low but unmistakable sound of singing. The light suddenly goes off, leaving the room in a red fire-light. Mart stands with her mouth wide open. All four are petrified. A light from somewhere above the hall seems to be approaching downward. After what seems hours of tense waiting, the singing stops, and suddenly a figure appears in the doorway. The light shining around him lends him the beauty and dignity of a church window. He is dressed in white. His long hair and beard hang to his shoulders, and his face is quite pale with the large puzzled eyes of a child. He speaks in a low, weary voice, as though he were centuries old.*)

FIGURE: The hour is at hand.

(*Jill falls on her knees instinctively, and Pest follows her example almost fainting with fright. Mart, not knowing what she is doing, falls prostrate at his feet. Shirley sits still in utter amazement.*)

FIGURE (*leaning toward Jill but without appearing to see her*).

Fear not. (*Then suddenly*) Who art thou?

MART (*not looking up*): Martha Halling.

FIGURE: Hast thou entered in at the straight gate?

MART: Ay, Lord.

FIGURE: And these thy brethren?

(*Mart refuses to answer. Pest looks at her in disgust. Shirley comes suddenly to her senses. She is very pale, but she rises, takes the man by the hand, and half-pulls, half-pushes him to the door. He goes meekly. Once outside she thrusts him toward the stairs, shuts the door, and piles the lounge and chairs and a table against it. Then she turns fiercely on Jill.*)

SHIRLEY: Did you know?

JILL: What?

SHIRLEY: That he was here. (*In fearful shaking tones.*)  
That's Uncle Jim.

PEST (*who is almost limp with terror*): His ghost?

SHIRLEY: No—Him—He—He never committed suicide. I suppose it's he. Oh, God!

JILL: Of course I didn't know. He never comes out till early summer. O death! I was scared!

PEST (*taking in everything, she collapses on the floor. Laughing hysterically as she looks at Mart's dismayed face.*)

PEST: "Ay, Lord," you'll never, never live that down, Martie.

JILL: You sure showed your stuff.

SHIRLEY: We've got to get out of this house.

MART (*moaning*): I wish I was at college.

JILL (*suddenly wild*): Come on—leave everything the way it is. We've got to get out. Do you realize we're in the same house with a lunatic?

(*Jill and Mart stumble out, right. Pest and Shirley stand still, looking at each other. Shirley clutches Pest's arm.*)

SHIRLEY: Pest, do you know, he looked like my mother. We can't leave him here alone.

PEST: We've got to. Where's his keeper?

SHIRLEY (*shuddering*): I don't know. He can't be here. Did you see his face? Something awful might happen.

PEST (*terribly afraid*): I swear I haven't the courage to stay. If I looked at those eyes once more I'd die. (*There is a creak at the door. She tries to pull Shirley toward the porch.*)

PEST (*outside*): Are you coming?

(*Shirley hesitates. The fire has died down. She looks wildly around at the rug, the books, the picture of the Divine Shepherd. Suddenly the sofa against the door begins to slip.*)

SHIRLEY (*sobbing wildly*): Somebody help me! I can't stay. (*She staggers to the door, looks back once and then rushes blindly out into the darkness.*) Wait! I'm coming.

(The Curtain Falls)

## On Being a Poet

ENID COOKE, '31

I HAVE long been an ardent admirer of the greatest of all arts—poetry. I worshipped passionately on the lofty heights, looking down with pity and contempt upon the crude, uncultured, ignorant mob beneath who could not quote ten lines from “Hamlet” and did not even know that the name of the immortal Milton should be breathed with a thrill of awe and that the face should take on a rapt, inspired expression when mention is made of classical Melpomene.

But only recently have I discovered that I am no longer a mere humble worshipper at the feet of the great masters. I may now take my place boldly among them. I am a poet. The latent fires of poetical genius that had so long lain dormant in my breast have suddenly burst forth in glorious fire. Yesterday, as I sat reading a favorite collection of pre-Victorian verse, I found myself scribbling the following lines along the side of the page:

When dew-pied April glimmering  
The fallen fires of leaves between,  
Sing, Oh thou Muse of ancient race,  
Contentment from the violets sweet,  
In shady dell and lamblets meek  
The all in all of God and man I glean.

At first I could not believe that verses of such beauty and profundity of thought could have emerged from my own brain. But when, after a careful search, I could find no lines exactly identical in any other poet, I was forced to conclude that I had not merely recalled them, that I had actually written them myself, that I, oh, rapture, was a poet!

Since then my whole being has become imbued with poetry. Only this morning, after I had spent the evening before reading Sara Teasdale, I awoke with these remarkable words on my lips:

I gave all I had.  
They tested me,  
Of seeds and things unshadowy.



*Subsequently* I have written many other brilliant gems, some in modern free verse:

Let the immortal woods drown deep,  
Three can there be, and only three.  
I have seen the children of the world,  
Necks to the rod, passing by.  
Yet my soul goes on and on,  
Ah, all is gray.

But you will have chance to read all of my little masterpieces in the volume that I am preparing for publication.

Of course I realize that I have not yet attained the maturity of my brilliant genius. It will take many years for my art fully to develop. Yet I am delighted to see even in these earliest verses all the essentials of great poetry. Here is such depth of thought as is almost incomprehensible. The casual reader will never understand my poems. One must read them again and again carefully thoughtfully before one can hope to grasp one-half their meaning. Here is marvelous beauty and force of expression; unique words, phrases, similes. And here most of all is that intimate personal detail, that unstinting view into the wonder of my dreams, my thoughts, and my laments, that I generously allow the world.

---

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I watched the cool white of the evening sky  
Dye the long steps of smoothly-carved rose-jade  
To purple-black, and while I looked my fill  
I thought, "This would seem finer from the hill."

I heard the short, quick questions of a bird  
Stilled by a wind grown wise, that breathed a song  
Of endlessness. I thought how great I'd be  
If I could learn its tuneless melody.

I see the slowness of a passing cloud,  
I hear the silence of an opening flower,  
I dream of wind that blows the hemlocks white  
And of the songs that I can never write.

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